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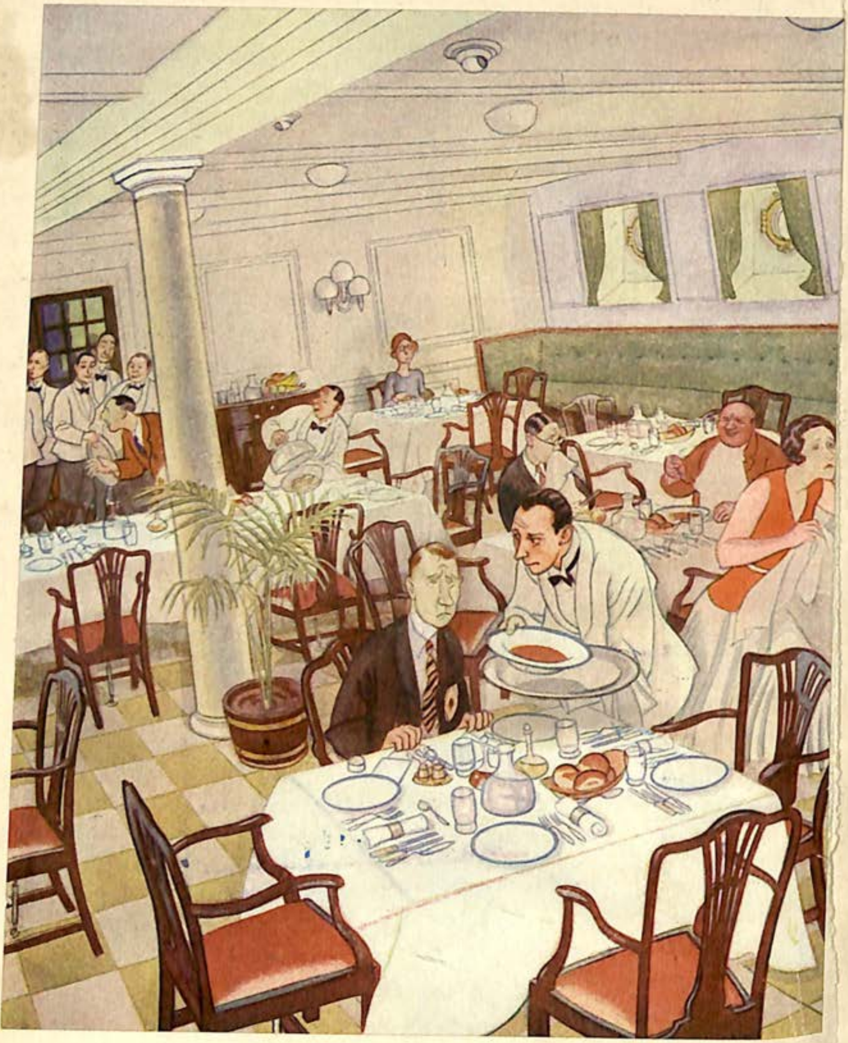
Edited by J. A. HAMMERTON

PRESENTING the cream of national humour contributed to "Punch" by our leading comic draughtsmen and humorous writers from the year 1900 to the present day

VOLUME XIII

MR. PUNCH IN HOLIDAY MOOD



VERY ROUGH CRUISE

"And ye're quite cairtain there's no allowance at the end o' the cruise for meals ye dinna tak' . . .?"

Frontis., Vol. XIII.

MR. PUNCH
IN HOLIDAY MOOD

With 282 Illustrations
& Frontispiece in Colours

ASIATIC SOCIETY OF BOMBAY
Presented by:—
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TWENTY VOLUMES

1. Mr. Punch's Cavalcade : A Revue of Thirty Years
2. Mr. Punch in Mayfair
3. Mr. Punch in the Family Circle
4. Mr. Punch After Dinner
5. Mr. Punch's Children's Hour
6. Mr. Punch and the Arts
7. Mr. Punch and the Services
8. Mr. Punch with Horse and Hound
9. Mr. Punch's Theatricals
10. Mr. Punch in Scotland
11. Mr. Punch Goes Motoring
12. Mr. Punch's Country Manners
13. Mr. Punch in Holiday Mood
14. Mr. Punch on the Links
15. Mr. Punch in London Town
16. Mr. Punch on His Travels
17. Mr. Punch and Toby's Friends
18. Mr. Punch's Sports and Pastimes
19. Round the Year with Mr. Punch
20. Mr. Punch in War Time

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19 JAN 1974

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ALTHOUGH NEVER "MOODY," MR. PUNCH IS A PERSON OF many moods and there is none that suits him better than his Holiday Mood. Other volumes in our Library give special attention to Golf, to Hunting, to sports in general, but here we have our national fun-maker wandering wherever his fancy inclines, ready in a moment to exchange one form of recreation or entertainment for another. He takes us to all manner of places, among all sorts of people, and, so far as our enjoyment is concerned, it matters not whether we are familiar with the places and people, though most of us will find certain old memories wistfully reviving as we follow our guide.

There appears to be no aspect of holiday-time which has escaped the observant eyes of Mr. Punch's humorists of pen and pencil; and perhaps we chuckle as merrily over the misadventures which they describe and depict as over the sketches of the holiday-maker under ideal conditions of happiness.

As we British are a sea-loving people it is quite natural that most of us should go down to the seaside when summer smiles and our annual vacation arrives. And faithful mirror of our social life that it is, when we turn over the pages of Mr. Punch's journal we find that his writers and illustrators have given us in great abundance stories and pictures illustrating the humours of the seaside. If they occasionally permit us to peep at people who are enthusiastic about the ocean-wave till they are actually on that wave—well! there are such people, and if they lose their sense of humour while afloat they regain it after stepping ashore and are ready to laugh when they see their brotherhood made fun of in Mr. Punch's pages.

IN his holiday mood Mr. Punch goes into the depths of the country, clambers up mountains, foots it along strange roads, but jolly though these adventures may be, he comes back again and again to the sea, and cares not how he travels there, so long as he travels quickly. He shows a particular fondness for the crowded beach; for sea-fishing; sailing boats; bathers; sand games; paddlers; for amateur yachtsmen (especially in difficulties); beach-musicians and photographers; "old Salts," and deck-chair men, and the landlady who—not being on holiday—is, understandably, anxious to get all she can from folk who are.

Of the artists whose work is represented in this volume—Mr. Wallis Mills tops the list in numbers—all receive some mention in other volumes, but here particularly that great *Punch* cartoonist L. Raven-Hill seems to appear if not most often at any rate most noticeably among the galaxy of stars in comedy, the special bent of his genius, which is seen in a kindly but penetrating revelation of uncommon character, having freest play among the holiday-making folk. Here also are to be found an unusual number of drawings by Mr. E. H. Shepard, than whom surely none other in Mr. Punch's long succession of gifted draughtsmen has more effectively united so pure a sense of the sheer beauty of line with so keen a sense of the comic. The pictorial waggeries of Mr. George Morrow, so long a popular feature of *Punch*, also happen to make a considerable show in this volume.

THE authors have found their fun-material everywhere in holiday-land, and whether they describe the humours of a one-day's outing on Hampstead Heath or go farther afield, they know all about the things of which we wish to read. They remind us of the wet days in the boarding-house; the well-intentioned people who advise us where to go, and where not to go; the scenes of confusion at railway stations; the problems of lost luggage; heat when we are already too hot; adventures on the pier; swimming costumes; and most of the subjects which the artists have illustrated, and which are sometimes less amusing at the time of happening than in the retrospect.

But in his care-free holiday mood Mr. Punch can make even an overcrowded train a place of entertainment, and he is equally happy in the motor-coach; on the thronged "front"; in the motor-drawn caravan or with the presumably happy hiker. Children, of course, are very much in evidence during holiday-time, and though in "Mr. Punch's Children's Hour" they have a whole book to themselves, we find them constantly figuring in the present volume. That was inevitable; for though they may drive their parents or nursemaids to the limit of harassment, or prevent elderly gentlemen on the beach from snoozing away the afternoon, they themselves get vast enjoyment out of everything, and very cleverly Mr. Punch's fun-makers pass some of that joy on to us.

WHILE his prose writers have served him splendidly in expressing his holiday mood, a special word of praise must go to the poets, who have also caught that mood. Their verses sometimes bend our memories back to our own childhood when the seashore or some country corner was a fairy-land; or they sing the glory of the downlands; or hint at the yearnings of folk abroad when they recall their long-past holidays spent "at home"; or jingle jauntily about such minor matters as trippers and other "common objects of the seashore"; but indeed there are things to delight us on every page. If there comes a time when we should be starting on holiday, but for some reason or other cannot contrive to do so, we shall do well to let the genial Mr. Punch in his holiday mood take the edge from our disappointment and infect us with his own high spirits.

LITERARY CONTENTS

My Holiday Guides 9
Dudley Clark
By the Bandstand at Omnium-Gatherum-on-Sea 16
Miss Ina Garvey
Welsh Watering-Place: Sunday Afternoon 24
Miss Freda C. Bond
The Frightfullest Thing in the World *A. W. Bird* 28
Of "Heat-Waves" 32
Sir Owen Seaman
The Affair at the Annexe 36
Evoe (E. V. Knox)
Westward Ho! 52
Arthur Jagger
A Local Trouble 54
Dum-Dum (Maj. Kendall)
The Old Roads *G. F. Scott* 60
Surf-Riding *Eliot Dane* 64
Desperate Measures 72
Evoe (E. V. Knox)
You Can't Go There 76
W. E. Richards
How to Float 84
D. A. G. Pearson
Double-Faced Conduct 88
H. O. S. Wright
Seaside *Humbert Wolfe* 98
The Hammock Fallacy 102
L. du Garde Peach
The Tempestuous Trippers 116
Miss Barbara Todd
The Reason *G. C. MacKay* 119
A Snap Reprisal 122
L. du Garde Peach
Mr. Martello 134
Evoe (E. V. Knox)
Last on the List 135
Algol (Cyril H. Bretherton)
"A Busman's Holiday" 140
G. W. L. Day
To My Lady—in Absence 150
Evoe (E. V. Knox)
The Lake 154
R. C. Lehmann
Hampstead Heath 162
Evoe (E. V. Knox)
The Bathing-Machine Man 164
Miss Jessie Pope
Small Classes 168
A Holi-day Dream 170
Ernest Jenkins
The Riddle of the Seaside 174
R. F. White
Persuasion 176
Miss D. E. Hetherington
Elderly Sea-Thoughts 180
Miss Barbara Todd
Berserk 184
Evoe (E. V. Knox)
Holiday Husbandry 195
Lt.-Col. R. T. Lee
My Indelible Bathing-Dress 198
W. C. Sellar
Fairies by the Sea 206
Miss Rose Fyleman
Our Surprise Visit 208
Dudley Clark
The Complex Life 214
T. Hodgkinson
Enjoying the Country 218
Moray Dalton
The Vacant Seats 224
Arthur Kidd
A Holiday 228
Dum-Dum (Maj. Kendall)
A Glory Departed 232
L. du Garde Peach

THE AUTHORS REPRESENTED

Armour, G. D., 32, 64, 65, 221, 238, 239

Baumer, Lewis, 12, 36, 37, 38, 80, 128, 135, 161, 222
Beauchamp, Kenneth, 74, 75, 107, 129, 207, 217
Belcher, George, 22, 23, 68, 69, 136, 137
Bestall, A. E., 122
" Bird, W.," 100, 217
Boyle, F. C., 72
Brock, H. M., 52, 102, 103
Brook, Ricardo, 113

Cable, Lindsay, 46

Dixon, George S., 47, 176
Dowd, J. H., 40, 41, 88, 93, 172, 173, 214

Evans, Treyer, 16, 19, 187

Fenning, Wilson, 57
" Fitz," 83
" Fougasse," 71, 82, 89, 163
Fraser, Peter, 166, 178, 230

Gelli, A., 167
Ghilchik, D. L., 20, 48, 49, 70, 148, 180, 181, 188
Grave, Charles, 42, 43, 175, 226, 227

" Hailstone," 199
Harrison, Charles, 34, 35, 101
Hart, Frank, 186
Henry, Thomas, 79, 116

Illingworth, L. G., *Frontis.*

Leete, Alfred, 56, 194
Lewin, F. G., 206

Marchant, Leslie P., 78, 106, 151
Mills, A. Wallis, 17, 25, 53, 62, 63, 76, 77, 81, 86, 87, 90, 117, 123, 128, 150, 154, 155, 156, 167, 170, 190, 191, 223
Minns, B. E., 19
Morrow, Edwin, 78, 201
Morrow, George, 33, 73, 91, 120, 121, 168, 169, 171, 198, 201, 208, 209

Partridge, Sir Bernard, 147
Pears, Charles, 120
Pegram, Fred, 97
Pett, Norman, 79
" Pont," 196
Prance, Bertram, 66, 67, 179, 189, 218, 223, 232

Raven-Hill, L., 26, 27, 28, 29, 98, 99, 108, 109, 117, 119, 144, 177, 195, 231
Reynolds, Frank, 39, 94, 95, 96, 152, 174, 189, 233
Ridgewell, W. L., 13, 21, 60, 61, 104, 105, 114, 115, 138, 139, 145, 149, 153, 164, 165, 200, 225, 230, 234, 235

Shepard, Ernest H., 10, 11, 18, 31, 44, 45, 58, 59, 92, 110, 111, 134, 210, 240
Shepperson, C. A., 24, 30, 112
Smith, A. T., 118, 182, 183
Speed, Lancelot, 50, 51, 220
Spenceley, Edgar, 84
Stampa, G. L., 85, 130, 132, 133, 146, 157, 160, 215, 228, 229
Sullivan, Edmund J., 211

Taylor, Alfred H., 179
Terry, Stan, 121, 178
Thomas, Bert, 126, 127, 140, 141, 158, 159, 184, 185, 192, 193, 202, 203, 212, 213, 216, 224, 236, 237
Thorpe, J. H., 54, 55, 143, 166, 197
Townsend, F. H., 131, 162, 219

Watts, Arthur, 14, 15, 124, 125, 142, 204, 205

MR. PUNCH IN HOLIDAY MOOD

My Holiday Guides

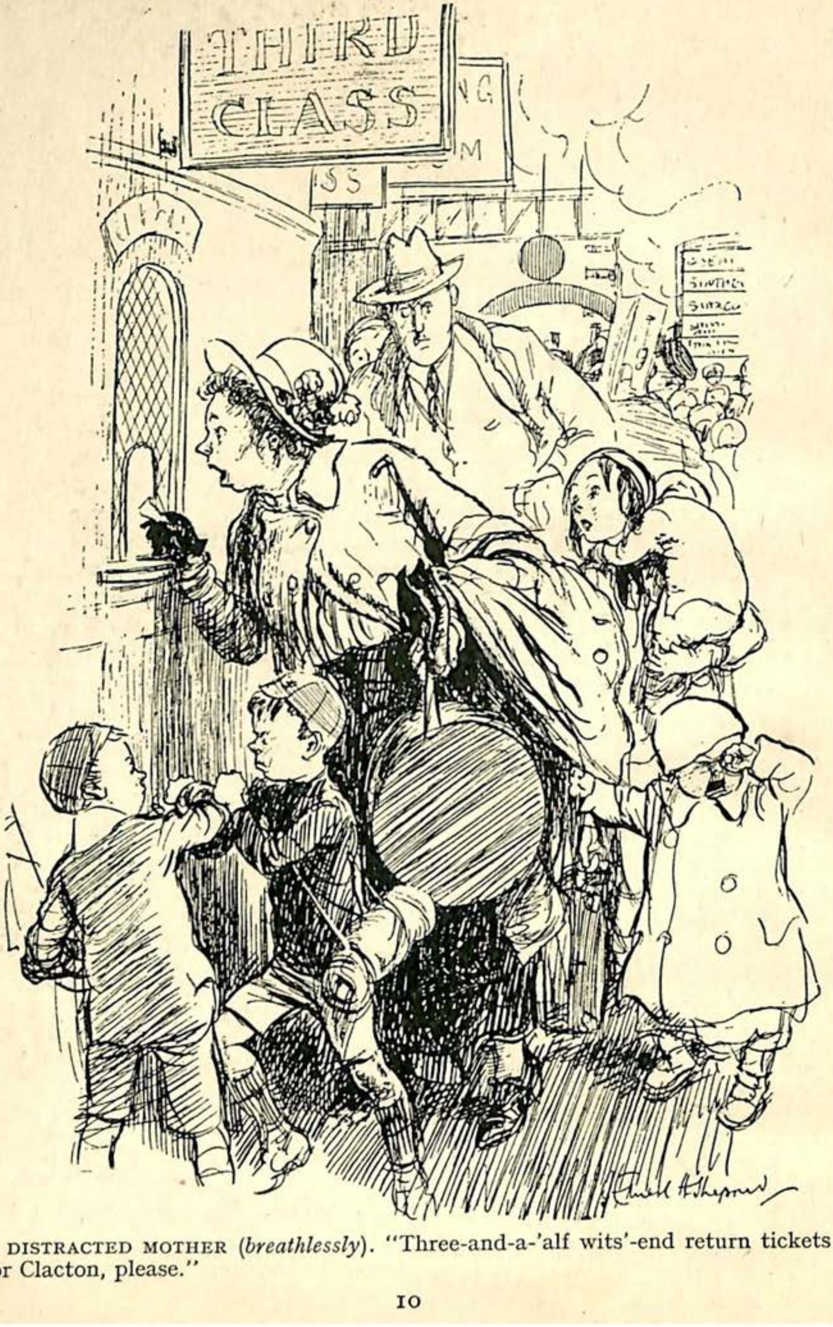
IF I do not benefit to the fullest extent from my summer holiday it will be because I have foolishly persisted in thinking I know how to enjoy myself instead of grasping in blind trustfulness the strong and capable hands stretched out to me from all sides.

There was a time when I held the crude old-fashioned notion that a summer holiday was a simple go-as-you-please affair. I know better now. I should not, for example, dream of starting on a holiday without a careful perusal of Lady B's directions for "Enjoying the Railway Journey." I feel I have need to enjoy the railway journey, for, to tell you the truth, I am just a little exhausted after wrestling with the vanload of luggage which I have accumulated after profiting from "Some Simple Hints on Packing" by "A Well-known Lady Novelist."

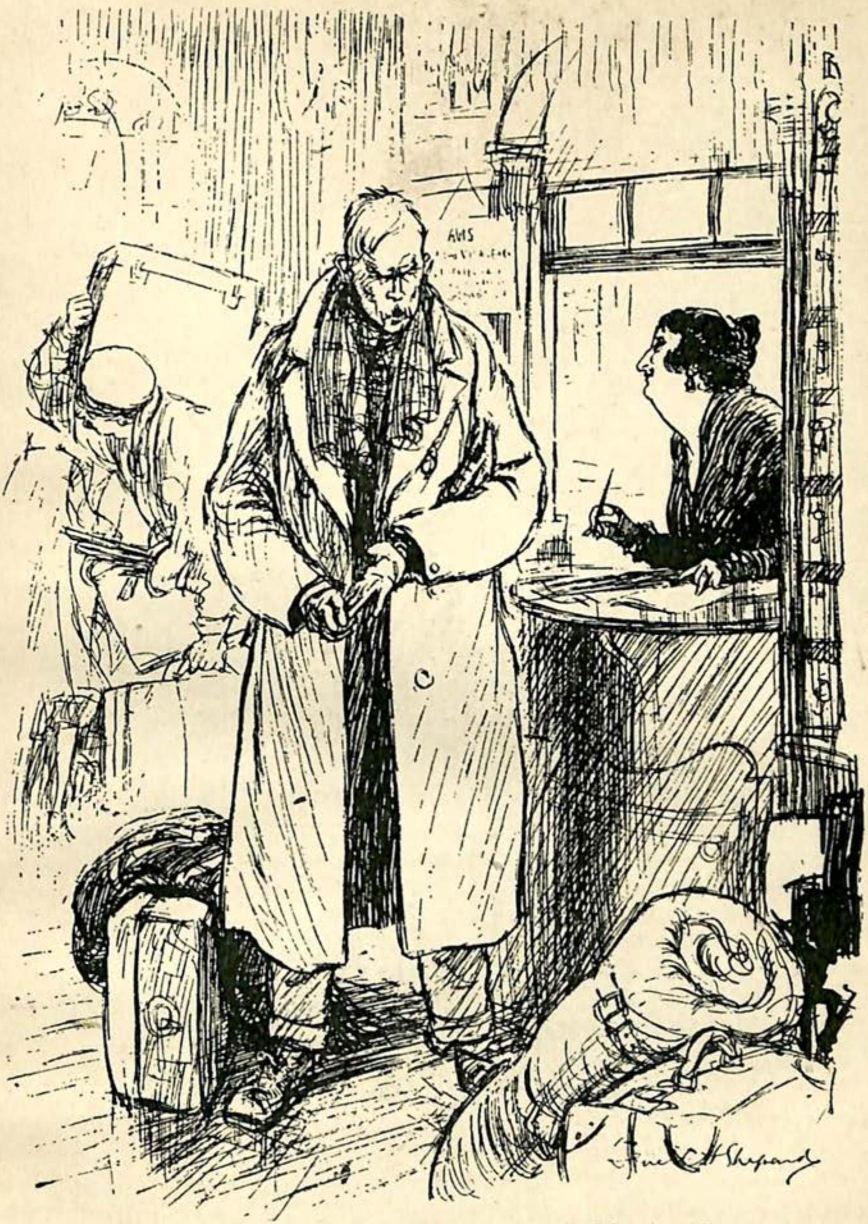
According to Lady B (who, you may recollect, is also an authority on "Table Decoration" and "Baby's First Year"), it is useless for me to expect to enjoy the railway unless I endeavour to amuse the children in the right way on the journey.

Children of a less instructed era used to amuse themselves by looking out of the window, spraying themselves with orange-juice and kicking the shins of other passengers. These simple primitive delights are not encouraged by Lady B, who offers suggestions for what she calls "intelligent amusement," ranging from organised games to intellectual discussions between parent and child.

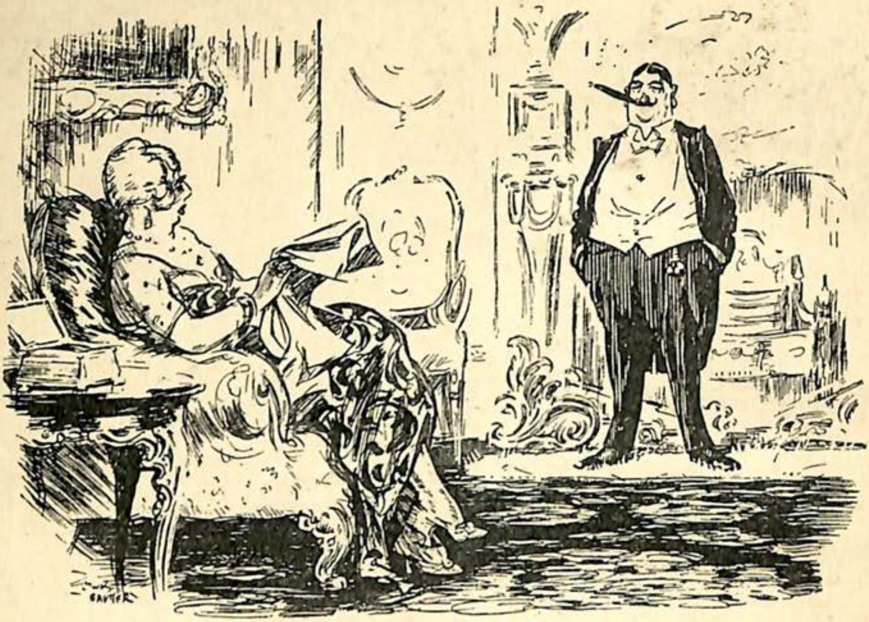
I have seen these admirable precepts put into practice by conscientious modern parents, and I must say they seem to me to work very well. The strain of arousing sufficient juvenile intelligence for the combined purposes of education and entertainment causes the conscientious parents to wrangle bitterly between themselves, with the highly satisfactory result that the children, bored by their elders' mutual recriminations, drop off to sleep. The parents themselves gradually sink into a coma of sheer exhaustion, whereupon


THIRD CLASS
NG
M
SS
Ernest H Shepard

DISTRACTED MOTHER (*breathlessly*). "Three-and-a-'alf wits'-end return tickets for Clacton, please."



MADAME (*registering hotel visitor*). "Anglais, Monsieur?"
SCOTS TRAVELLER (*sternly*). "Br-r-ritais, Madame!"



WIFE. "How about Seahaven for the holidays? I hear it's very picturesque."

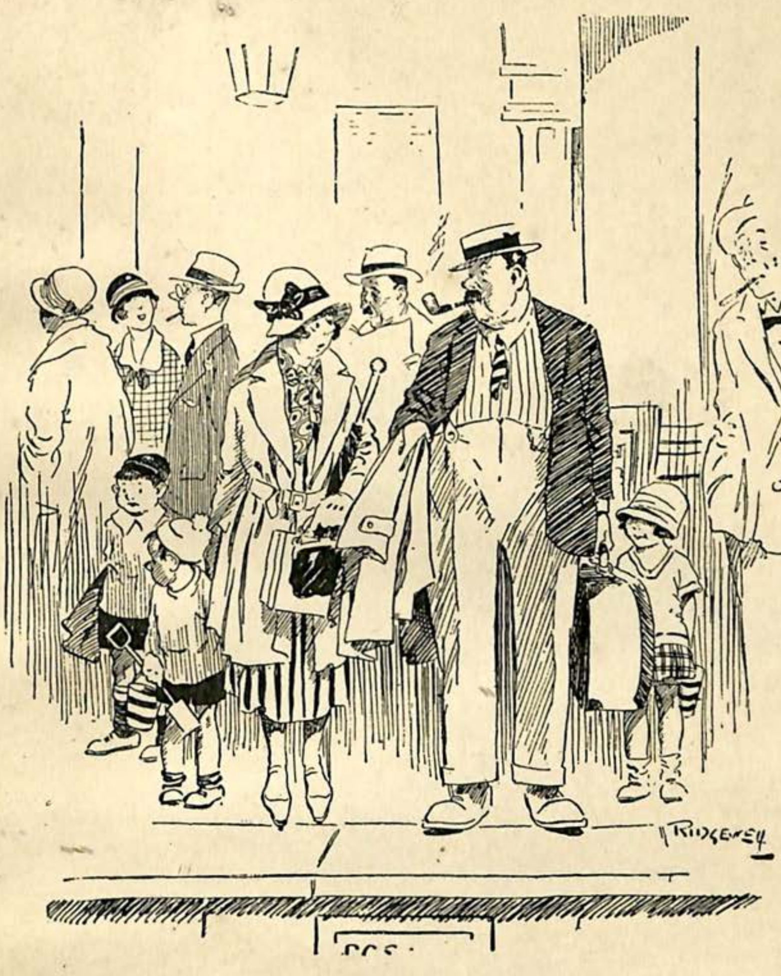
PROFITEER. "Not our class, my dear. Too quiet—sort o' place the *nouveaux pauvres* go to."

their offspring wake up and steal forth into the guard's van, where they employ their recuperated intelligence in the good old-fashioned way by mixing up the luggage and trying to work the hand-brake.

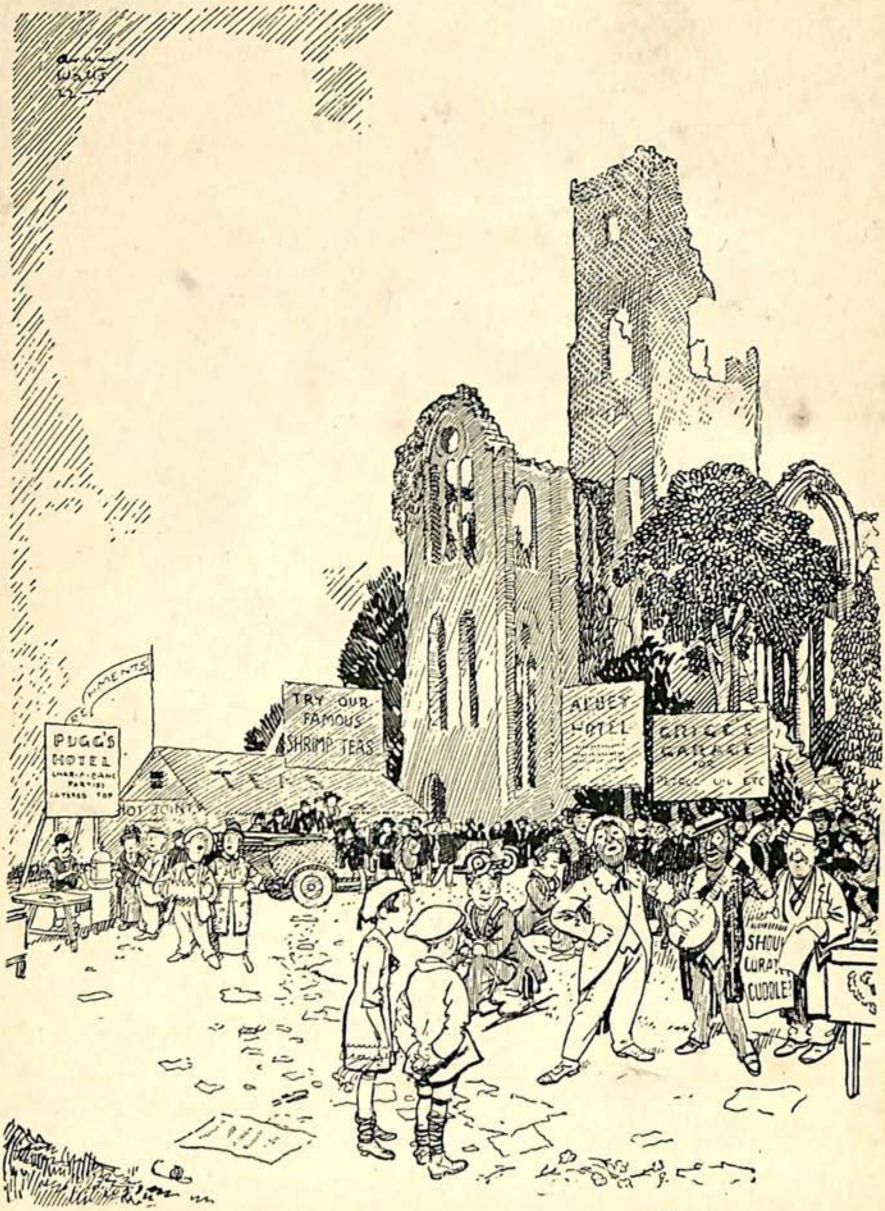
In spite of the temptation to try the effect of intelligent railway travel on our fourteen-months-old twins, I think it will be more fun to let Henry run us down by road. I am anxious, while he overhauls the car and plays with our mountain of luggage which the unseen hand of "Well-known Lady Novelist" has thrust upon him, to read to him what "Our Motoring Correspondent" has to say about "Happy Holidays at the Wheel."

At the seaside itself my best friend and counsellor is "Distinguished Physician," who is more than a father to me. "Distinguished Physician" tells me what to eat and drink, how to use my respiratory organs to the best advantage, how to keep cool, when not to bathe, how to move my body when walking (this is an exceedingly difficult business when you are thinking about it and requires expert instruction), the right way to lie in bed and how to keep my blood in good condition.

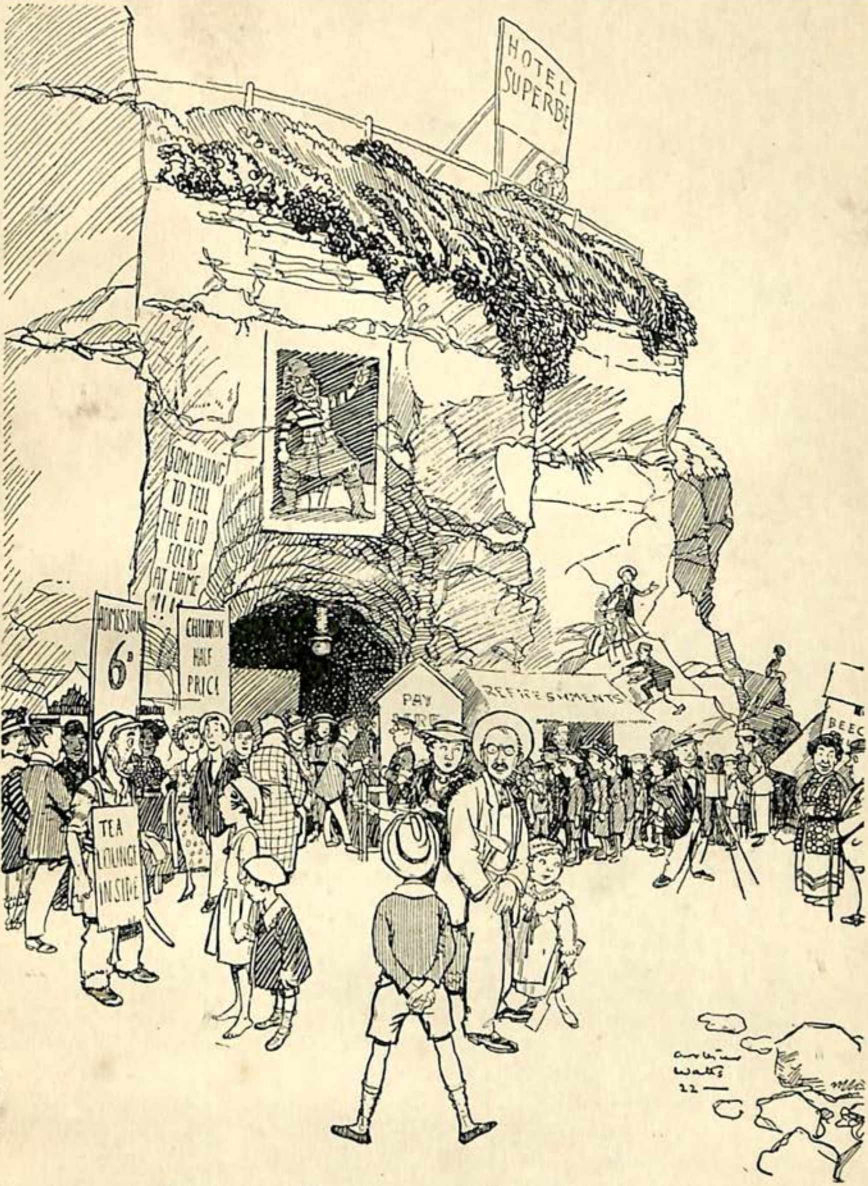
" Distinguished Physician " is a perfect treasure. He gives me so much to do, so much to worry about (I love his cheery chat on " Holiday Death-Traps for the Unwary "), that I am really thankful to be back at work again. Which of course is how the right sort of holiday should make one feel. D. C.



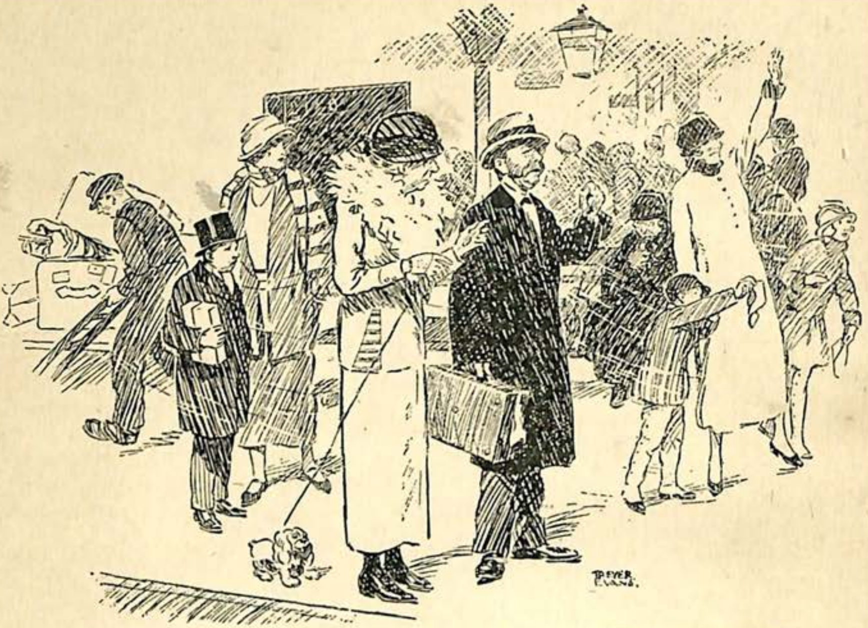
HOLIDAY-MAKER (*in answer to anxious inquiry*). "Where did I put the tickets? Where I always put them—in my waistcoat pocket."


REFRESHMENTS
PUGG'S HOTEL
CHAR-A-BANC PARTIES CATERED FOR
HOT JOINTS
TEAS
TRY OUR FAMOUS SHRIMP TEAS
ABBEY HOTEL
GRIGG'S GARAGE FOR PETROL OIL ETC
SHOULD CURATES CUDDLE?

HAUNTS OF ROMANCE: THE OLD-TIME FANE


HOTEL SUPERBE
SOMETHING TO TELL THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME !!!
ADMISSION 6D
CHILDREN HALF PRICE
PAY HERE
REFRESHMENTS
TEA LOUNGE INSIDE
BEEC
arthur Watts 22

Haunts of Romance: the Smugglers' Cave



ARDENT PURITAN (*who has just missed his connection*). "Well, if it weren't against my principles, I should say, 'Dash that train!' "

HIS WIFE. "My dear, don't. Supposing it met with an accident you would feel yourself responsible."

By the Bandstand at Omnium-Gatherum-on-Sea

BAND of the Second Anyshires performing a comic piece descriptive of a wedding, scraps of Mendelssohn's famous march, joy-bells, etc. Pleased excitement of multitude of sitters and standers round bandstand, culminating in rapture when three of the band appear as a parson, a bridegroom and a bride (in regulation white frock and veil), each carrying his own instrument. Parson, by means of brass-wind, asks time-honoured questions ; bridegroom, by similar means, answers with lugubrious musical groans ; and bride, by means of wood-wind, in a timid little phrase. Uproarious laughter and applause, tumultuous joy of children, who jump and dance, excitement o numerous dogs, which take the opportunity of settling their various differences all round the bandstand.

HUSBAND (*on twopenny seat to* WIFE *on ditto*). Funny, him saying " will " on the trombone and her on the flute. Reminds me of our old beano ten years ago. Remember saying " I will," old girl ?

WIFE. Silly ! Of course I do.

HUSBAND. Right-o! I've thought sometimes you'd forgotten you ever said it.

WIFE. I like that! I've been *sure* sometimes that you'd forgotten *you* ever said it.

* * * * * * *

MRS. PECKHAM. What's that they're playing now, Willie?

WILLIE PECKHAM. I dunno, Mum. Sounds's if they were trying to play that French tune, "The Marsy Lays," and couldn't get on with it.

STRANGER (*in trilby and eye-glasses*). It's the "1812 Overture," my boy, descriptive of the great retreat from Moscow.

MRS. PECKHAM (*in a whisper*). What's he say, Willie?

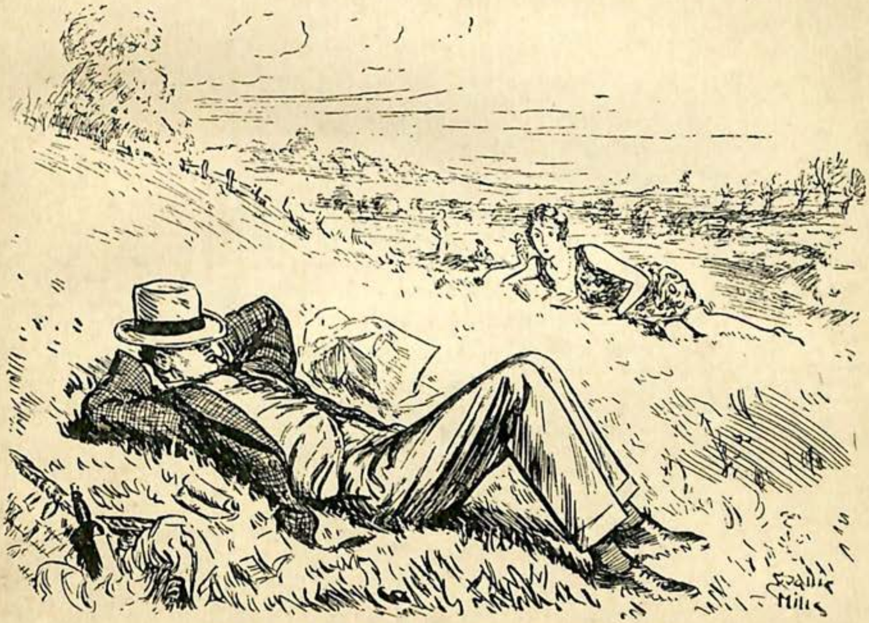
WILLIE. I dunno, Mum; something about it being a great treat. *I* don't think it is.

MRS. PECKHAM. Nor more do I, child.

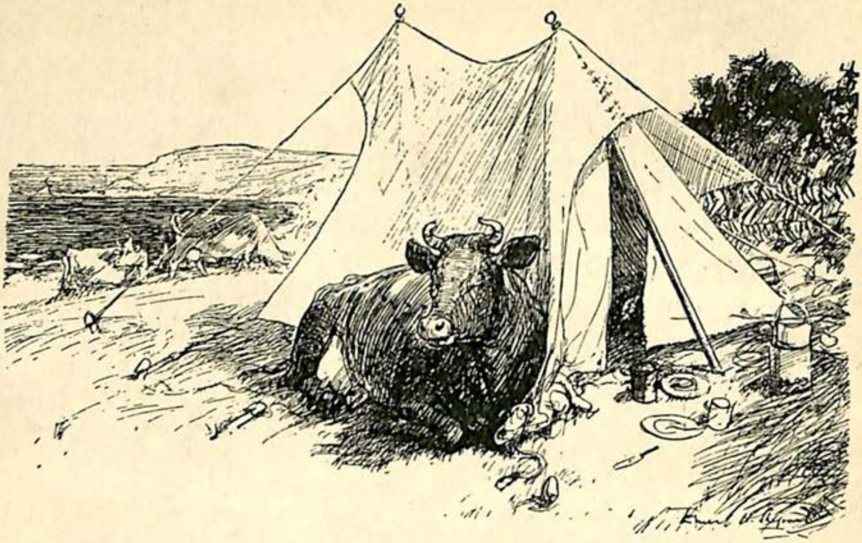
* * * * * * *

Musical medley in progress. Two cultured youths from Ocean View Boarding Establishment ("Young, mus. soc., Eng. meat, min. sea") listening superciliously.

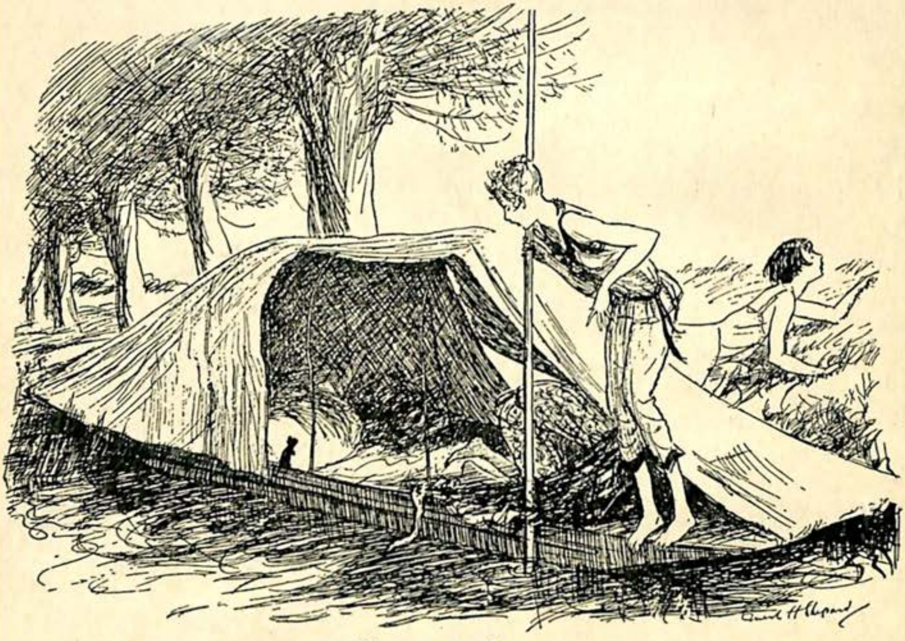
FIRST CULTURED YOUTH (*as Rachmaninoff's Prelude merges into "Knocked*



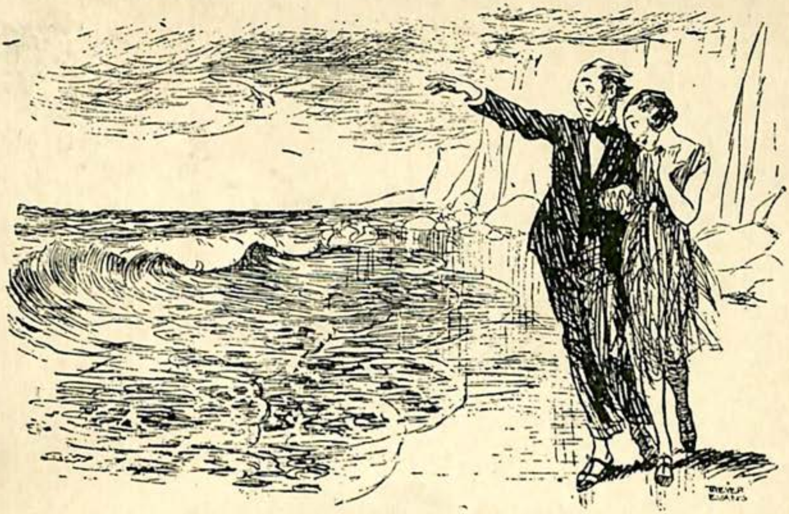
THE WOMAN. "I feel a lethargy creeping over me."
THE MAN. "Grass is full of 'em."



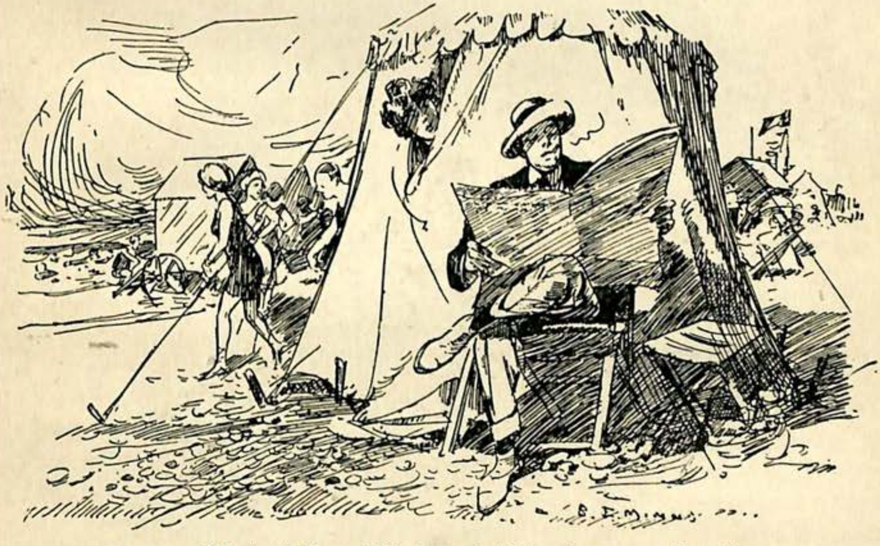
MUFFLED VOICE FROM INSIDE. "Do be careful where you're sitting, darling; you'll have the tent down."



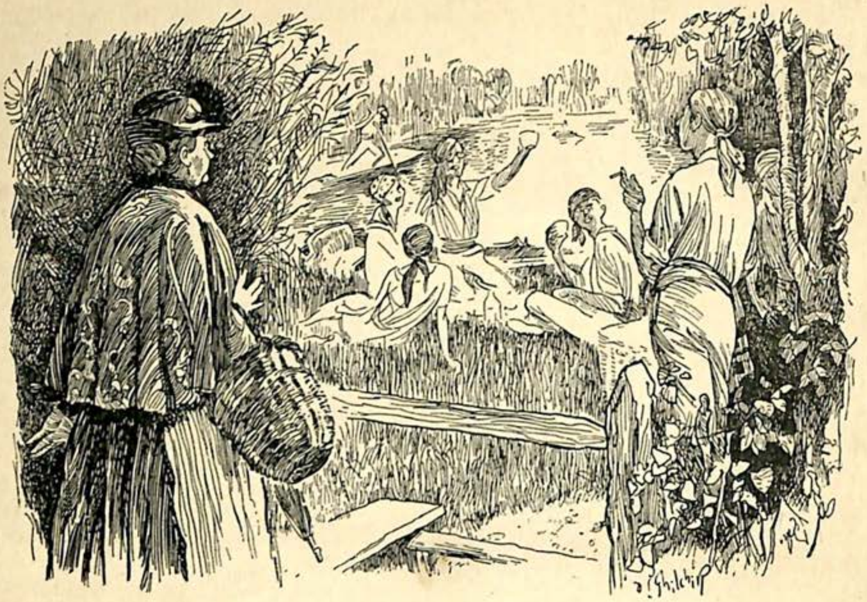
Up-river Joys
The Early Morning Water-Rat.



BRIDEGROOM (*in a fine poetic frenzy as they stroll along the seashore on their honeymoon*). " 'Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!' "
BRIDE. "Oh, Gerald, how wonderful you are! It's doing it."



SHE. "Herbert, I can't find my bathing-dress anywhere!"
HE. "See if you've got it on."



THE UP-RIVER PIRATE CULT

Horror-stricken Dame decides to abandon the short cut to Market

'em in the Old Kent Road"). Poor old Sebastian Bach! "Butchered to make a Roman holiday"—what?

SECOND CULTURED YOUTH. Only what you'd expect in a place like this.

* * * * * * *

PERCY. That's a ripping one-step.

GLADYS. *Isn't it!* They played it on the "Royal Monarch" coming down, and some of us one-stepped all over the deck, and the silly old boat gave a jump and threw us on to some silly old sea-sickers put out to dry and we all fell in a heap on the deck. It *was* a ripping old rag. My partner *could* one-step. Bit of just-so, he was.

PERCY (*stiffly*). P'raps you'd rather it was him than me here now.

GLADYS. Perss! The *idea*!

* * * * * * *

SUPERIOR YOUNG WOMAN (*nodding her head to one of the numbers from the Peer Gynt Suite, to* FRIEND). Sweet thing, the "Casse Noisette!" But fancy hearing it *here!*

FRIEND. Pearls before swine, my dear. What do such people as these care for the good composers?

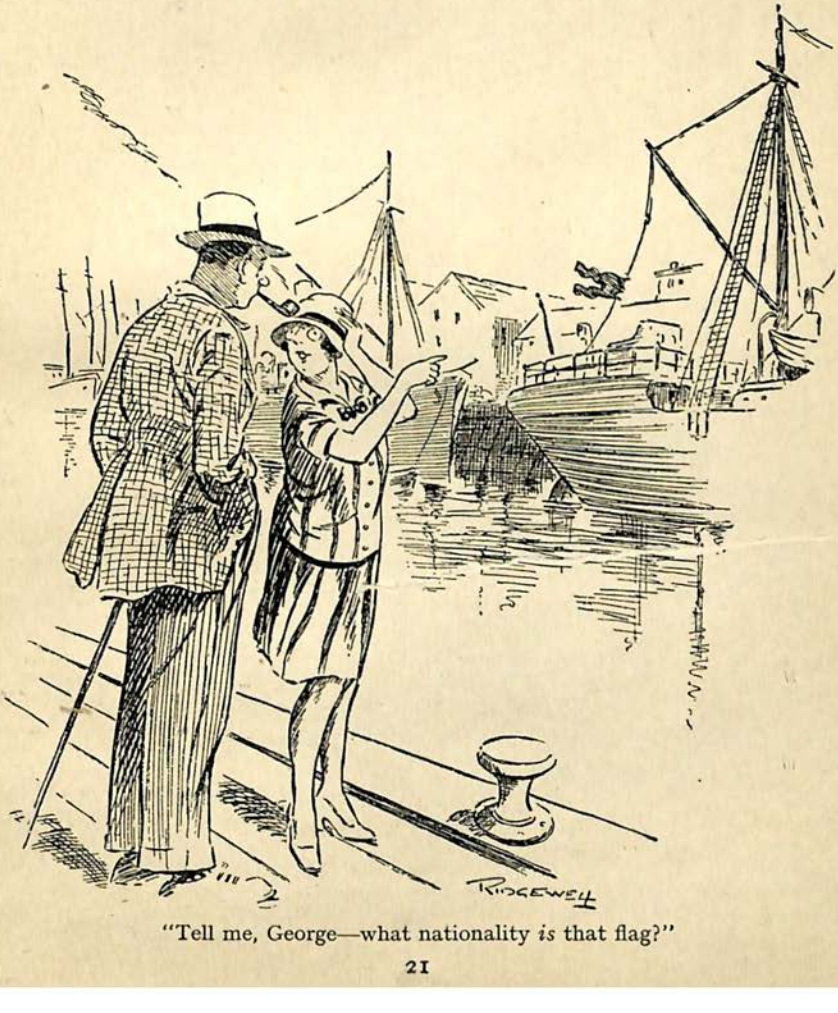
SMALL SHABBY WOMAN (*standing near*). Some of us care too much for 'em to mistake Grieg for Tschaikovsky!

* * * * * * *

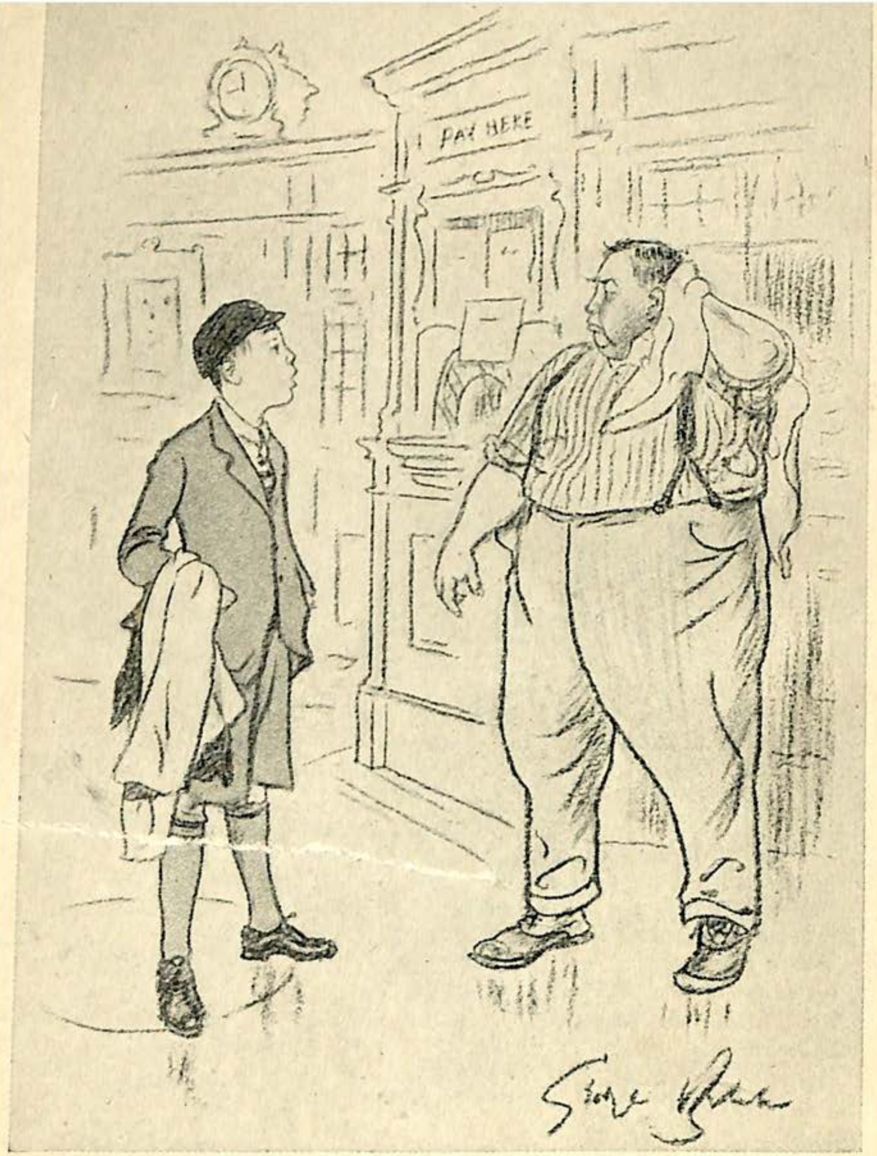
Son and Daughter of Israel who have stood through the programme.

SON OF ISRAEL. The man with the money-bokth ith coming, Miriam. Let'th be moving.

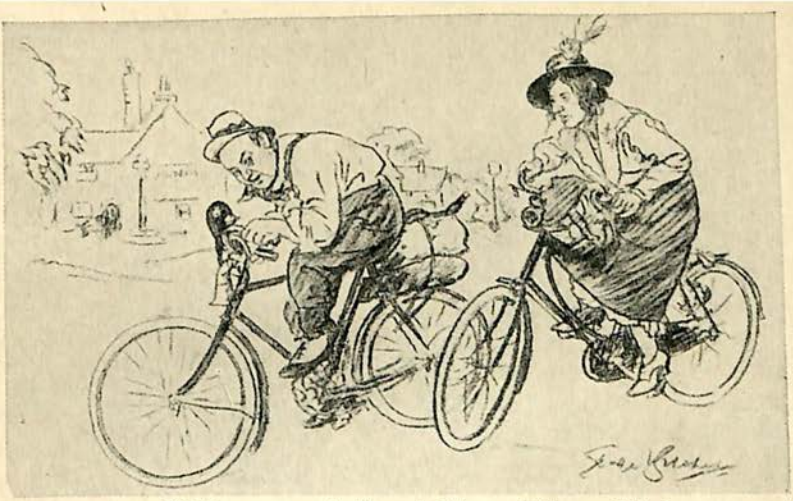
DAUGHTER OF ISRAEL. Yeth, letth.



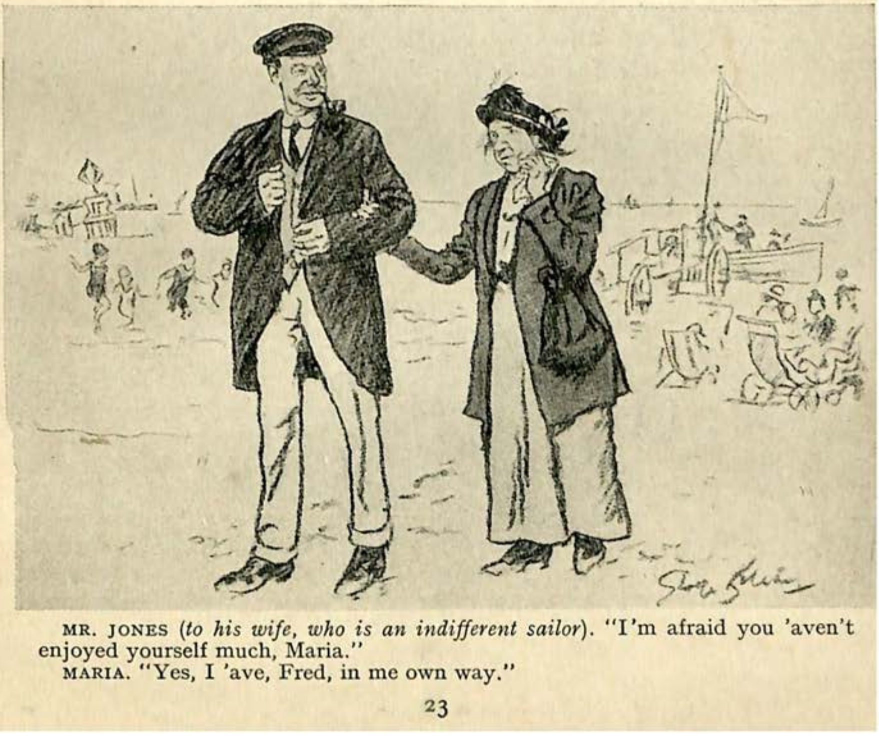
"Tell me, George—what nationality *is* that flag?"



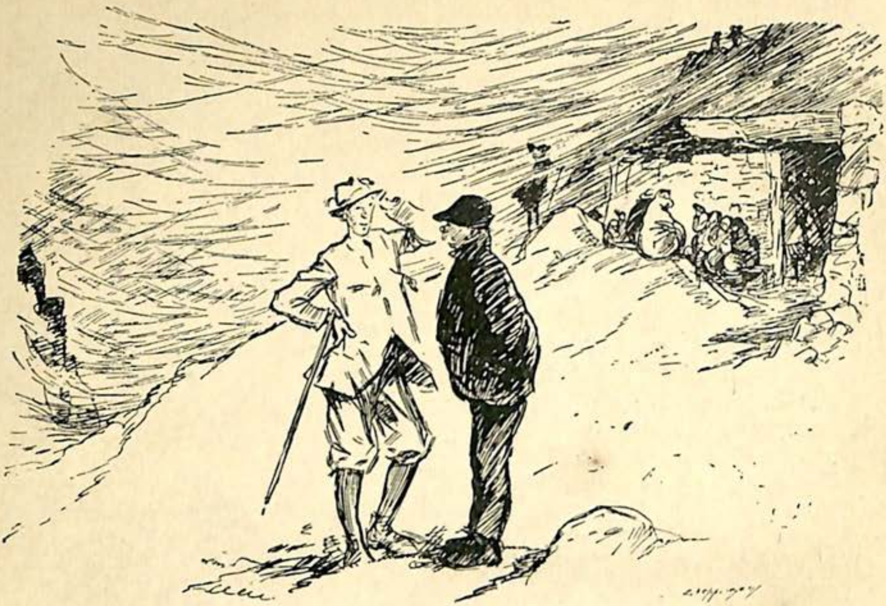
SMALL BOY (*to attendant of baths, rather overcome by the hot weather*). "Are you the swimming bath, please?"



JOY RIDER. "With yer nose to the grindstone all the week it does yer good to 'ave a bit o' pleasure on Sundays."



MR. JONES (*to his wife, who is an indifferent sailor*). "I'm afraid you 'aven't enjoyed yourself much, Maria."
MARIA. "Yes, I 'ave, Fred, in me own way."



TRIPPER (*to proprietor of refreshment shanty on summit of Cader Idris*). "And what do you find to do all day here?"

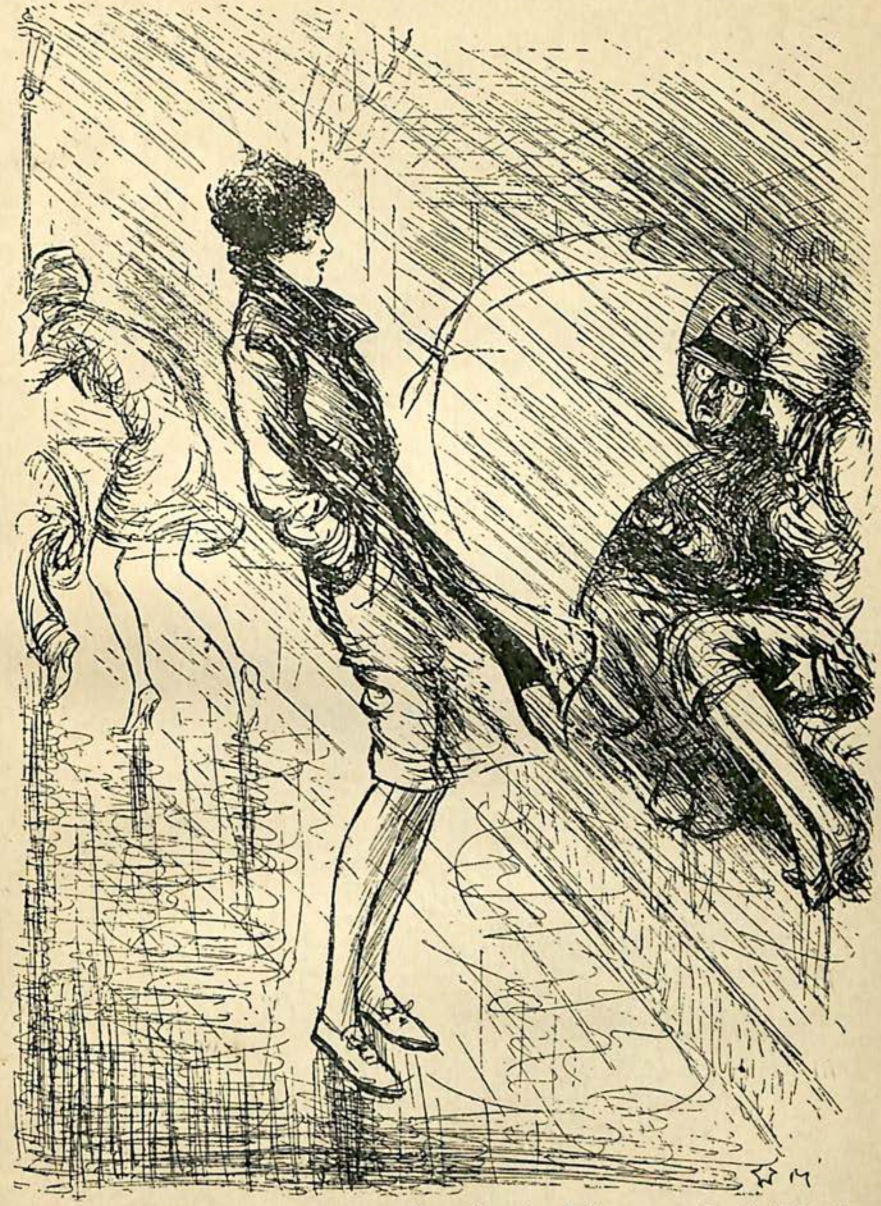
PROPRIETOR OF SHANTY. "Well, indeed, I keep the mountain comfortable for the visitors, whatever."

Welsh Watering-Place: Sunday Afternoon

NO foot had printed it until we ran
Across the sand the ebbing tide left bare;
Turquoise and ivory and crystal span
A web of sea and sand and air—
And we, entangled in the snare,
Forgot the Cambrian coast and thought we lay
Rocked on the waters of a tropic bay.

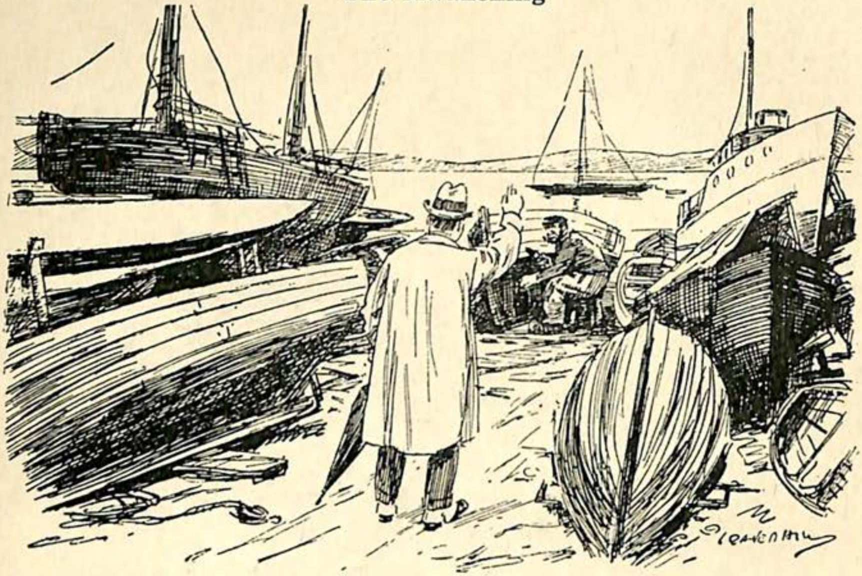
But this was Sunday afternoon.
Slowly a dark invasion crept
Across the sun-bleached sand, and soon
Long rows of black-clad bodies slept
Post-prandial sleep in creaking canvas chairs;
Landladies left their cabbage-scented lairs;
In decent black they crunched across the sand
Or sat, arms folded, listening to the band,
The cornet moaning as their slow minds strayed
To lodgers, curried mutton, chapel teas
And lodgers, lodgers, lodgers!

Though the breeze
Blew cold upon our limbs we were afraid
To leave the sea and storm the barricade
Sateen and broadcloth built about the town.
Faced by that barrier, we preferred to drown.

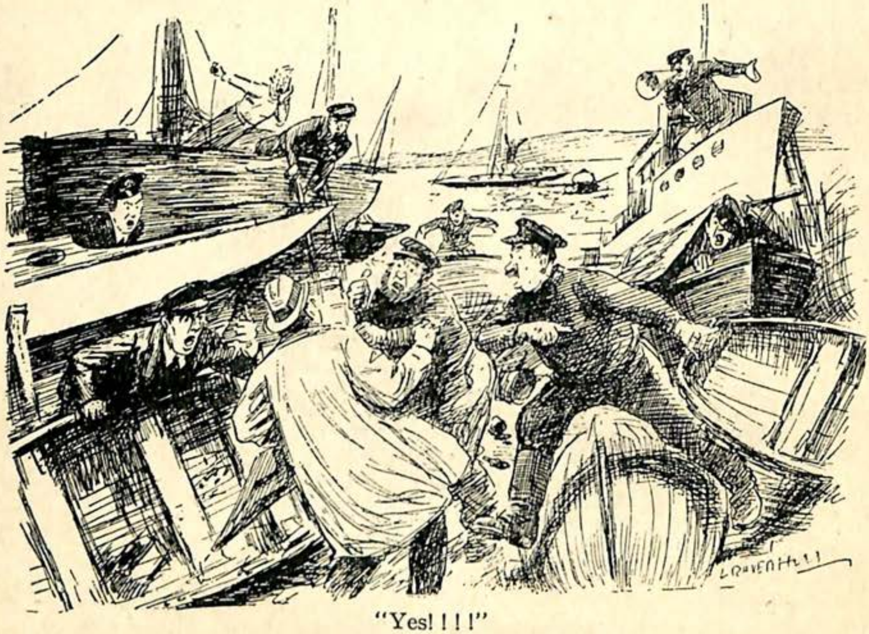


DAUGHTER (*to parents who have taken refuge in shelter on sea-front*). "Oh, do come along out! Don't stop fugging indoors all day."

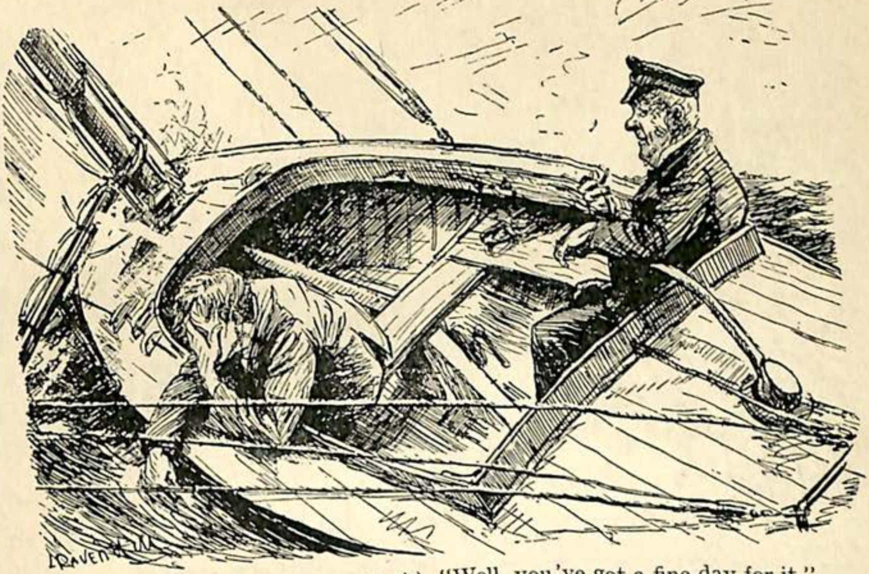
The Awakening



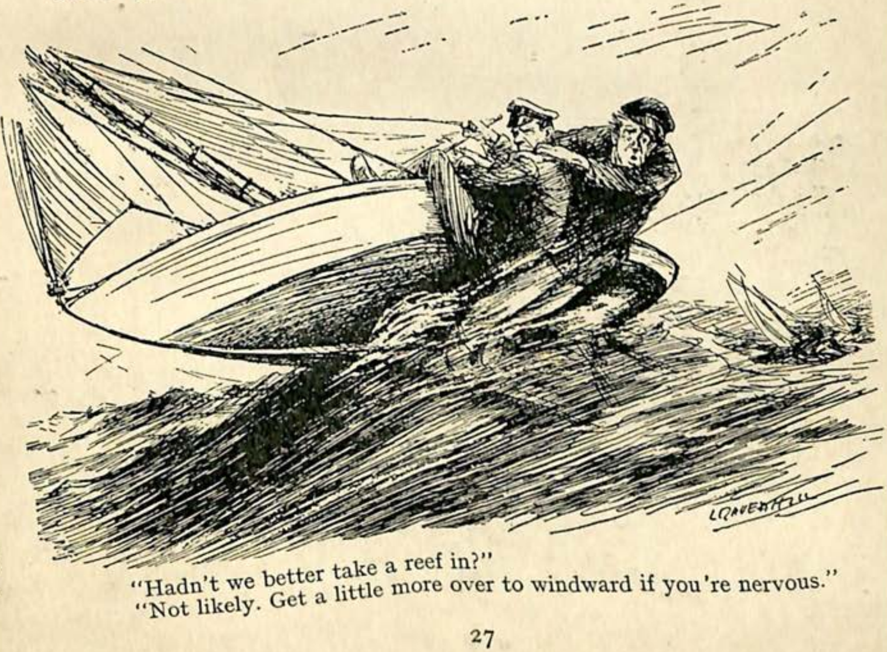
"Is there anyone here who has a boat to sell?"


L RAVENHILL

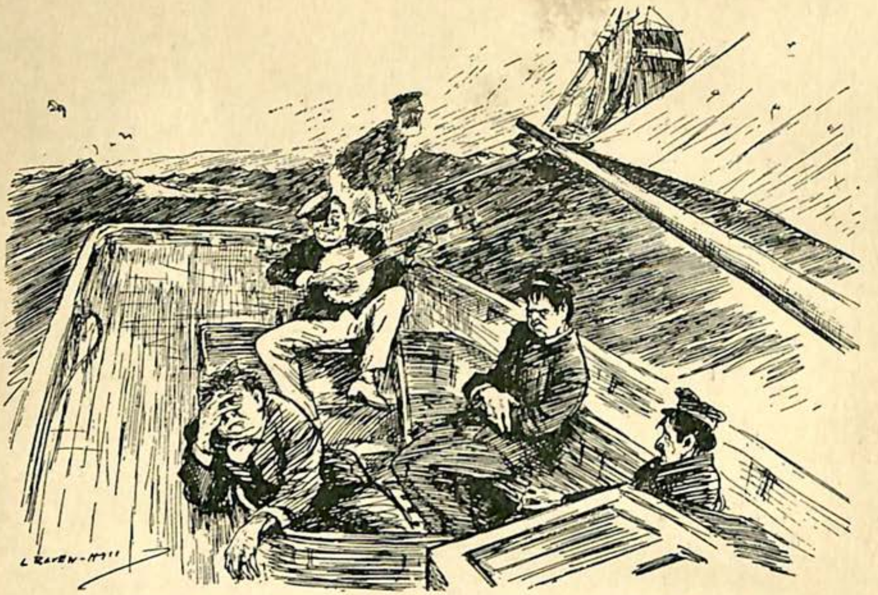
"Yes! ! ! !"


L. RAVENHILL

OWNER (*trying to be sympathetic*). "Well, you've got a fine day for it."


L. RAVENHILL

"Hadn't we better take a reef in?"
"Not likely. Get a little more over to windward if you're nervous."



MISGUIDED "COMIC" MAN. "I will now sing my celebrated song, entitled 'A Life on the Ocean Wave!' "

The Frightfullest Thing in the World

THEY were loafing on the shore after a bathe—Roger, Dennis and Nigel, about ten years old apiece.

" What's Chamber Music ? " asked Roger suddenly.

" I don't know," said Dennis. " Why ? "

" Because my Aunt Millicent is going to take me to a Chamber Music concert."

" Chamber Music," said Nigel, " is so called after the Chamber of Horrors. I once went to some of it."

" And I might have gone to the Jolly Coons," said Roger in utter disgust. " Or we might have had a boat for an hour. Or some beach ponies and raced them. And I'm going to be taken to a Chamber Music concert. It's just about as frightful as anything could be." He kicked the sand savagely.

" It's not so frightful as missing Potter when he'd made two, as I did, and then he made forty-eight and we lost the match," said Dennis.

" That was pretty frightful, especially as it was a catch that a rabbit with one hand could have caught, or a girl," said Nigel with the admirable candour of youth. " But I know something that's much frightfuller than either of those. In fact it really is the frightfullest thing in the world."

His audience showed some signs of interest.

"It's a house in Grey Street," he went on.

"Those houses aren't particularly frightful. I've been in one," said Dennis.

"It isn't the house itself. It's a notice in the window."

"What notice?"

"Guess," said Nigel solemnly. "You never will."

"Apartments to let," guessed Roger.

"No bottles," guessed Dennis.

"Rotters! Are those the frightfullest thing in the world?"

"'No bottles' might be, if you only wanted bottles badly enough," said Dennis, who is argumentative.

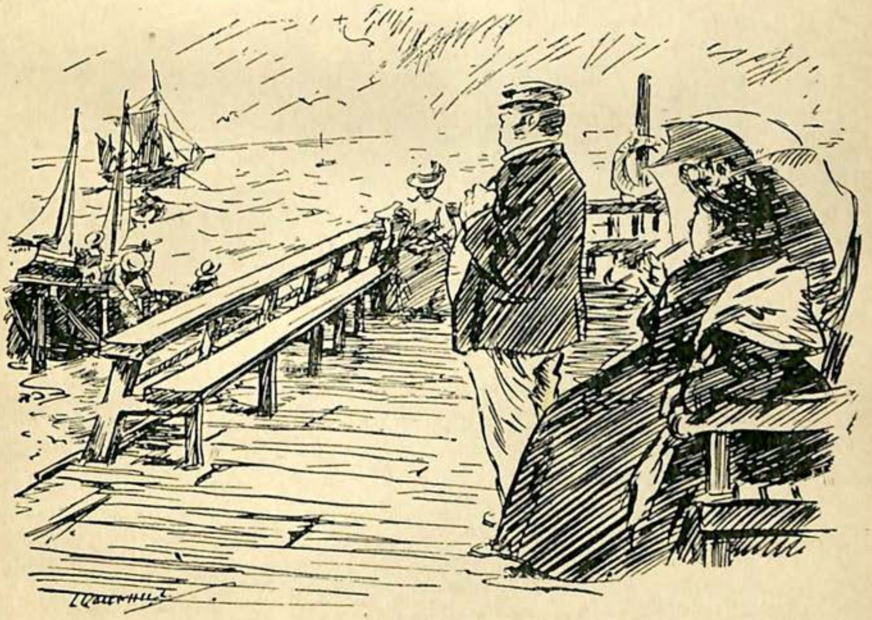
"Not frightfuller than this," said Nigel.

"Well, tell us then."

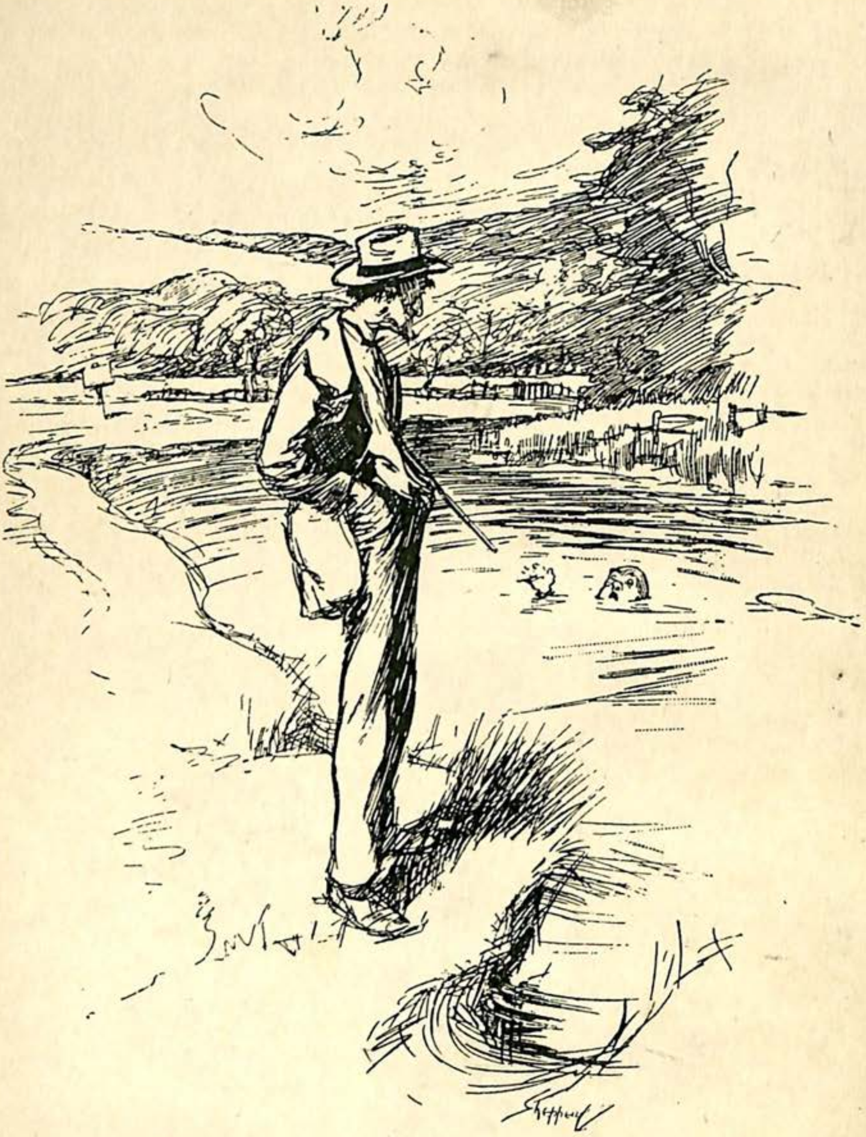
"The notice is"—Nigel paused for effect—"the notice is, 'Holiday Tuition Given.'"

The other two sat silent a moment as if stunned. No idea of questioning that this was in truth the frightfullest thing in the world entered their heads. When they did speak at length it was in unison.

"The swine!" they said.

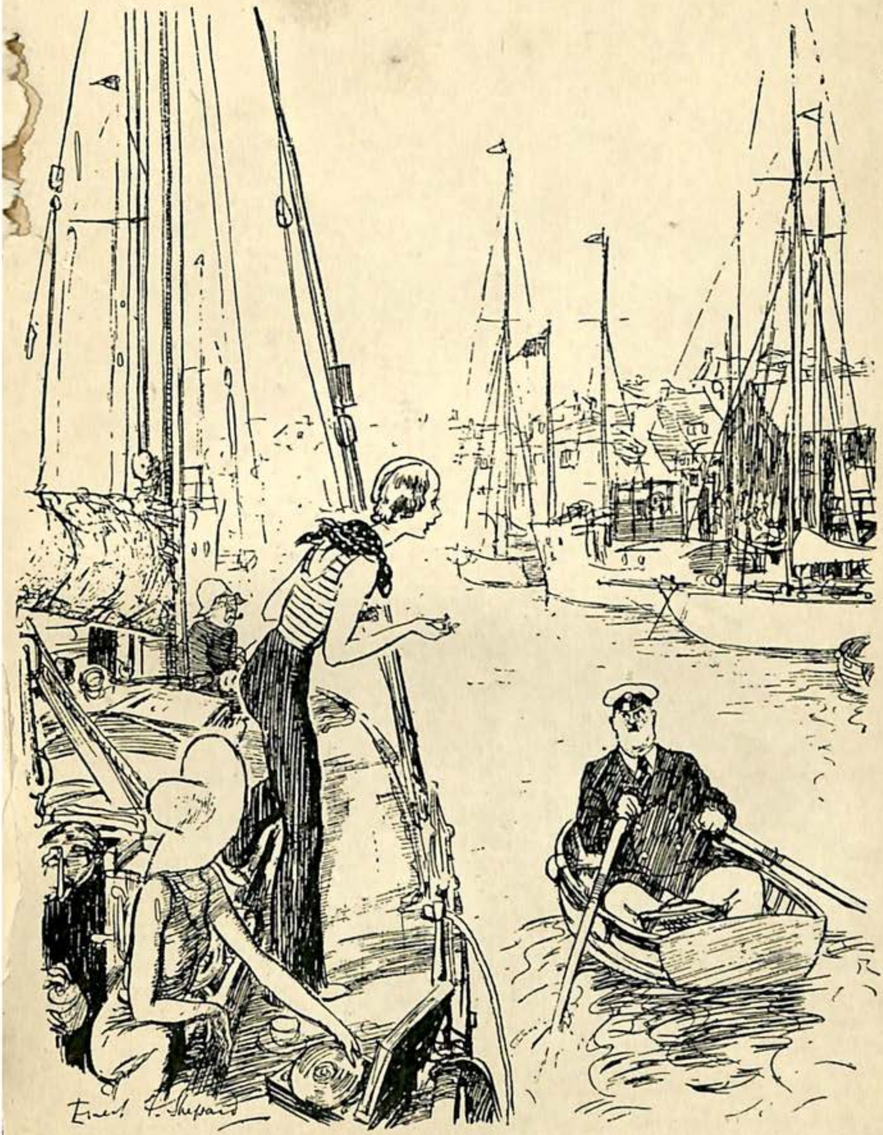


BROWN. "Ah! they've just dropped the anchor."
MRS. B. "And serve 'em right! It's been dangling outside all the morning!"

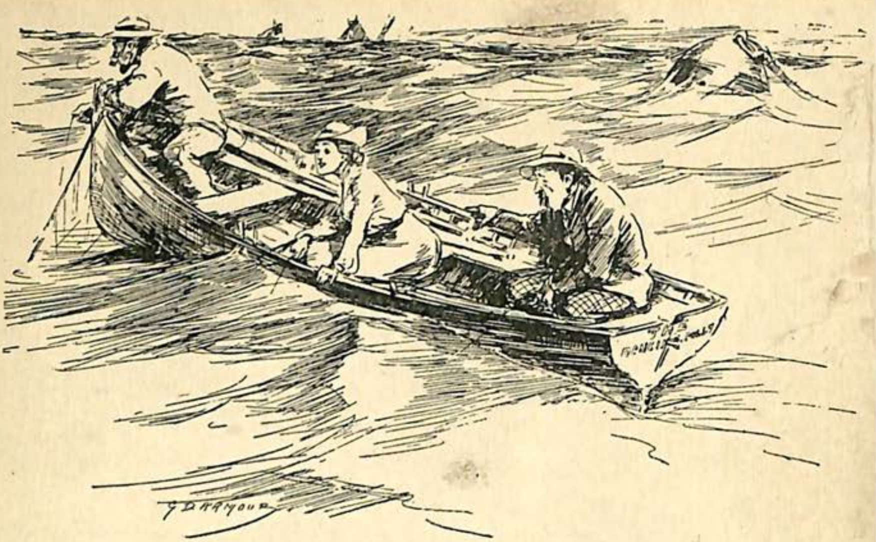


OLD GENT (*out of depth in river*). "Help! I can't swim!"

AMERICAN (*safe on bank*). "Waal! I guess I can't swim either; but I'm not making such a durn'd noise about it!"


Ernest H. Shepard

"Oh, Uncle John, what an *adorable* little boat! Is that what you call a dinky?"



NOT THE FIRST TIME THEY DON'T AGREE TOGETHER

WIFE. "Isn't it jolly to think we have the whole day before us? The Boatman says we couldn't go home, even if we wanted to, till the Tide turns, and that's not for hours and hours yet. I've got all sorts of lovely things for Lunch too!"

Of "Heat-Waves"

WHEN I was very young and small,
We never used this term at all.
At summer's zenith we did not
Express surprise that it was hot;
But, when the sun shone in the blue,
Thought it a natural thing to do,
And simply basked on sands or heather
Calling it seasonable weather.

But now the stuntsmen make a stir
If two or three fine days occur;
It constitutes their leading topic,
And, treating England as a tropic,
The Press announces to the nation
Its hourly state of perspiration.

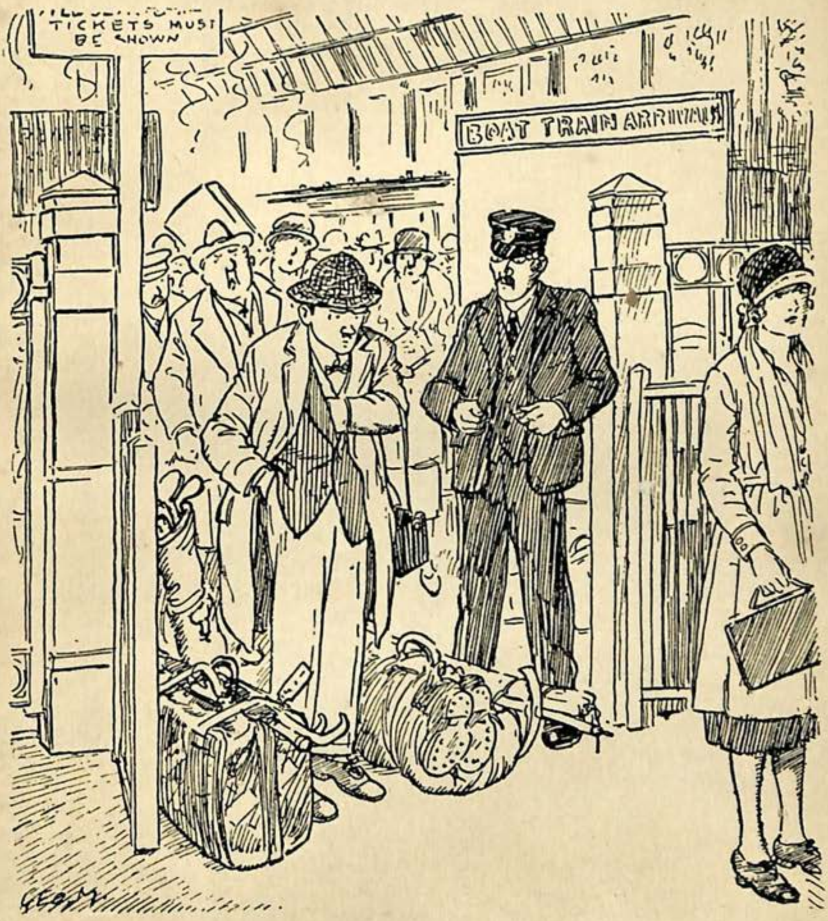
To me it seems a little queer,
Since heat-waves happen every year,
That every year we make pretence
That in our whole experience,
Who dwell inside a frigid zone,
Never has such a thing been known.
So, when the sun's hot eye is bared,
It always finds us unprepared.
If we would fain allay his beam
In Thames's most convenient stream,
The County Council's dear old women
See that we have no baths to swim in.
After the sweltering office-desk, oh
How we should love to dine alfresco!
No British restaurant has heard
Of any fancy so absurd.
In stuffy rooms we stew and grill
Where jazzers make us hotter still,
Merely to look at, and the blare
Of saxophones enflames the air.

As for our clothes, Convention bucks
When we would go about in ducks,

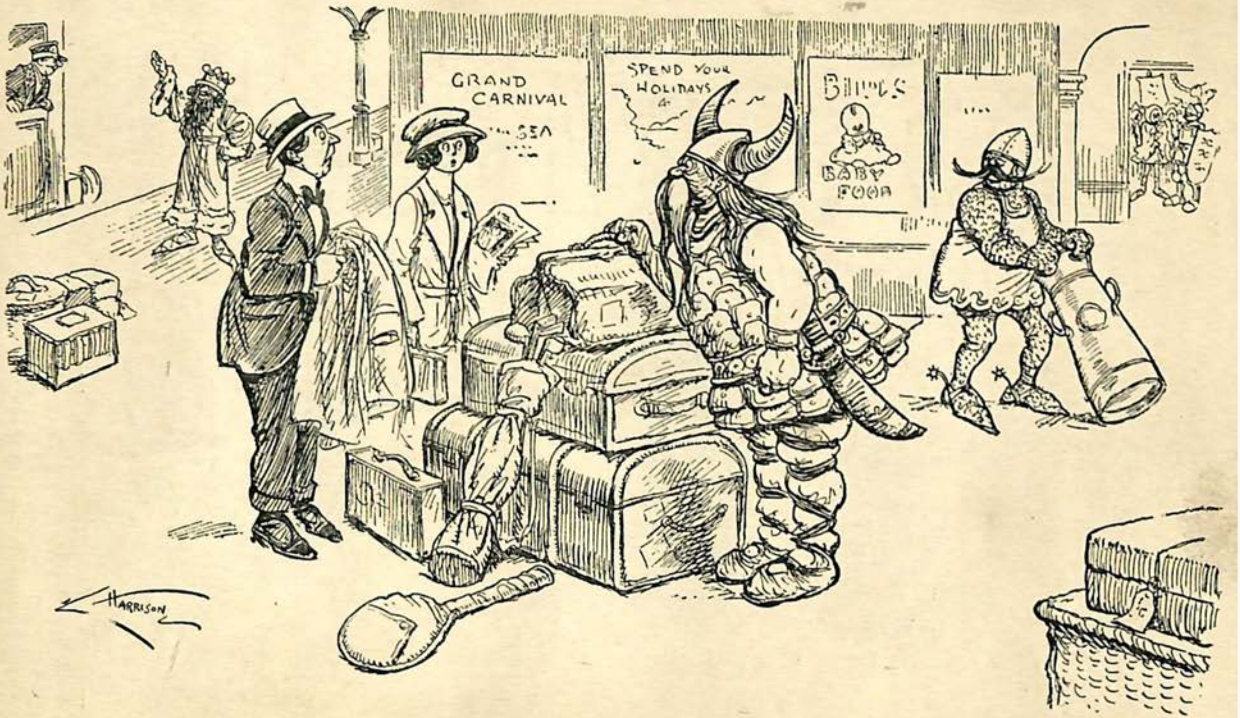
Hinting that raiment white and cool
Suggests a too exotic school,
And holding tight this sacred creed—
" Our staple wear is stodgy tweed."

In fact the sole device I meet
For coping with these waves of heat
Is Woman's dress that courts the breeze,
A tissue of transparencies ;
And even this was not designed
For weather of the sultry kind,
But she has worn the self-same stuff
All winter, being very tough.

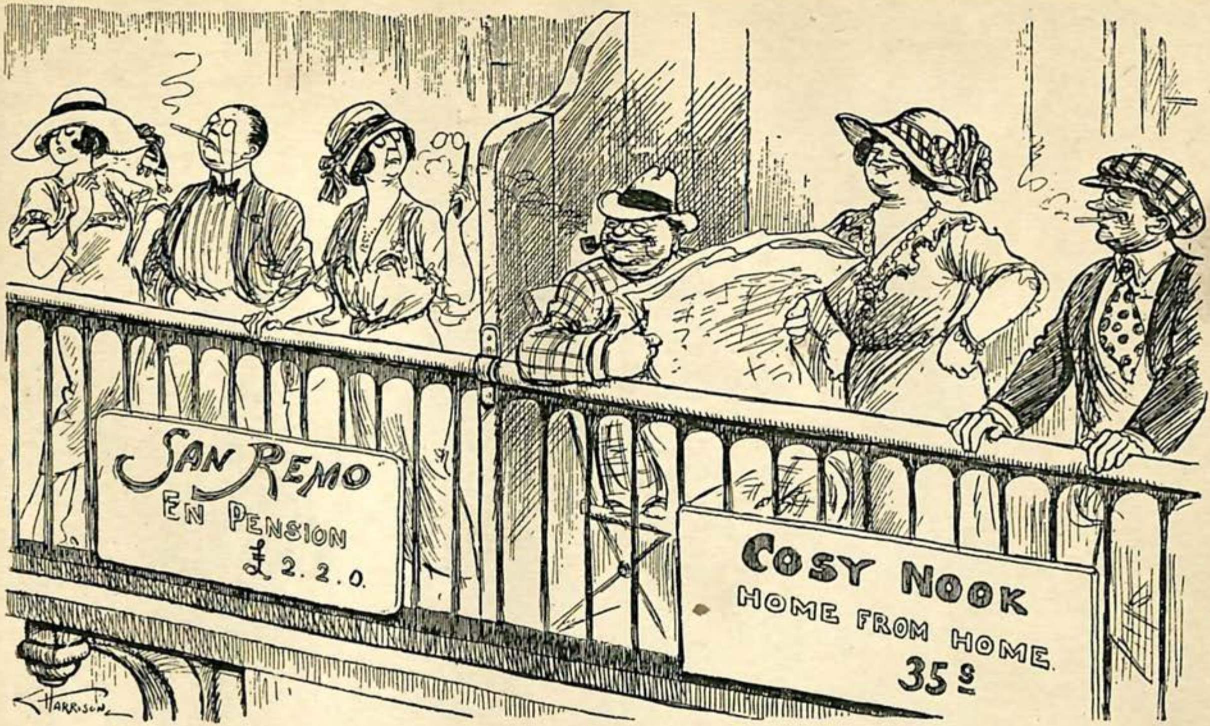
O. S.



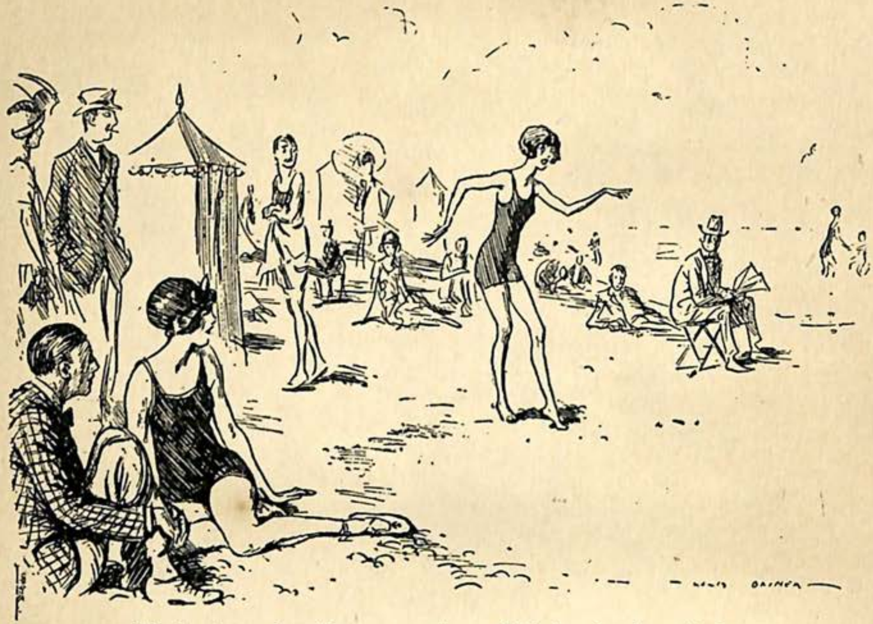
IMPATIENT TICKET-COLLECTOR (*to returning holiday-maker who cannot find his ticket*). "Lost yer bucket an' spade too, *I* bet!"


GRAND CARNIVAL
... SEA
SPEND YOUR HOLIDAYS AT
BABY FOOD
HARRISON

RAILWAY PORTER (*to Jones, who has arrived at seaside resort on carnival day*) "It'll be a narrer squeak, Sir, but I'll do my best to git yer luggidge down to the hotel before I takes part in the procession."


SAN REMO
EN PENSION
£2.2.0.
COSY NOOK
HOME FROM HOME
35s
HARRISON

THE LINE OF DEMARCATION. A MARINE BALCONY STUDY



HE. "If the stones hurt her as much as all that, why doesn't she wear shoes?"
SHE. "Because then she couldn't take so long walking down the beach."

The Affair at the Annexe

BEACHVILLE on Saturday night—a scene of decorous animation. A fresh wind was blowing from the Channel. Paper kites were high in the heavens. The promenade and the bandstand were aglow. The Starshine Follies would perform in the Rotunda at 8 P.M. There would be fireworks in the Maritime Gardens. Dogs were not permitted on the Pier. . . .

The place was absolutely crowded. There were visitors, and week-end visitors. They walked up and down inhaling the scent of moribund seaweed which has made Beachville what it is.

" Where *does* it all come from, Frederick ? " I asked him. " That's what I want to know."

" The smell ? "

" No, the concourse of people," I explained.

" Criminals mostly," he said. " The vast underworld of wickedness that goes about England in green charabancs."

He spoke bitterly ; but a green charabanc had very nearly ditched him as we came down and had even grazed his running-board. Besides we had been unable to get rooms at the Esplanade Hotel. And according to Frederick they did one splendidly at the Esplanade.

" You can't say that's a criminal," I said, pointing out a plump, elderly and rosy-cheeked lady seated on a deck-chair and busily eating fruit out of a paper-bag.

" A female decoy," said my cousin Frederick, glancing coldly at her; " probably used for vamping Roumanian millionaires. Are you coming to the fireworks or are you not ? "

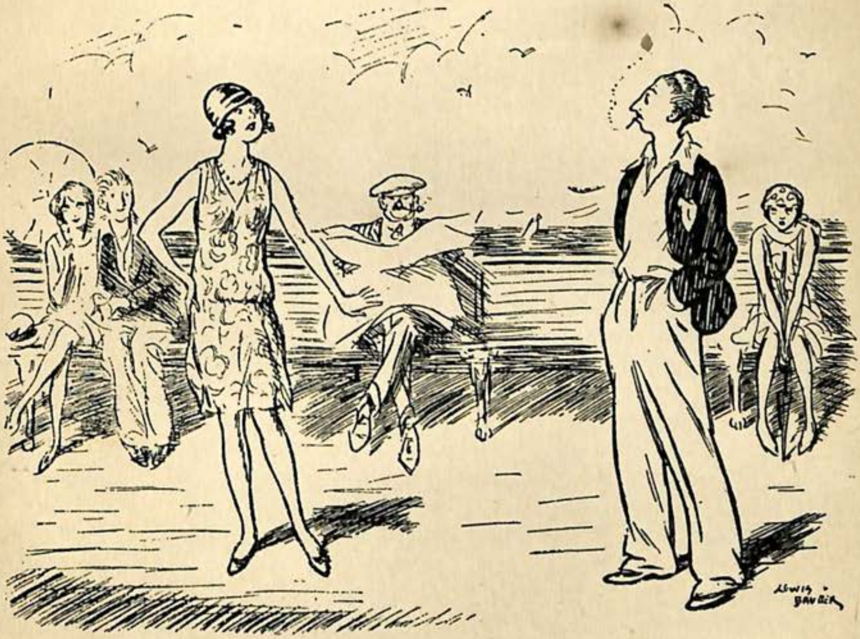
I thought no. I had had enough of excitement and ozone, and would go back quietly to the Crown Hotel.

" I shall take one or two more turns myself," he said, " and I may even listen to the band."

" Don't stint yourself, Frederick," I told him. " There is ice-cream in the kiosks and plenty of nut-chocolate in the automatic machines."

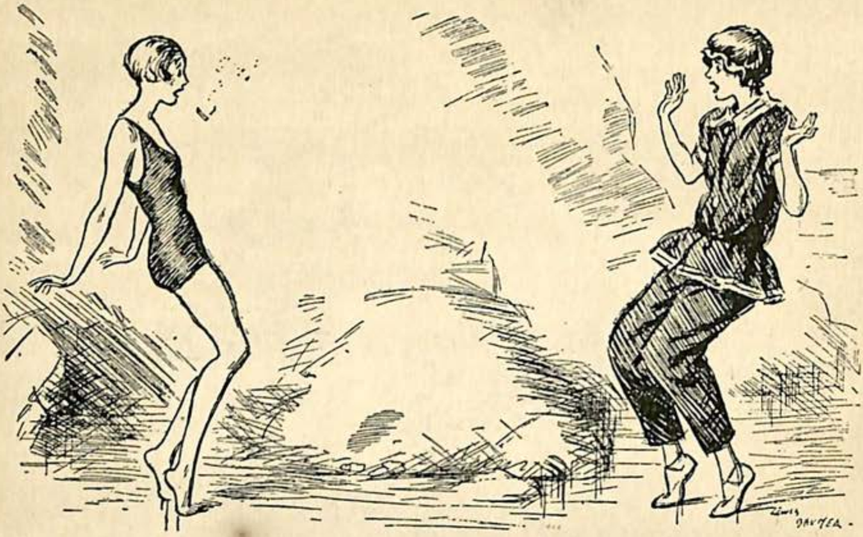
He shouted something after me as I walked away.

People sitting in basket-chairs looked up resentfully at me in the portico of

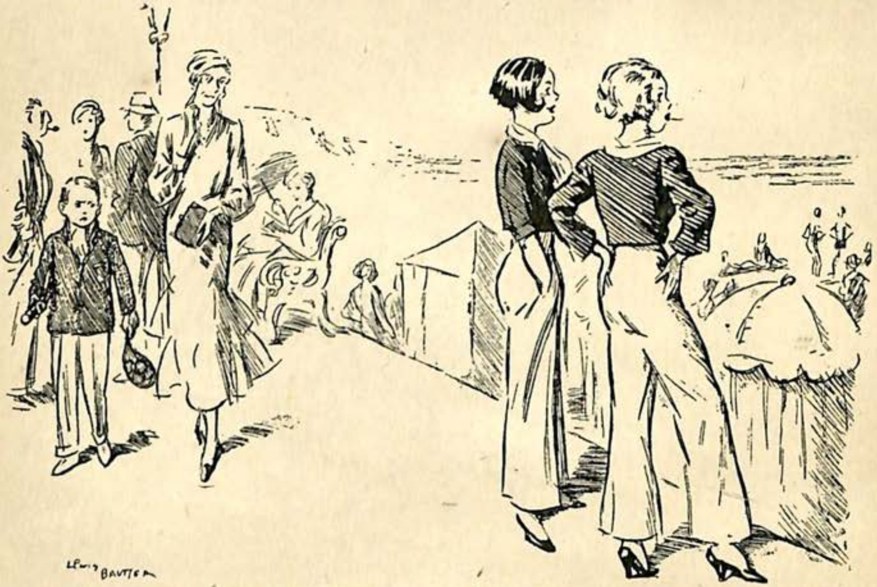


THE PARTING SHOT

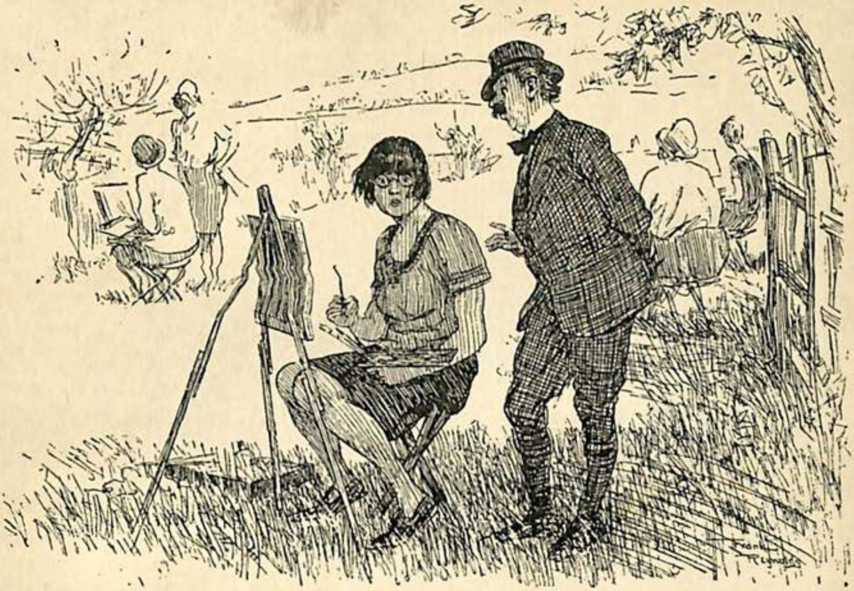
ANGRY YOUNG LADY (*to boarding-house Lothario*). ". . . and try to remember it's one thing to *look* like a gentleman, and quite another to *behave* as such!"


Lewis Baumer

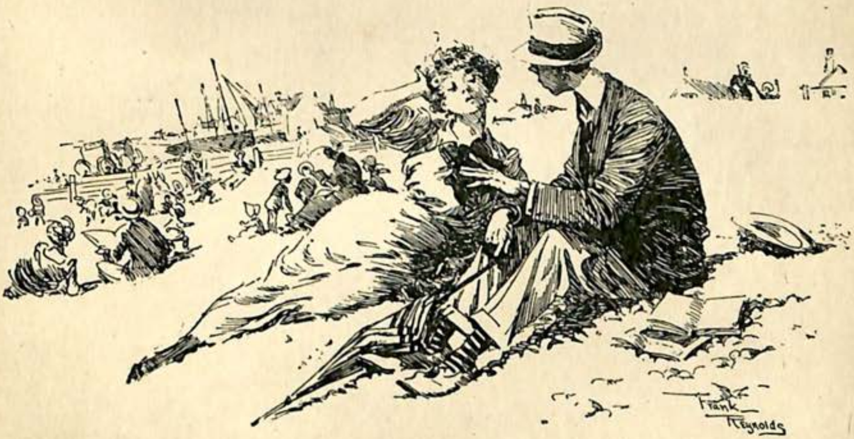
Young lady from the "Punch" of to-day meets her counterpart from the back numbers.


Lewis Baumer

DISTRESSINGLY SHORT-SIGHTED MOTHER. "Surely those must be two Etonians, darling?"



ART MASTER (*to peculiarly ungifted member of sketching-class*). "Don't be discouraged, Miss Seamore; after all, you are getting the fresh air."



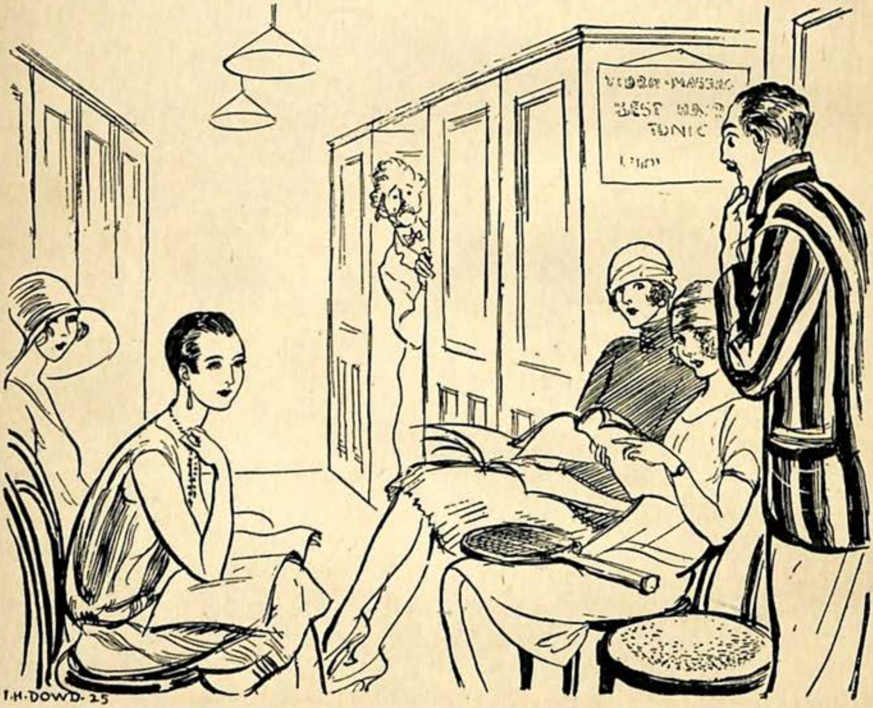
THE FINER POINTS

THE AUTHORITY. "As I explained to 'im at the time, a celluloid collar in lodgings, well and good; but in a boarding establishment, such as Sea View, a thousand times *no*!"

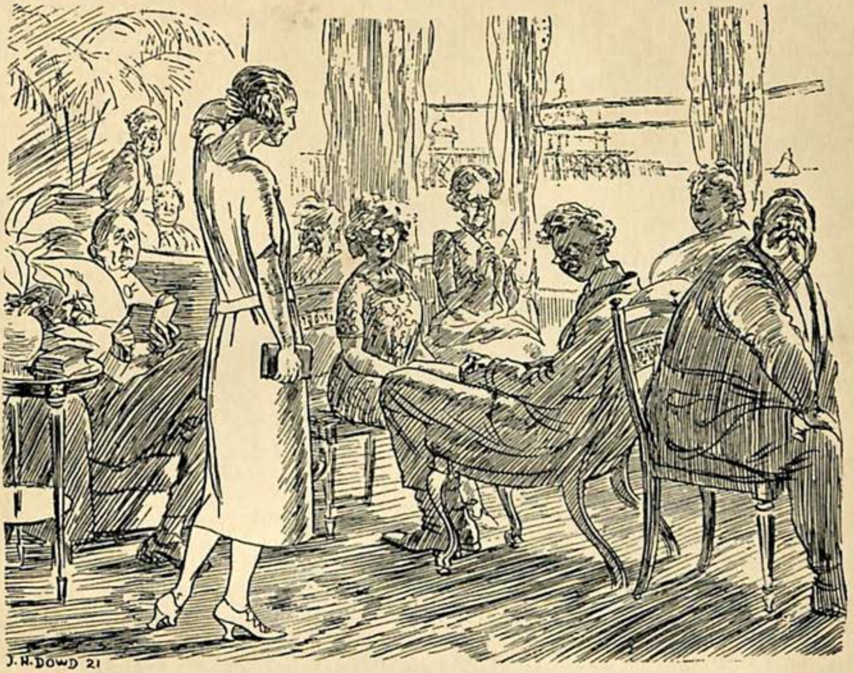
the Crown, so I got a basket-chair and looked resentfully back at them. After resenting for nearly three-quarters-of-an-hour, I felt sleepy and strolled over to the annexe.

The management of the Crown (which, like the Esplanade, was full) had told us that we should be very comfortable at the annexe. It was scarcely a real annexe at all, but rather a kind of lodging-house in a side-street, and it was named Bella Vista, the architect no doubt having a periscope or being fond of meringues, for the building overlooked a confectioner's. The rooms were big and the beds were good, but there was an enormous smear of damp like the skeleton of a mesozoic animal on one of my walls, and the only other decorations were prompted by commercial motives and religious zeal.

A placard by the door explained that the proprietor of the Crown would not hold himself responsible for valuables unless these were placed in his care at the office; and furthermore that notice of leaving must be given before 12 A.M. or another day would be charged. The hours of meals were also de-



SEASIDE BARBER. "I shall be an hour and a-half at least, Sir."
CUSTOMER. "Splendid! Er, I mean—er—I 'll wait."



Gladys (*of the Frivolity*), newly arrived at a seaside private hotel, strikes a bad patch.

tailed rigorously. Above this placard hung an oblong piece of cardboard which said (in silver lettering)—

THE WAGES OF SIN IS DEATH

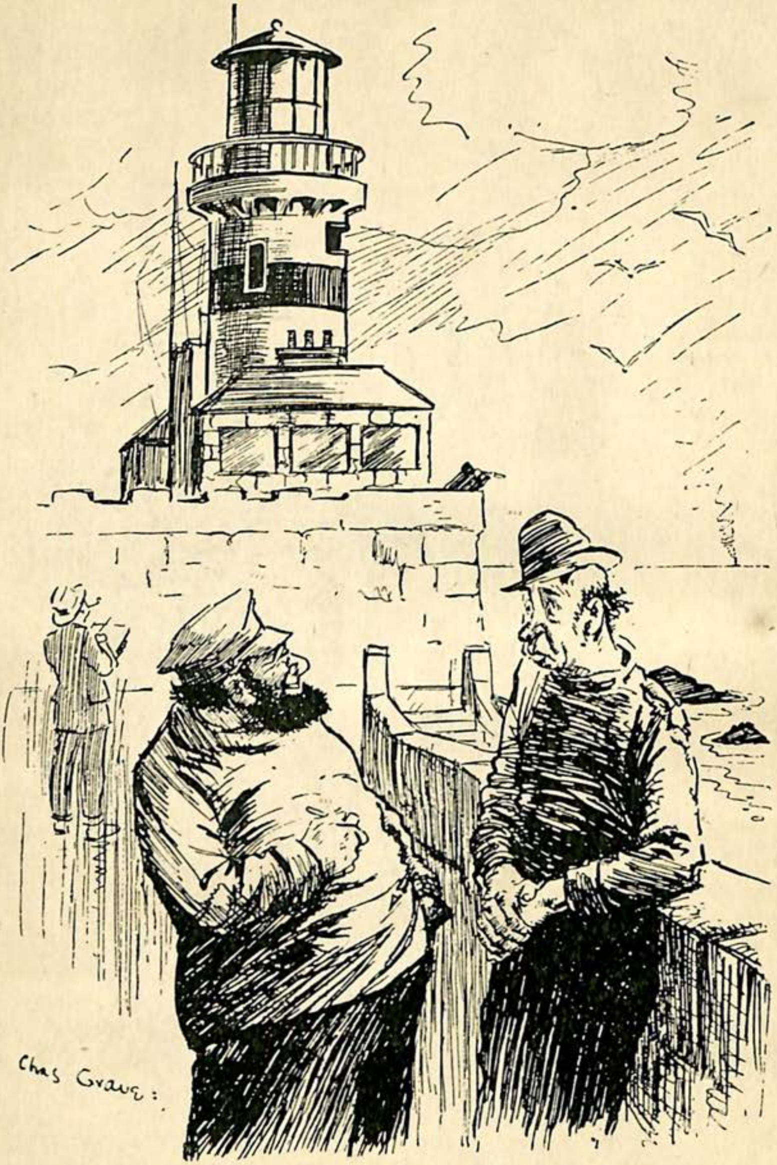
and just over the bed was another, announcing—

EVIL BE TO HIM THAT EVIL THINKS

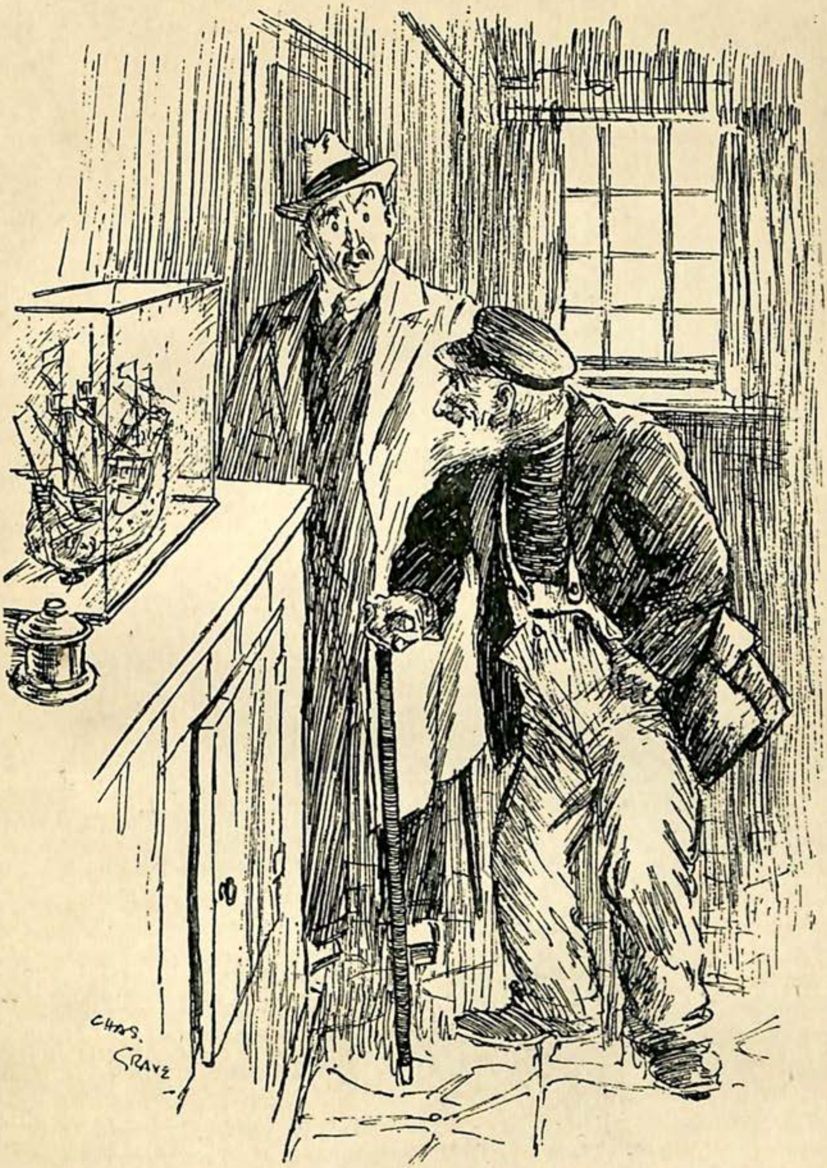
Merriment whilst undressing was rather discouraged in the annexe of the Crown Hotel.

* * * * * * *

I awoke to the sound of a storm beating the lace curtains into the room, and as I shut the window I seemed to hear shouting in the darkness like the uproar of fiends. I lay for a good while half-awake and half speculating on annexes and their curious ways. Did they grow up in time if they were good and become separate hotels? Was annexe a spondee? But I thought not; there are no pure spondees in the English tongue. My fancies turned also



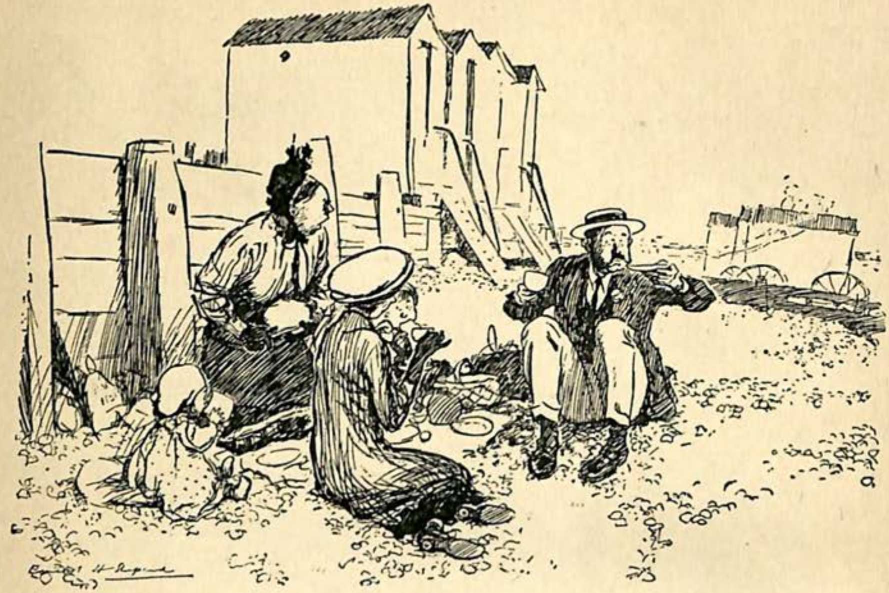
FIRST BEACHCOMBER. "That artist feller says, 'I bin lookin' for a chap like you,' an' 'e giv' me 'arf-a-crown just for lettin' 'im draw my face."
SECOND BEACHCOMBER. "Struth! I wish I 'ad a dial like yours."



ALLEGED MARINER. "Ay, many 's the time I 've sailed in one o' they ships when I were a young man."

VISITOR. "But surely this is one of the great Frobisher's ships?"

ALLEGED MARINER. "Ay, an' very fond o' me 'e were."



CASTE

THE LADY (*on a cheap week-end visit*). "Where's yer manners, Brown—blowin' on yer tea? Anybody might take yer for a day-tripper."

(not unnaturally) to crime. Had any great crime in fiction been committed in the annexe of a seaside hotel? It was no bad place for such a deed.

"The body of the well-known financier, Lewis Norton, was found lying in a pool of blood on his bed at Bella Vista, the annexe of the Crown Hotel, Beachville-on-Sea. His right hand held a scarab which he had neglected to place in the care of the proprietor at the office. In his left palm was a threepenny ticket for a folding-chair on the Marine Parade. There was a calm smile on the face of the deceased, which was looking up confidently towards a text on the wall. The throat had been slit from ear to ear. . . ."

But should the smile, I reflected as I fell asleep, be also described as stretching from ear to ear?

* * * * * * *

I awoke this time very suddenly indeed. Surely that was a real scrabbling at the window-pane. I sat up in bed and switched on the light. Immediately the cold hand of horror clutched my heart and for a few moments I could not breathe. Undoubtedly there was a dark form on the window-sill, a white savage face pressed closely against the glass. I motioned it away with my hands.

It remained.

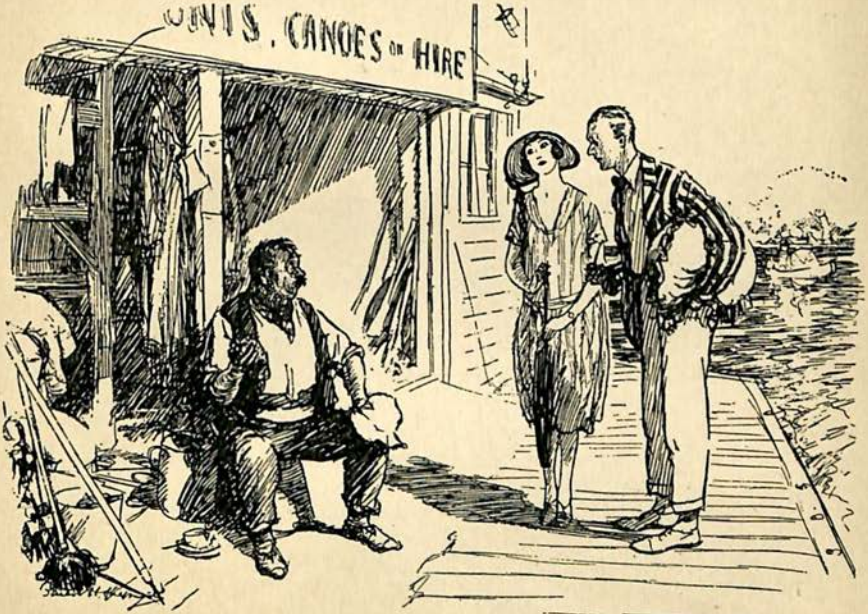
Was there then to be murder in the annexe after all ? Hardly knowing what I did, but with a vague idea of showing how much the management would disapprove of such a happening, I reached out of bed for my walking-stick and tapped sharply and emphatically with the ferule, first at one and then the other of the two texts hanging on the wall. At the same time I frowned and shook my head.

The dark shape did not go.

Was robbery, I wondered, its design ?

To discourage it still further I pointed (again with the ferule of my walking-stick) to the notice about valuables near the door, jerking my left thumb over my shoulder and smiling in a nonchalant manner so as to indicate that my pearl studs had been left at the main office of the Crown.

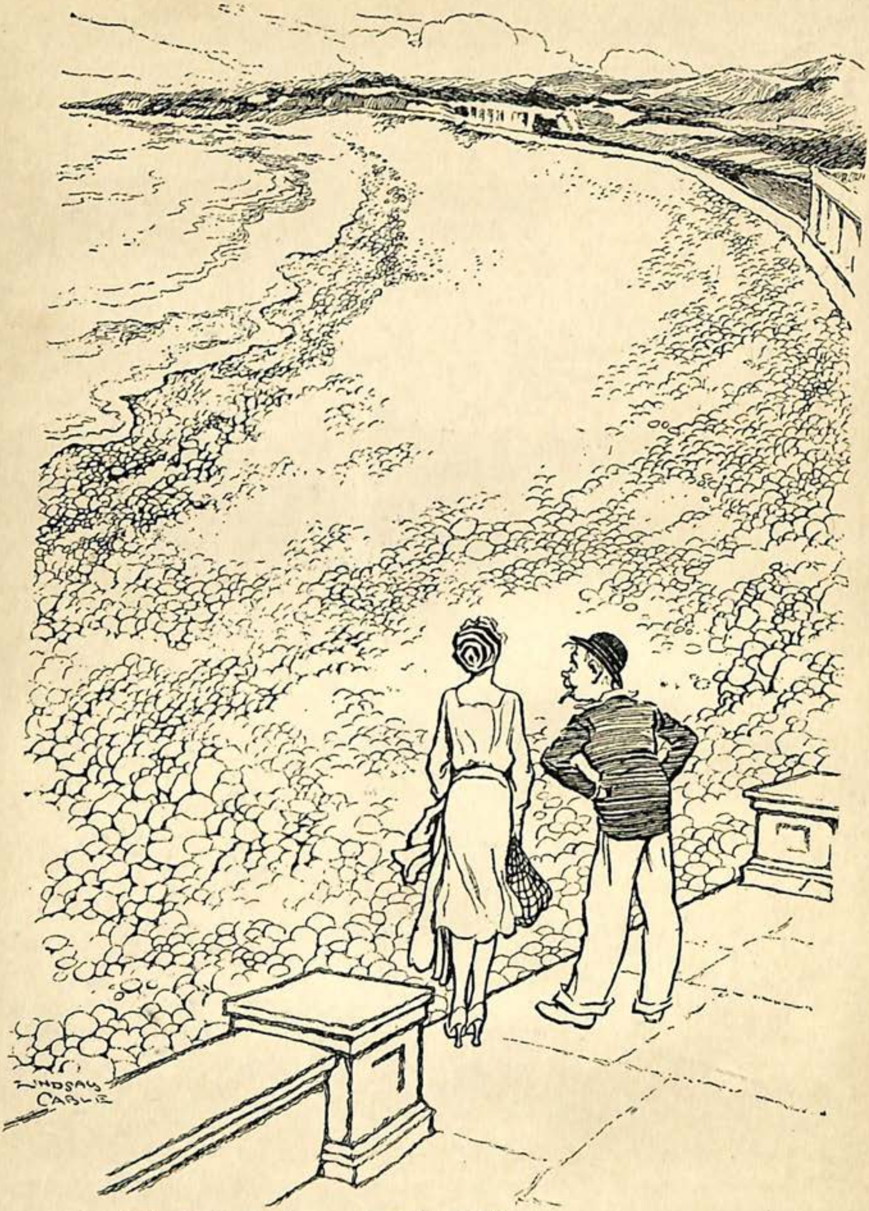
But the evil thing still crouched and still glared. And then suddenly something about the set of the shoulders, something about the face itself, tense and



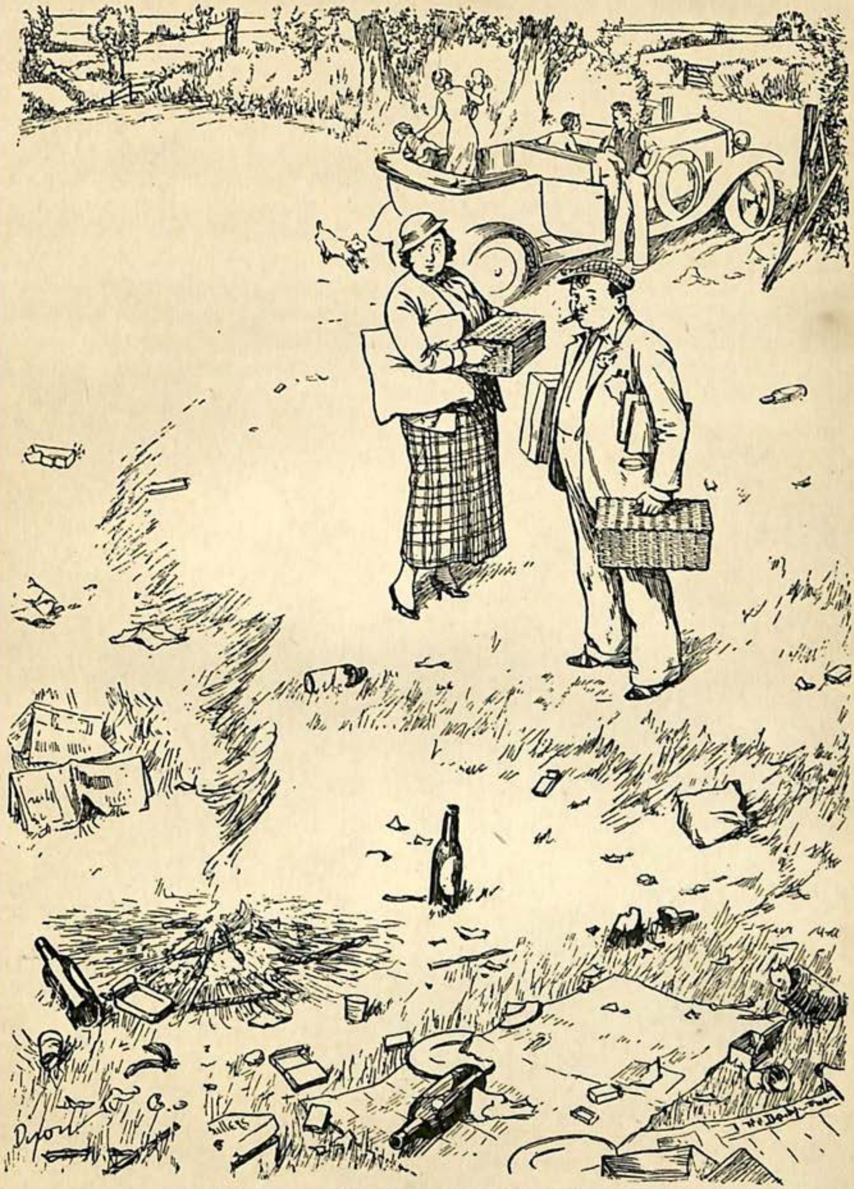
HARD TO PLEASE

DISAPPOINTED OARSMAN. "What! Not a boat to be had? Well, I congratulate you on doing such good business."

PROPRIETOR. "Good business, indeed! An' the sun burnin' all the varnish off my boats!"


LINDSAY CABLE

GIRL. "Oh, Bert, what a wonderful sight!"
BERT. "Ay, lass; if we had some empty bottles it would be champion."



MRS. HAWKINS. " 'Ave a good look round, Bert, and see that we 'aven't left anythink."

angry, seemed familiar to me. I sustained a new shock of surprise. I knew who it was at the window—knew only too well, and why.

But I thought it better to remain as calm as I could. Jumping out of bed I unfastened the catch of the casement.

"Why, Frederick," I exclaimed, "how late you are! Was the music good?"

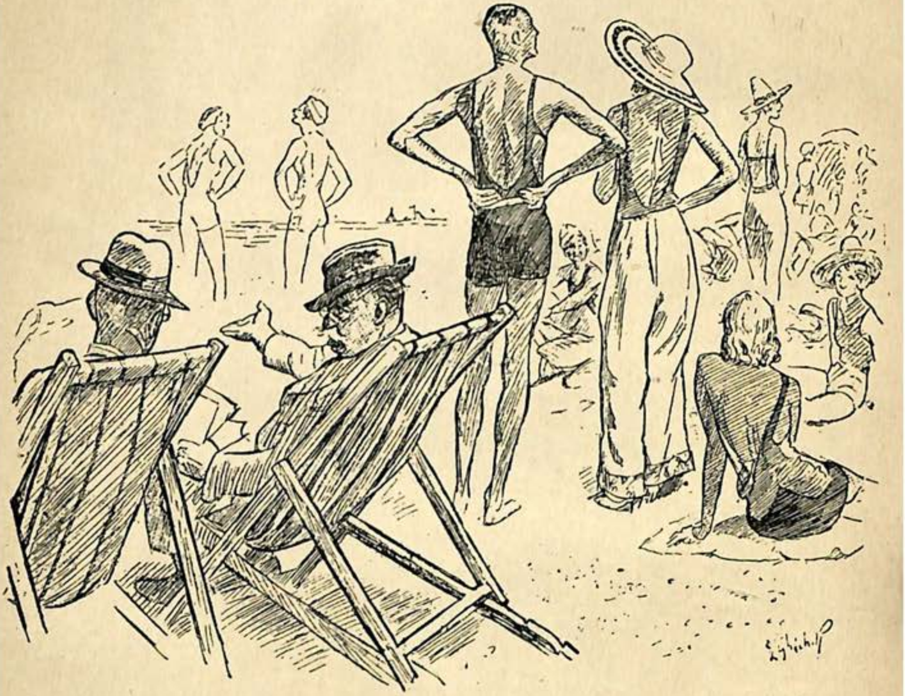
The hair and coat of Frederick were glistening with rain, and one of his trouser-legs had been torn, apparently by a nail.

He pointed out rather more forcibly than I could have put it what I now remembered quite well, namely, that we had only had one latch-key for the annexe between us and that I had been the custodian of the key.

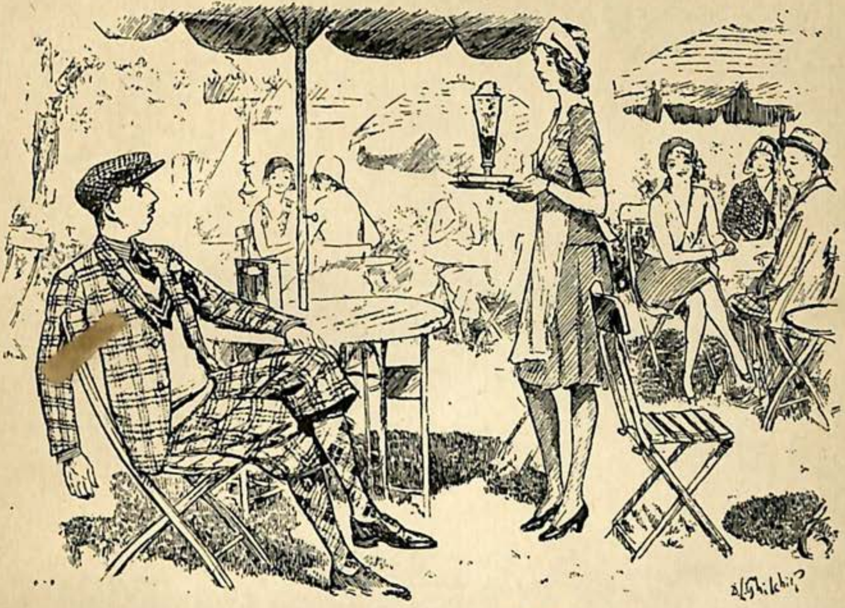
"The whole wretched place was asleep," he said. "I've spent one hour ringing at the door of the Crown and two hours banging and shouting here."

"I thought I heard a murmur of voices," I told him.

He became unprintable.



STERN CRITIC (*on the economic situation*). "Spineless, Sir, that's what this country is. Look around you, and what's the first thing that strikes you? Total absence of the slightest evidence of backbone."



WAITRESS (*at ice-cream sundae specialist's*). "Excuse me, Sir, are you the Knickerbocker Glory?"

I poured out a torrent of apologies and regrets. I tried to console him, urged him to consider how much more sorrow he would have felt had it been not he who was locked out of the annexe but I, who was so much more delicate and susceptible to chills, whereas he was hardened by the snows of Ispahan and bronzed by the Mesopotamian suns. I pointed out that the rusty nail which had torn his trousers might easily, though so far, apparently, it had not, have set up a poisonous inflammation in his leg. He seemed to forget, I told him, the awful fright which I myself had received. But he was obdurate.

" Don't ask me to motor you down to Beachville again, that's all," he said with an unkind laugh.

I became annoyed by his indignation.

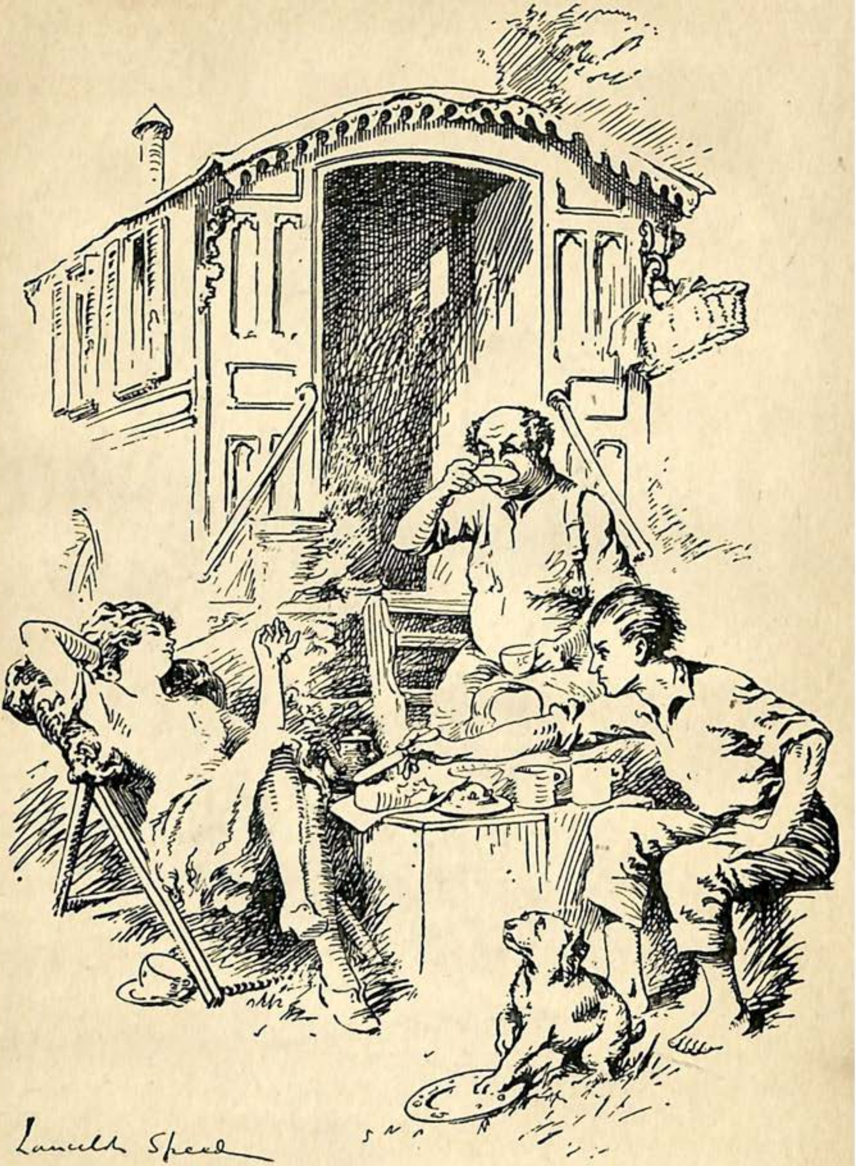
" I don't know that I should care to motor with you to Beachville again," I said rather coldly. " As you yourself have pointed out, it is a favourite resort of the criminal classes."

" It is indeed ! " he muttered grimly.

" Not excluding," I said, " cat-burglars."

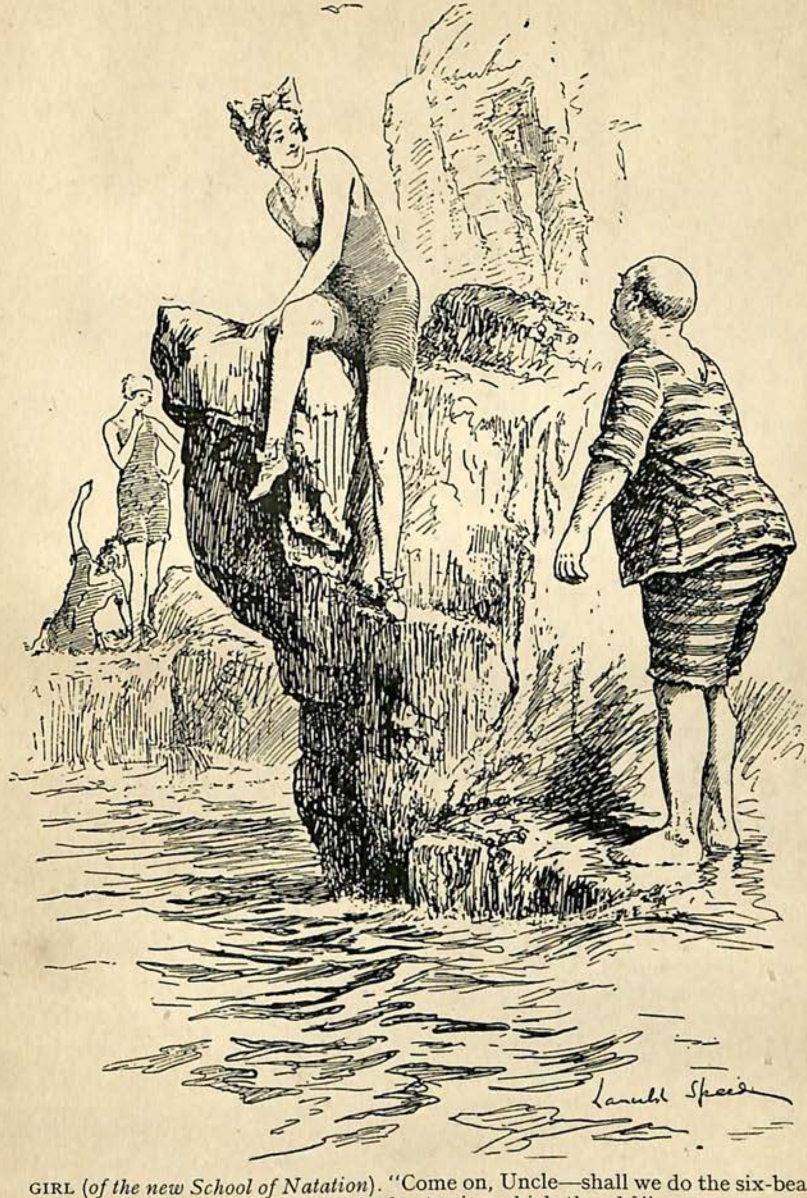
He went away angrily to bed, and refused to get up again until it was Bronx-time at the Esplanade.

EVOE



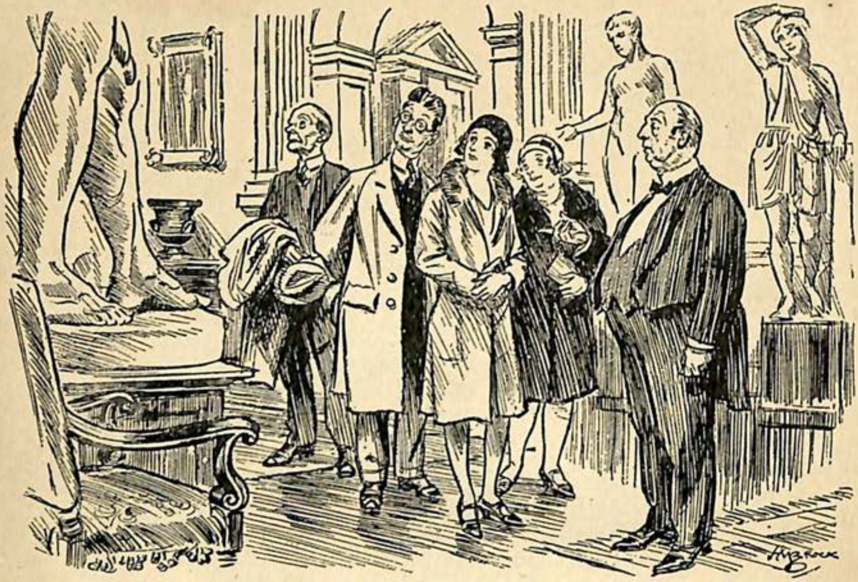
THE LAST DAY IN CAMP BEFORE RETURNING TO CIVILIZATION

"Look here, we absolutely must pull ourselves together. I'm going to cut the butter with a knife."



GIRL (*of the new School of Natation*). "Come on, Uncle—shall we do the six-beat-double-truncheon-crawl, or the eight-beat-scissor-kick-thrash?"

UNCLE GEORGE. "Thank you, my dear, I think I'll just have a swim."



BUTLER (*showing visitors round ducal mansion*). "These are statoos of various heathen gods, though 'is Grace and Family belong to the Church of England."

Westward Ho!

JAMES, if from life's little worries and trouble you
Sigh to be wafted afar,
Meet me at Paddington Station, G.W.
R.

Thence, if our plans be not baulked by some latterday
Railwayman-unionist freak,
We'll make a bold bid for freedom on Saturday
Week.

Care may ride pillion or on the ship's deck set her
Foot, but she'll hunt us in vain
Once we've set ours on the ten-thirty Exeter
Train.

Ours no "resort" where you run up iniquitous
Bills at the "Royal" or "Grand,"
Blatant with pier and parade and ubiquitous
Band.

No "silver sea" where the gaudy and giddy come;
We're for a peacefuller air
Breathing of "Uncle Tom Cobley" and Widdicombe
Fair.

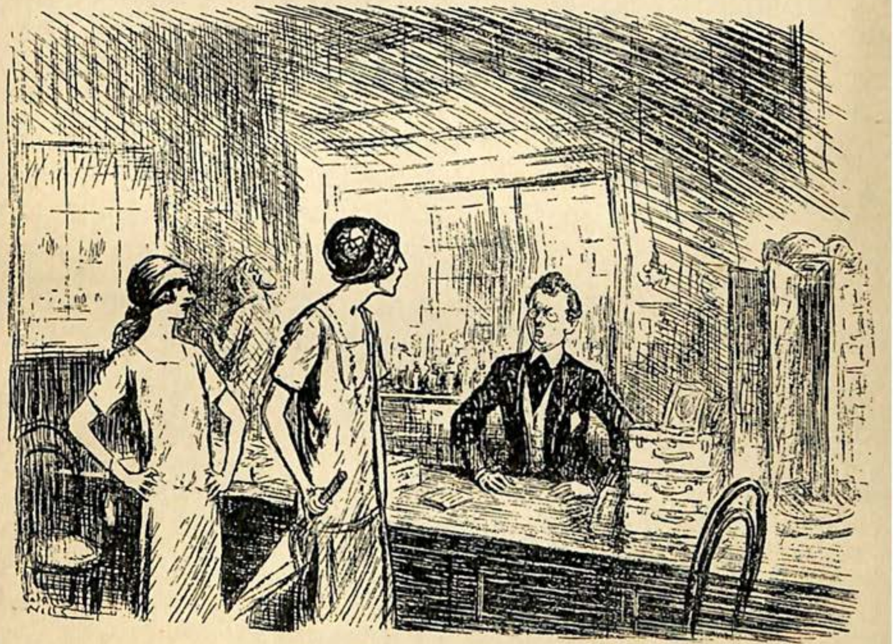
Warm as a welcome the red of the tillage is,
Green are the pastures, and deep
Down in the combes little thatch-covered villages
Sleep.

Far from society (praises to Allah be !),
Wearing demobilised boots,
Clad in our countrified (Deeley-cum-Mallaby)
Suits,

We'll o'er the moor where the ways never weary us,
Lunch at a primitive pub,
Loaf till it's time to get back to more serious
Grub.

Haply some neighbouring Dartymoor brooklet'll
Tempt us at eve to set out,
Greenheart in hand, and endeavour to hook little
Trout.

Well, there's a programme for three weeks of heaven, sheer
Bliss, if you add to the scheme
Farm eggs and bacon and junket and Devonshire
Cream.

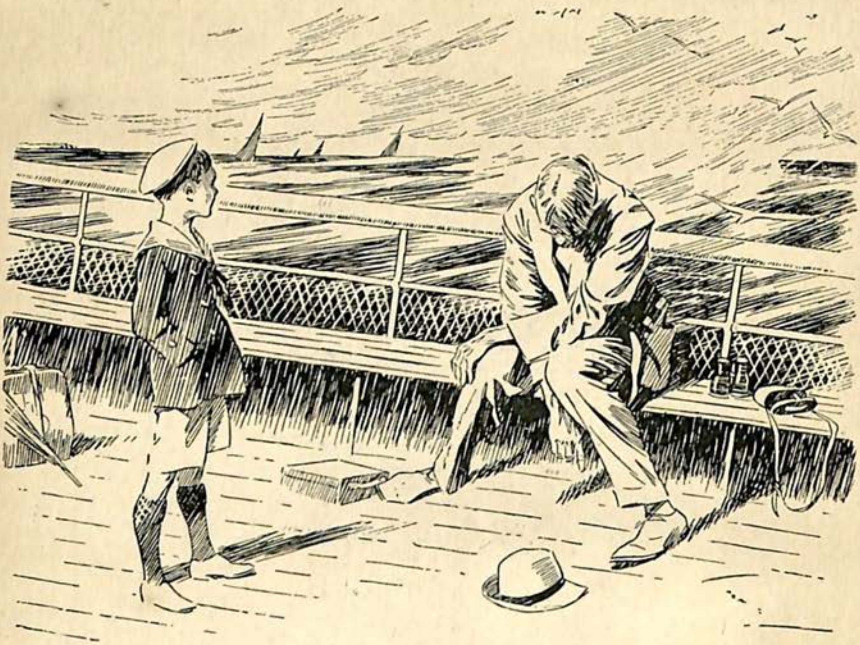


AT A SEASIDE "EMPORIUM"

SHOPMAN TO VISITOR (*who wishes to make a very small and simple purchase*). "You may be able to get what you require in the fishermen's quarter, Madam. This is the *shopping* end of the town."

An ankle competition at Bexhill was judged by the borough veterinary inspector. We are not told whether he detected any signs of spavin.

"The first excursion train left London in 1859," says a weekly paper. It is only fair to say, however, that all the passengers have now returned.

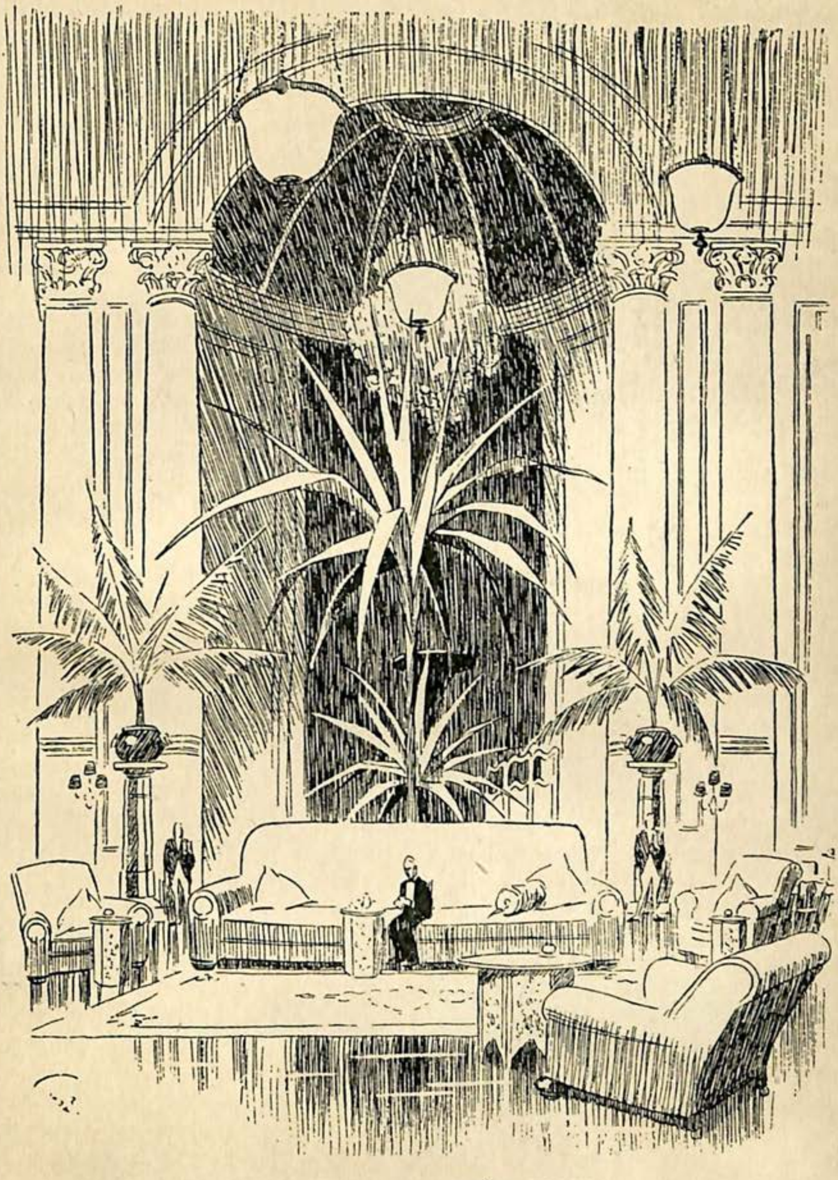


YOUNG DREADNOUGHT. "Daddy, you said you'd take me down to see the engine."

A Local Trouble

OUR town by the sea has in all respects but one had a most successful season. In spite of the weather, which I grant has not been up to much, we have had more visitors than has been vouchsafed to us in any previous year. They haven't all been of much use; some passed through in cars, leaving hardly a shilling behind them, while others, mostly decanted from sharrybangs, coolly spent the day on our sands with their own refreshments and cleared out in the evening without our having had a chance of getting at them. Still, we have had a lot of good temporary residents whom we may fairly claim to have skinned pretty clean. Now the harvest is for the most part gathered; our hostesses beam on the parting guest, our tradesmen rub their hands; in the chorus of jubilation but one class is silent. I refer to our publicans, who have had a lean year.

This has come out more or less by accident. They are a proud race, and would probably have suffered without audible comment. But statistics have appeared of late in which it is announced that in the two months of holiday-making there has only been, to employ the police jargon, one drunk. This



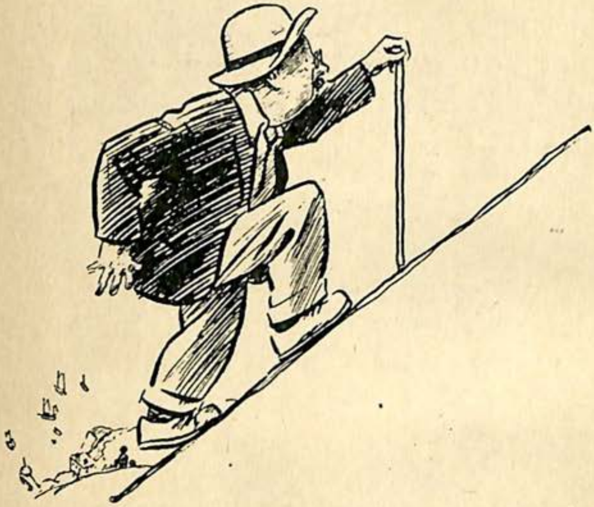
The Last of the Swallows

The Lounge, Hôtel Magnifique, Somewhere-on-Sea.

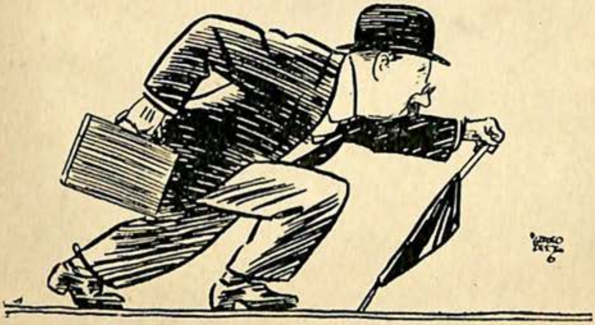
might as well have been left out. The " case " had nothing to do with our visitors. It was only the old tame local bottle-nose, who was put away for about the hundred-and-fiftieth time. But the connection between holidays and alcohol woke a cry from our licensed victualling interest, and we have learned that through an otherwise fruitful period our pubs have been practically deserted.

The causes of this have of course been widely canvassed. Mr. Stubbs, the once genial proprietor of the " Pig and Compasses," puts it down to the late Government; but he is a strong Conservative and may be biassed. A more popular opinion ascribes it to the weather. We have had a good deal of cold and rain (not so much as other places) and to the chilled and damp body a steaming jorum of tea possibly commends itself more than a mug of beer. This view is backed by the fact that our tea-shops have done magnificently. Again, there are some who find a solution in our visitors themselves, who to quite a considerable extent have come in pairs. They can't all be young married couples, and I suppose they are taking companionate holidays. Nobody imagines there is any harm in it, and I wish them luck. But the point is that when you are running round with a girl and she feels thirsty you take her off to tea and don't lug her off to a public-house for refreshment.

But these arguments, though plausible, don't



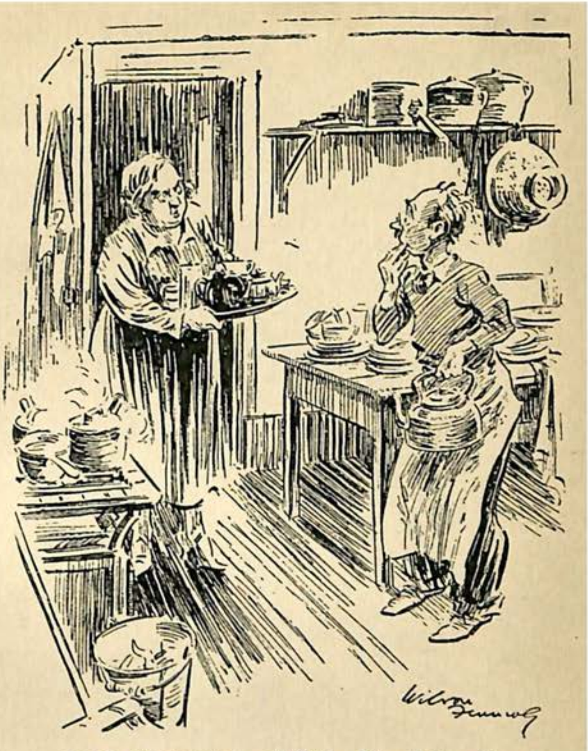
As the result of spending his holiday at a very hilly resort—



Jones now walks to the office like this.

go far enough. There are still plenty of unattached males to be accounted for. Purely from motives of local patriotism, I have made a round of our bars and believe I have hit on their weak point.

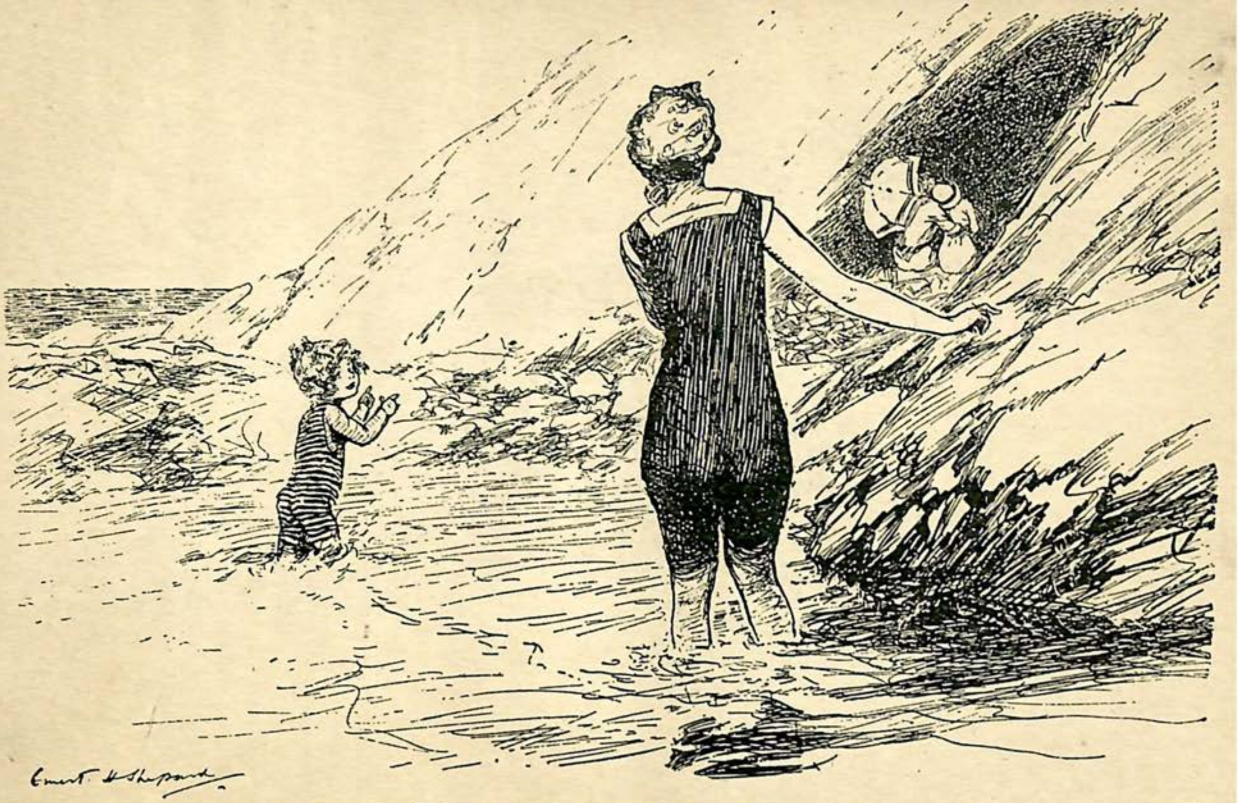
The question is, why have the young men shown a degenerate preference for tea over beer? Now, though our tea-shops are good, I don't say too much for the tea. But the waitresses—a more attractive lot of girls you never came across. Their costume is appealing, their skirts are short and their feet neat. There is one girl especially in Miss Pink's place, who—but no matter. They are not shut up in a bar, but move freely among the guests diffusing gladness and frequently the glad eye. And now turn to our pubs. The barmaids, if I may so put it, are generally men. When female—that I should say it!—they are homely. Not, I think, that that matters. A barmaid is always awe-inspiring. She is credited with a power of blistering repartee too easily aroused, and the bar itself makes her aloof and unapproachable. It is not for her with shining foot to pass among the guests like the soft-footed and soft-eyed young person of the tea-shop.



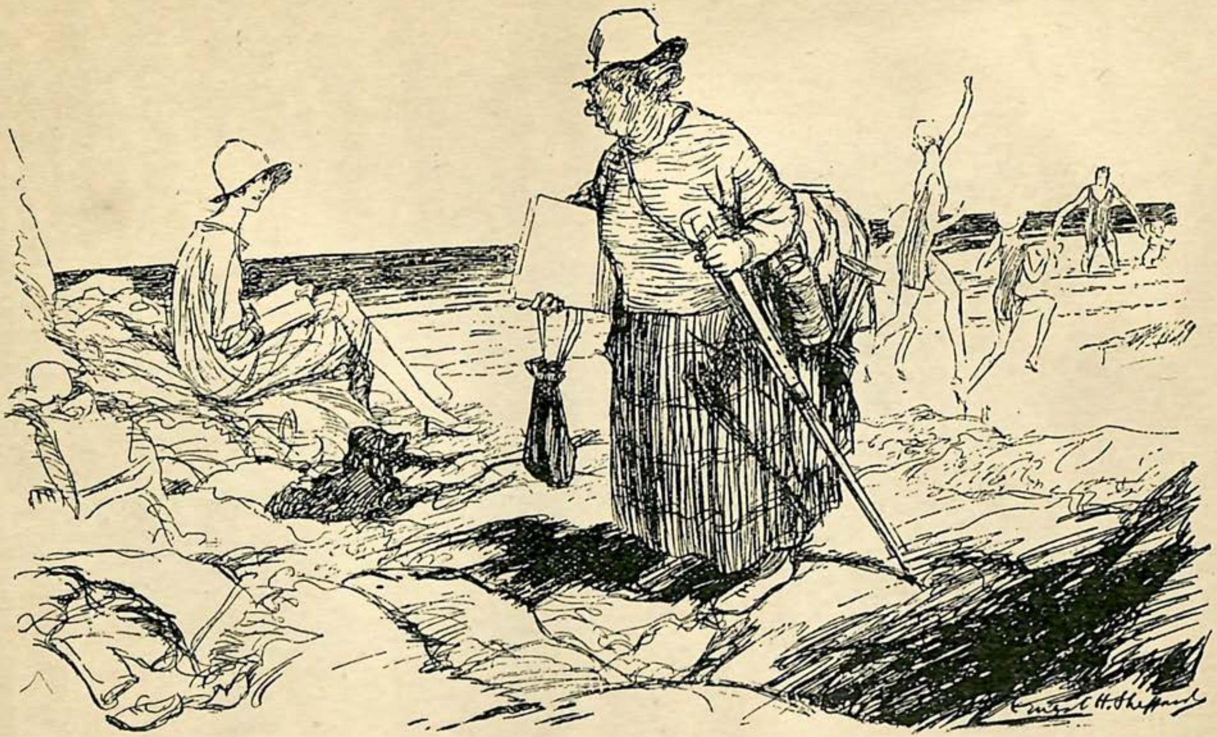
WIFE (*proprietress of "Sea View" boarding-house*). "Lot of good my putting in the prospectus ' Resident Chef,' and two mornings running you 've boiled the eggs 'ard!"

It is in this matter that the trade must, so to speak, pull up its socks. Until it does I see a growing temperance urge ahead. More and more young men will float their powerful minds in tea. I shall, for one.

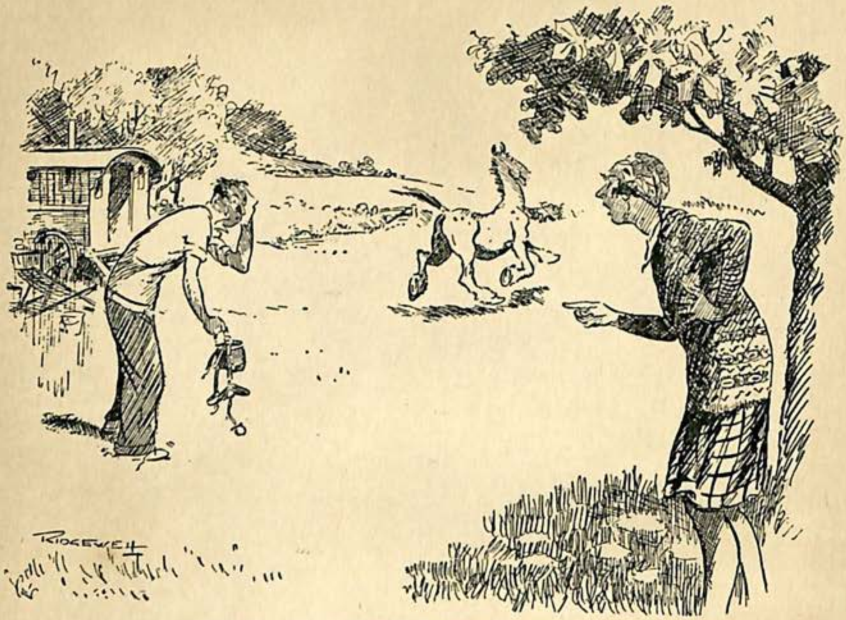
DUM-DUM


Ernest H Shepard

MARY (*exploring*). "Oh, look, Mummie, I've found a snuggler's cave!"



THE STOUT LADY. "Good morning, Mrs. Smith, and aren't you going to bathe?"
THE OTHER. "No. I'd love to, but I'm afraid it doesn't suit me."
THE STOUT LADY. "Ah, well, I'm like you—I don't feel at *my* best in the water."



WIFE OF AMATEUR CARAVANNER (*breathlessly*). "There, Harold, you ought never to have taken that thing off last night when you undressed it."

The Old Roads

YOU may talk of the joys of the open road
In your seventy horse-power limousine;
But I doubt if it totes as merry a load
As one old horse in days that have been,
A nag in the shafts of a carrier's cart,
With a plank for a seat and a torn tilt over,
On roads that we leisurely got by heart
From Berwick-on-Tweed to Dover.

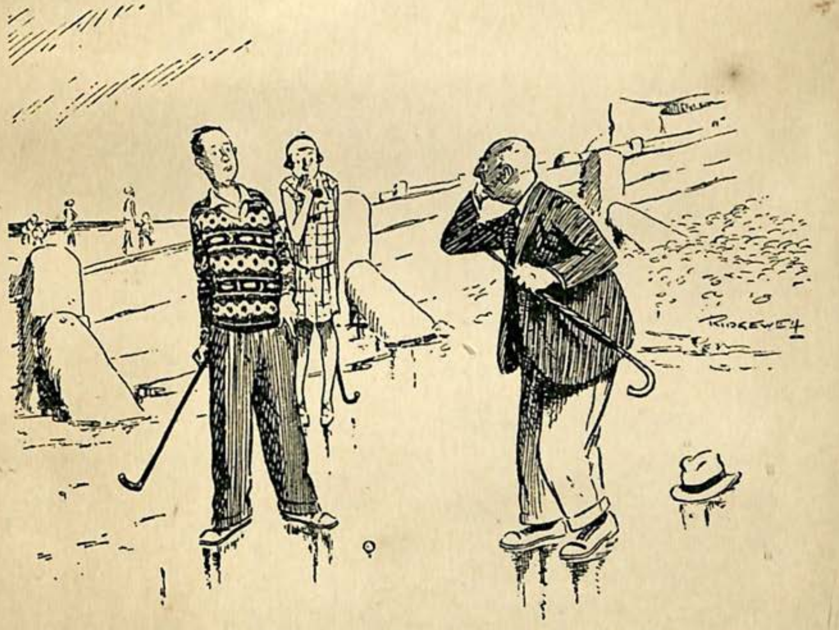
Making a start from the Blue Boar yard,
Or getting a lift at Deadman's Gate,
When stars were paling and ruts rang hard,
Or haytime flamed on the noonday bait;
Under the tilt with the carrier's pipe
And the cargo watched by his trusty terrier,
Callow younkers or patriarchs ripe
We journeyed, the more the merrier.

I've jogged from Selsey to Chichester town
With a freight of lobsters ocean-fragrant,
Fat red mullets and pandles brown,
And for supercargo a breezy vagrant,
A gipsy Apollo with laughing eyes,
Less apt to truth than the *ben trovato*,
Who varied his highway histories
With a Jew's harp *obbligato*.

I fared from Appleby once on a day
'Twixt a lad with his rod and a priest with his book,
Out Longmarton and Dufton way,
And we talked of the water and what they took;
Till the keeper got in, a minion of law,
And we sheered off hackle and tag and feather;
'Twas an Eden salmon under the straw
That made us stick to the weather.

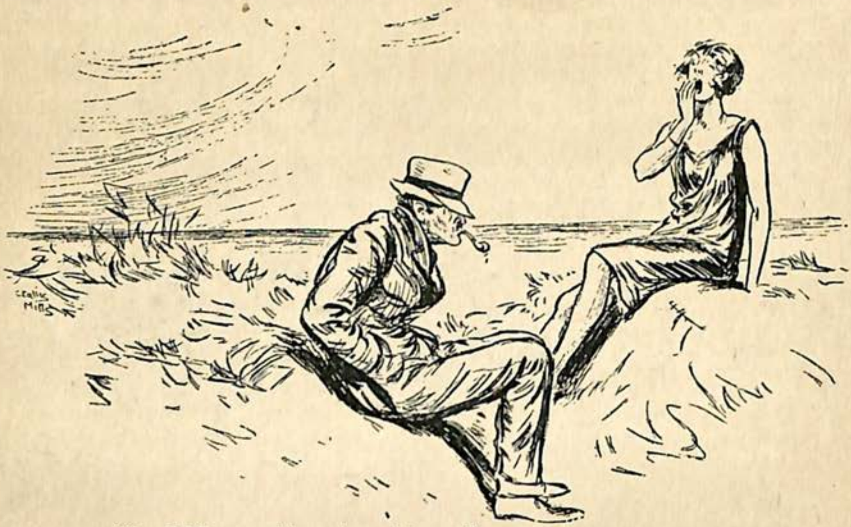
I've dawdled to Craven Arms from Clun,
Squeezed between rabbits and whinberry frails,
A spaniel-pup and the keeper's gun,
Butter and eggs and Her Majesty's mails;
Down by the aspen-whispering streams,
With a Shropshire lad at the reins to guide us,
Where Clunton dozes and Clunbury dreams
And Ony twinkles beside us.

I've left Penzance on a dirty night
For the "First and Last" with a piebald pair,
And watched by the swinging lantern's light
A lass with the Cornish eyes and hair;
We took her up at St. Buryan church
And put her down at St. Levan turning;
She left me frozen there on my perch,
But my heart, my heart was burning!

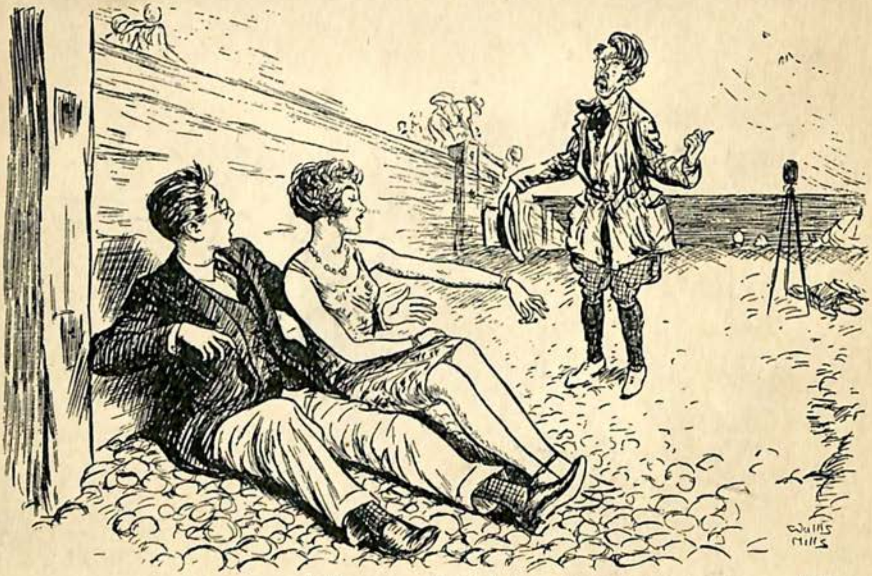


DAMAGED VETERAN (*furiously*). "What the deuce are you doing, Sir, throwing stones about like that?"

SPORTSMAN (*with dignity*). "You'll pardon me, Sir, I did nothing of the sort. That was a golf-ball."

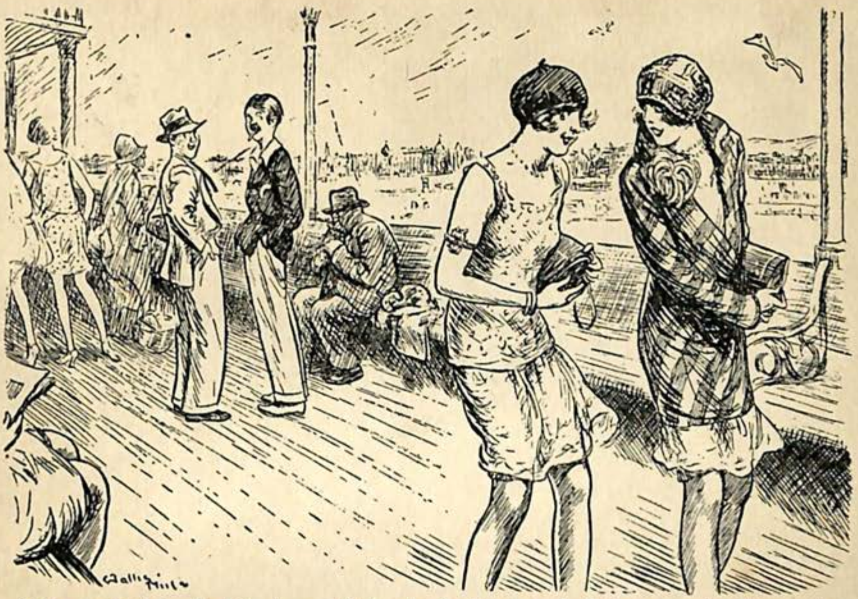


SHE. "Good Heavens! how bored I am."
HE. "Bored! So am I bored; only I have the decency not to show it."

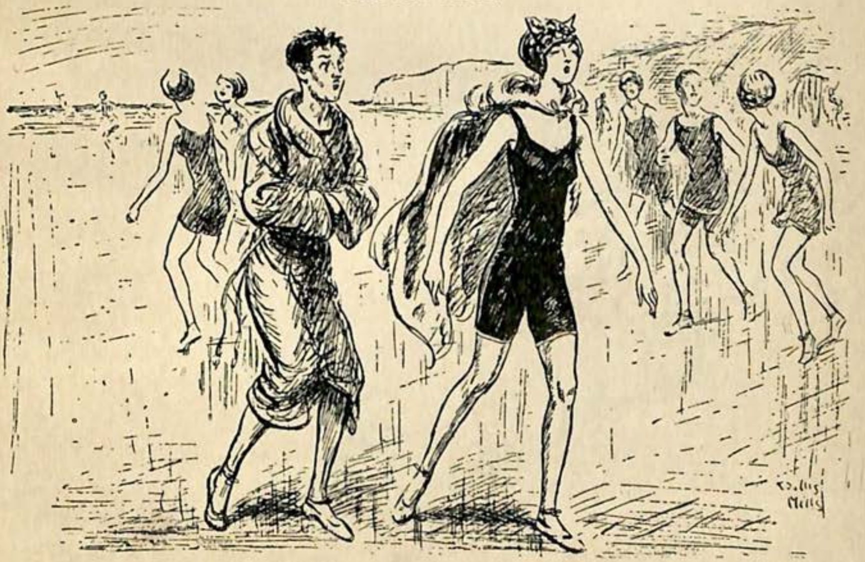


SEASIDE PHOTOGRAPHER. " 'Ave yer photo taken, Lady? I makes a speciality of engaged couples."

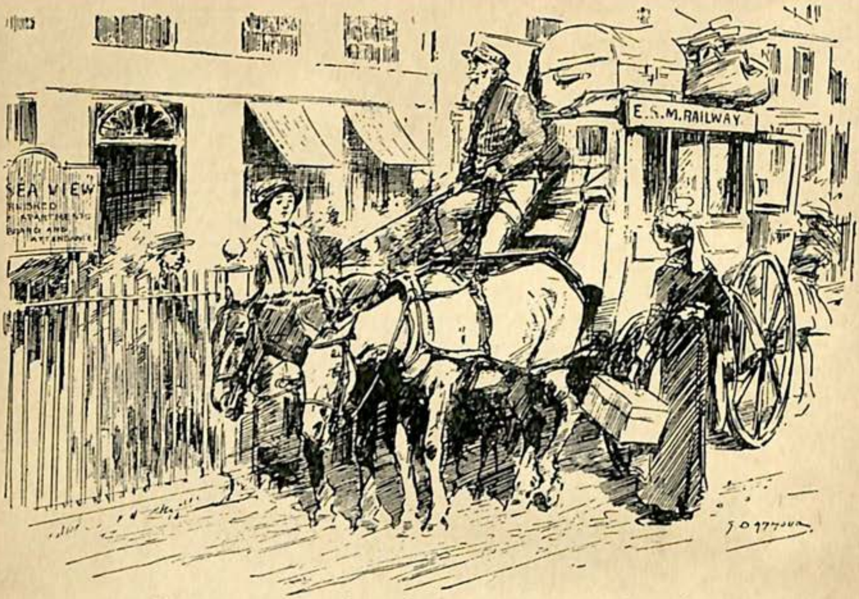
YOUNG LADY. "Oh, well, *I*'m engaged; but I'm shore I don't know if this young gentleman is or not."


Wallis Mills

"Have a look back, Liz, to see if they're looking; and, if they are, for Heaven's sake don't look."


Wallis Mills

FAIR BATHER. "I think it's disgusting the way some of these people walk about without bathing-wraps."



LADY. "Are you sure you haven't come to the wrong house? I ordered a one-horse 'bus."

DRIVER. "There ain't no mistake, Lady; this *is* a one-'orse 'bus. Bless you, Mam, you've only seen it standin' still."

(*August 6, 1913*)

Surf-Riding

"ARE they building something down here?" I inquired.

"Building? Who? Where?" My companion looked puzzled.

I pointed to some more passers-by who were carrying boards.

"Those," said my new-found friend, loftily, "are surf-boards. They are going surf-riding."

"I see," I said.

I vaguely remembered having read something about surf-riding, thinking it was going to be some new aspect of Bolshevist Russia and finding that it was another way of getting into deep water.

"We'll go," said my friend. "I'll take you."

He took me.

"Come on. Get your towel and costume. My landlady has an extra board that she will lend you."

"That," said I palely as we hurried roomwards, "is, I suppose, the origin of the landladies' slogan, 'Board and Lodging.'"

My companion paused in his stride and stared at me, and I firmly believe, looking backwards now that I can again turn my head, that the events which followed were his bitter revenge for that remark.

We returned in due course, each bearing a towel, a costume and a board, which to my excited imagination bore an ominous resemblance to a spare coffin-lid.

As we passed the local chemist's shop my friend left me, and reappeared a few moments later carrying a small parcel.

I glanced at it inquiringly.

"Sticking-plaster," he said. "You never know."

You don't, or at least I didn't, know quite a lot of things, which included:

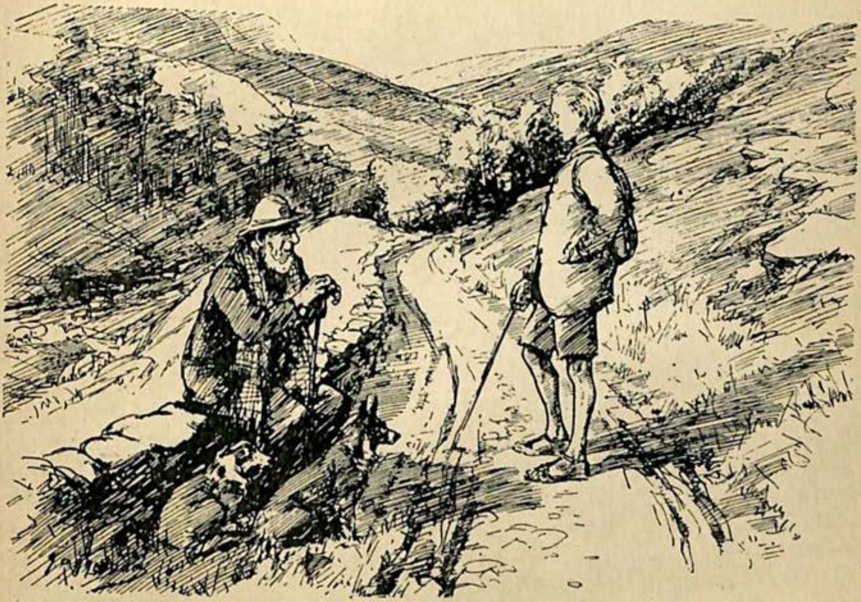
(1) Why salt water is said to be a good emetic.

(2) How many swallows make a swimmer.

When we reached the sea my friend said that it was a beautiful day for it. Personally I thought it looked splendid weather for a good sensational wreck or the sudden launching of the lifeboat.

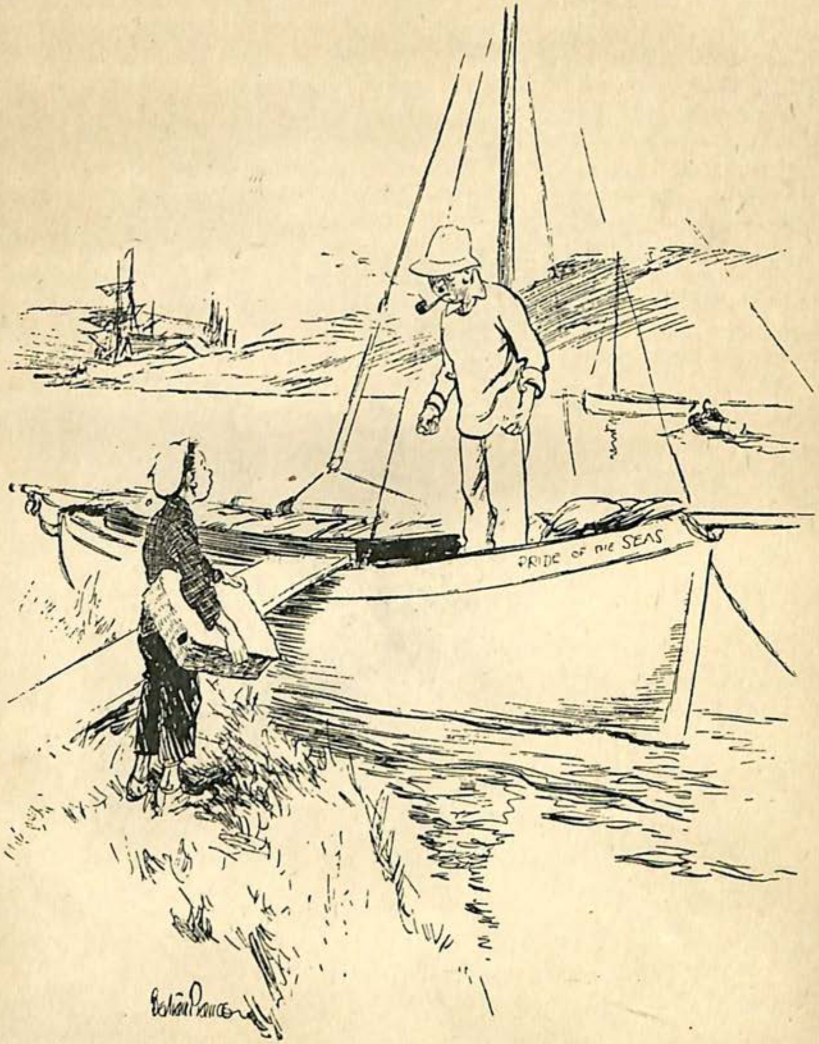
As we slipped into our costumes—he much more quickly than I—he carefully explained the method of procedure. It goes something like this:—

Take your board, wade in through the surf, swim out beyond the furthest

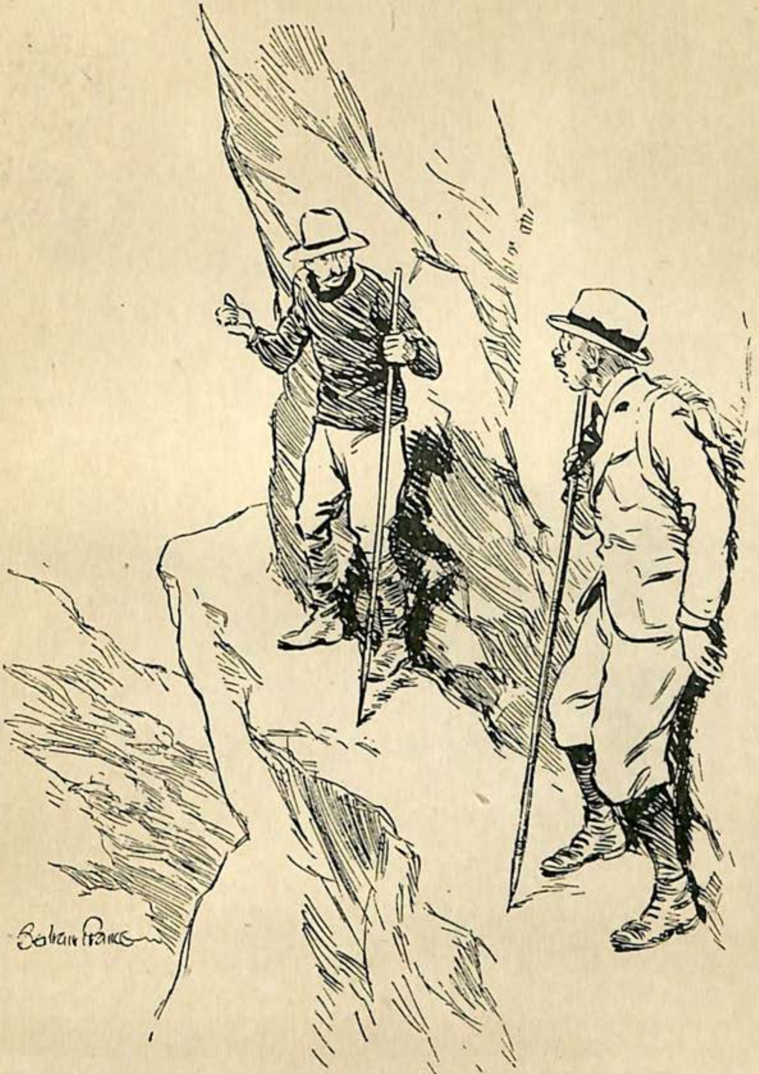


SIMPLE LIFER (*who is doing a walking-tour in the hills*). "I don't expect you see many strangers up here?"

OLD SHEPHERD (*reflectively*). "Weel, there's yersel' the day, and there was anither tramp hereaboots last week."

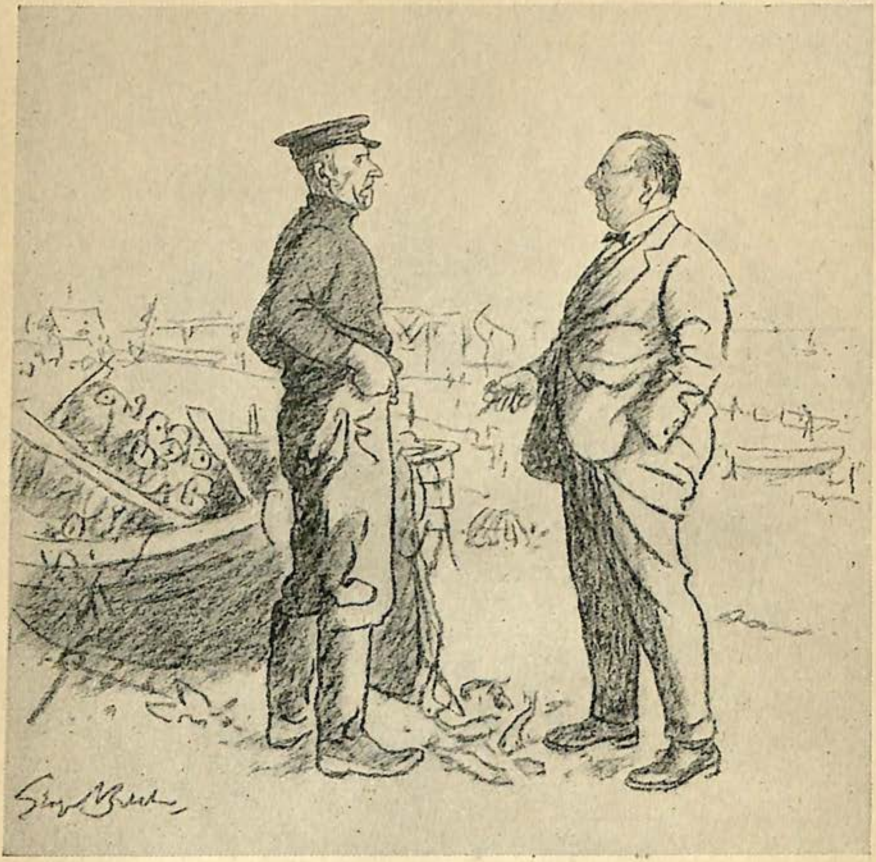

PRIDE OF THE SEAS

KEEN AMATEUR YACHTSMAN (*on tardy arrival of cabin-boy-cum-general-mate*). "Curse you, for two pins I'd hang you from the yard-arm!"


Bertram Prance

The Personal Point of View

GUIDE. "Better be careful here, Sir. I've been rather unlucky with my visitors this season just around this corner."



VISITOR. "May we have your sailing dinghy for the day?"
BOATMAN. "D' yer know anything about sailing?"
VISITOR. "My good man, my friend here is in the Navy."
BOATMAN. "H'm! Well, in my opinion, Naval gents in small boats is better ashore."

breakers and wait there. When you see a really big roller coming, fling yourself and your board on to it, and rush proudly shorewards on the roaring crest like a triumphant god.

That, or something very like it, was what my tutor intended me to gather. What I did gather was a black eye, a sprained wrist, a stiff neck, several gallons of salt water and an extensive shingle rash.

I made my way through the chill air into the chillier sea with the firm carriage that is generally attributed to condemned murderers on their way to the scaffold. I even got beyond the furthest breakers and had almost recovered my breath when—

" Look out," called my mentor, " here it comes ! "

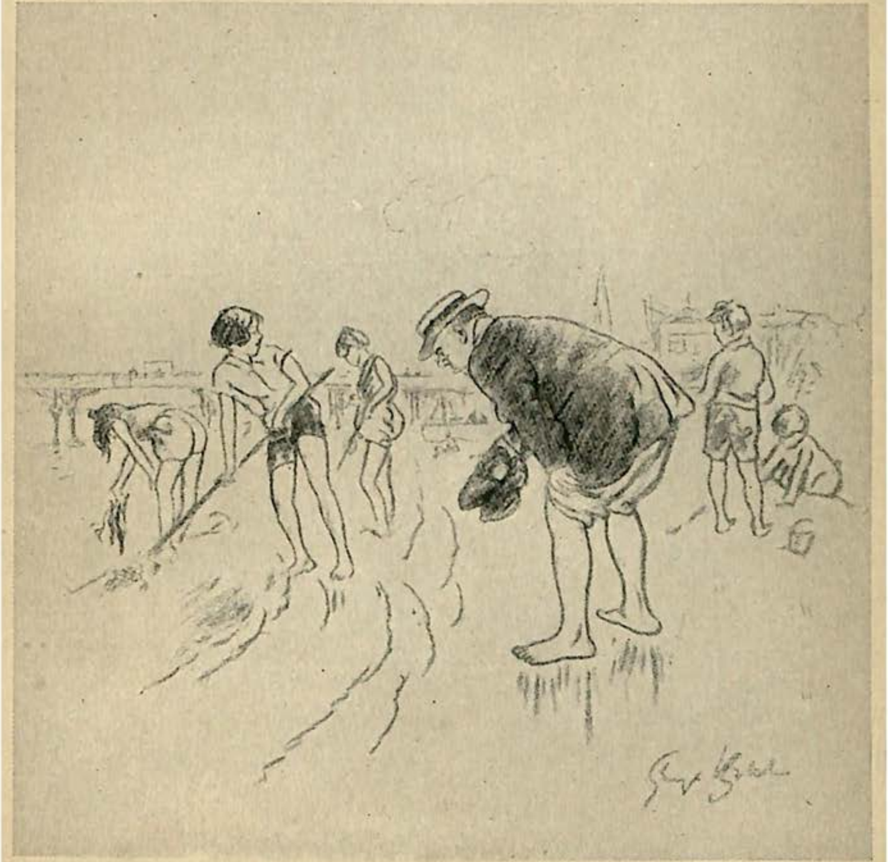
It came—I saw—it conquered.

Artificial respiration, sticking-plaster, and a cigarette enabled me to look once more upon the world, albeit with one eye.

" Hard luck," said my friend. " You just missed it."

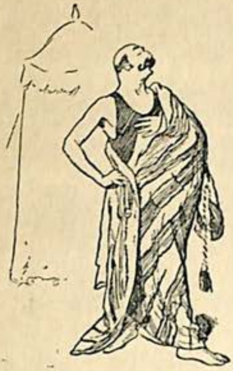
Missed it !

The next time I practise surf-riding I shall lock myself in the bathroom with the loofah.

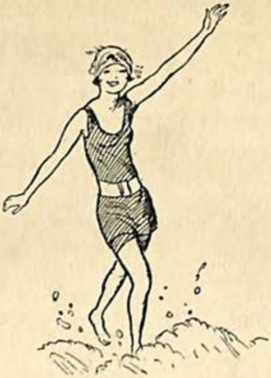


SMALL GIRL. "Come and help, Willie. Such fun! We're shrimping for Daddy's false teeth."

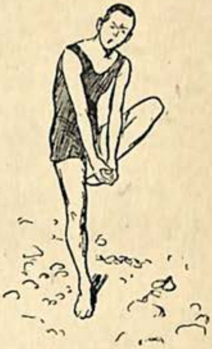
The Music of the Waves



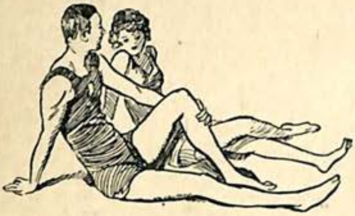
Maestoso.



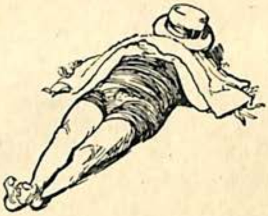
Allegretto.



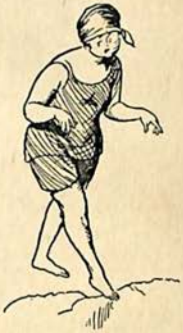
Staccato.



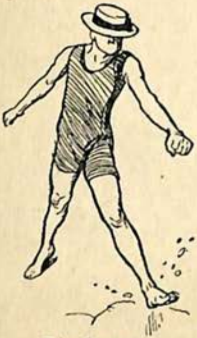
Con amore.



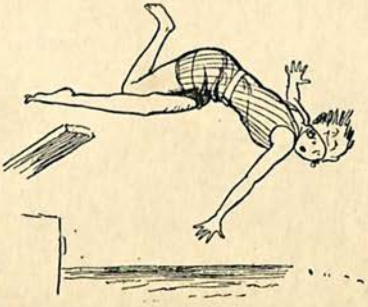
Tranquillamente...



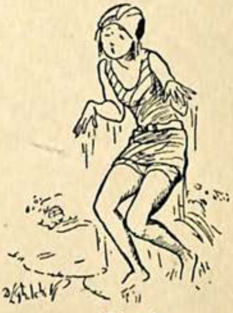
Andante Tremolando.



Risoluto.

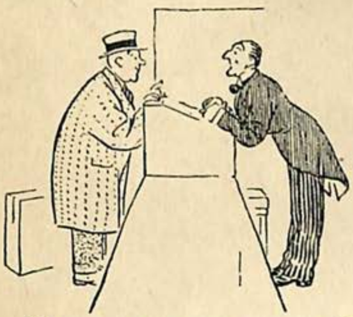


Allegro Impetuoso.

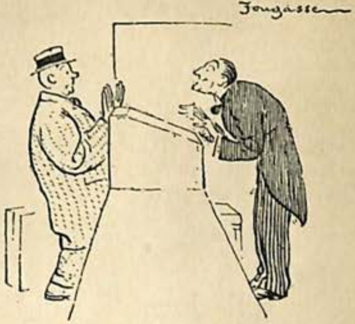


Finale.

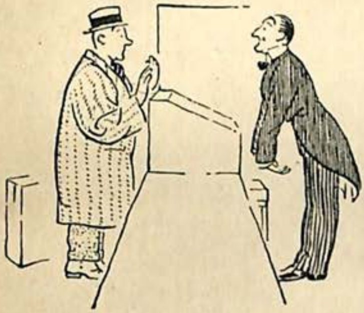
Reception



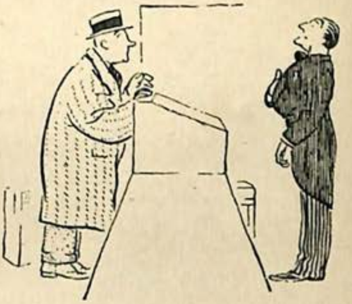
"Have we any rooms vacant, Sir? Certainly, Sir—



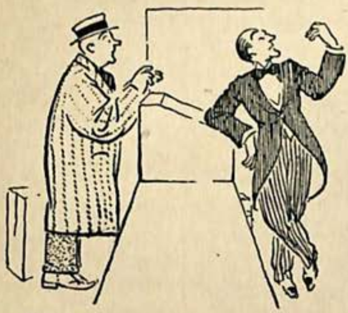
"We have a large suite with balcony, facing south, on the first floor—



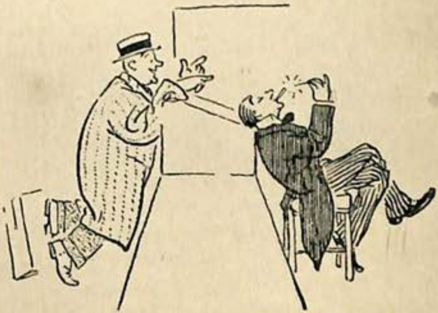
"A smaller suite, facing west, on the second floor—



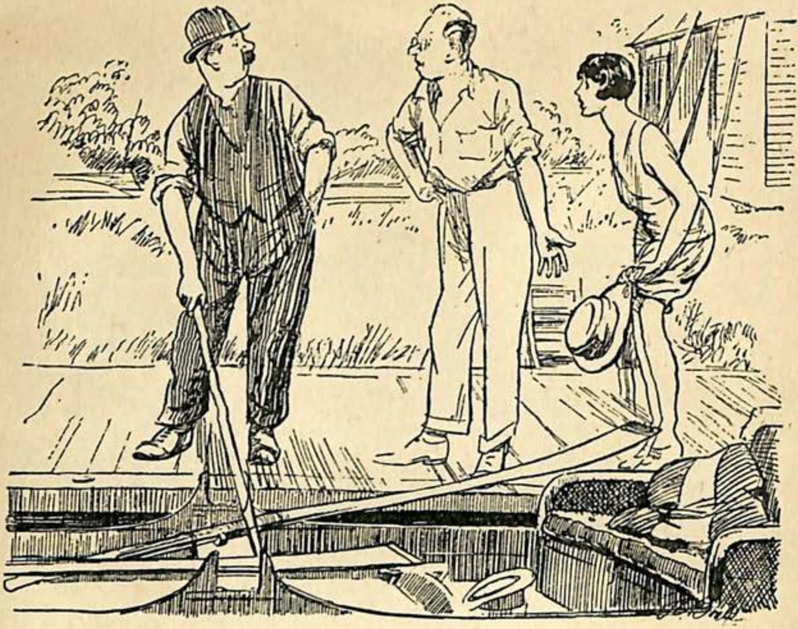
"A bedroom, with bathroom, facing east, on the third floor—



"A bedroom without, facing north, on the fourth—



"Or an attic, with skylight."



INFURIATED TRIPPER. "What do you mean by sending us out in a boat like that? It would have sunk in another two minutes."

JOLLY YOUNG WATERMAN. "Well, what abart it? You'd 'ad yer hour."

Desperate Measures

A Song of the Heat

'TIS not enough that I be laid
Under the lime-trees' scented shade;
'Tis not enough, O Muse,
That from these hands the heavenly lyre
Must fall, because its strings are fire,
'Tis not enough; I still perspire,
I positively ooze.

'Tis not enough that slaves should fan
My temples, or that Mary Ann
Should fetch me fizzy bowls;
'Tis not enough that I be dressed
In some salubrious kind of vest.
(John Binks's [ad.] is much the best,
It's chiefly made of holes.)

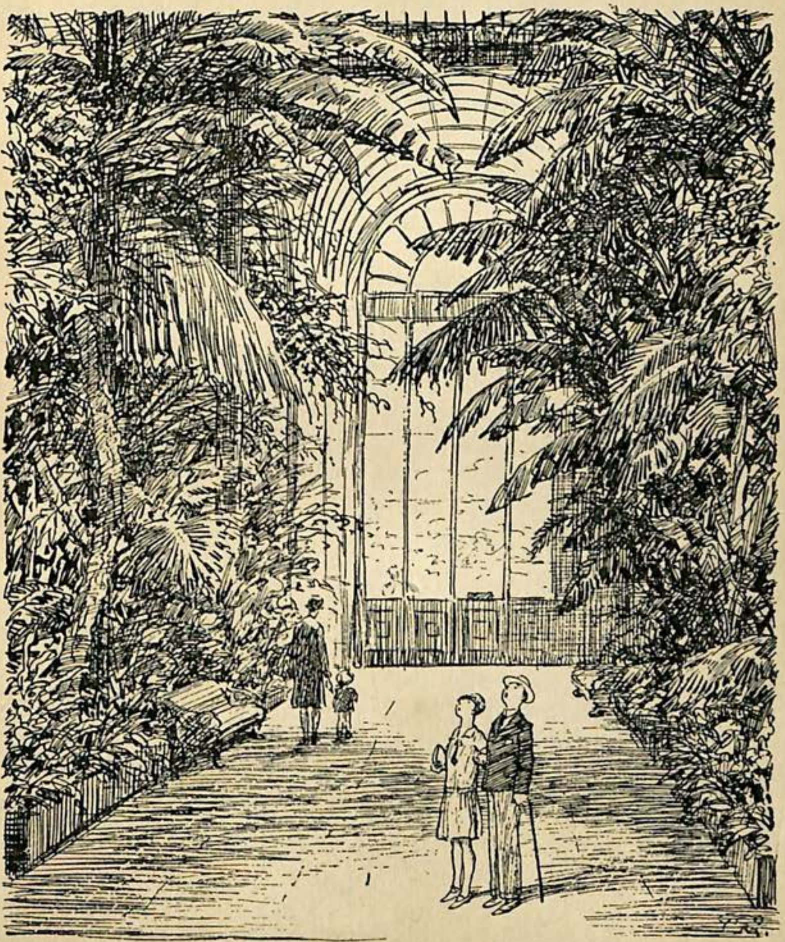
'Tis not enough; nay, let me leap
In fancy to some snow-topped steep
Or plunge beneath the wave
To grottoes where the mermaids sport,
To Amphitrite's vitreous court,
Where undressed crabs may still resort
And oysters need not shave.

Let me reflect on Northern nights,
On polar-bears and stalactites,
And on the charnel vault;
On the cool pluck that nerves the frames
Of chaps that win the Olympic games
(They keep the most peculiar names,
But that is not their fault).

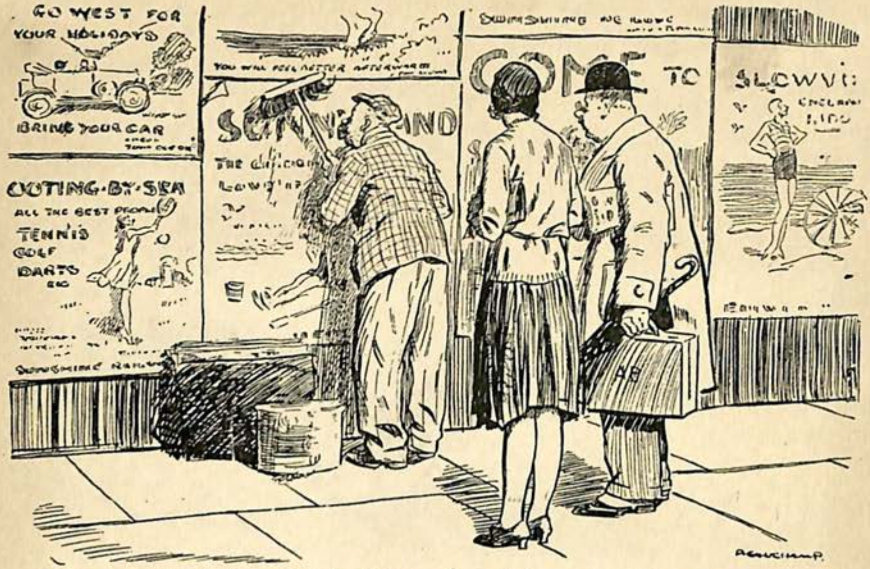
Let me perpend on snakes and frogs,
And winter-pastime catalogues,
And frosty days of Yule:
On hurricanes of snow and sleet,
And persons in Throgmorton Street
(Confound them) in this frightful heat
Making their thousands cool.

These be my thoughts, and, if there still
Falls from my brow the unwelcome rill,
Let every lady fair,
Whose face I keep rememberéd,
Up to my leaf-hung haunt be led,
And cut me absolutely dead
With her most Arctic stare.

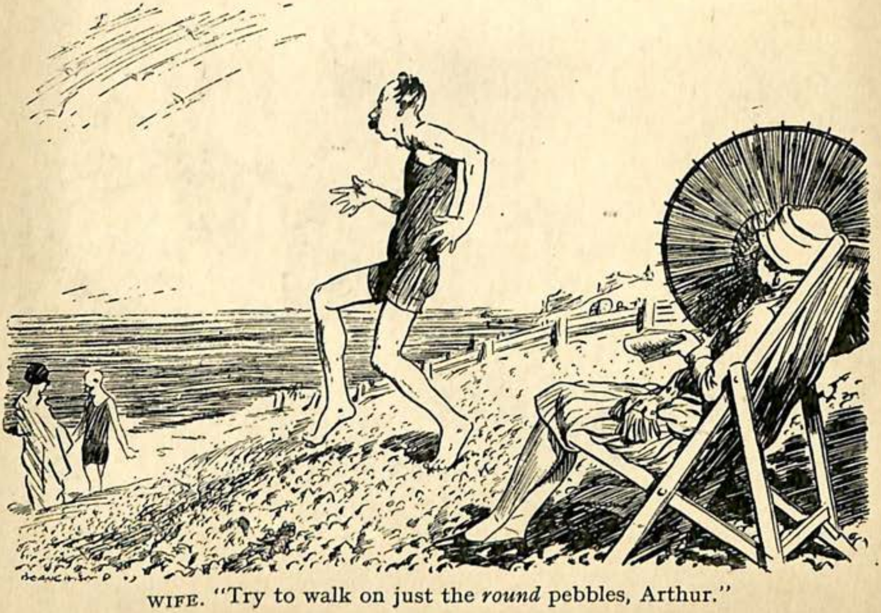
Evoe



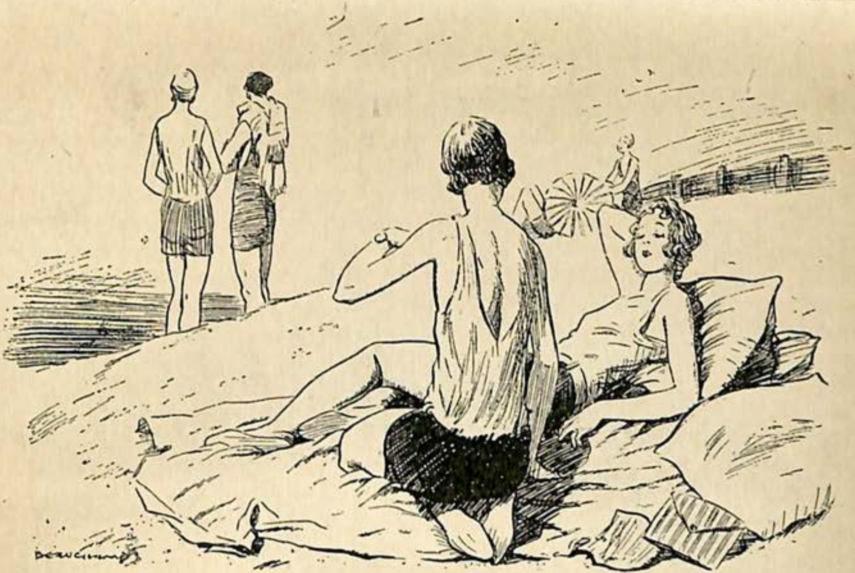
"Look, 'Erbert! Aspidistras!"


GO WEST FOR YOUR HOLIDAYS
BRING YOUR CAR
OUTING·BY·SEA
ALL THE BEST PEOPLE
TENNIS
GOLF
DARTS
ETC
YOU WILL FEEL BETTER AFTERWARDS
SUNNYSTRAND
COME TO
SLOWVI:
AB
BEAUCHAMP

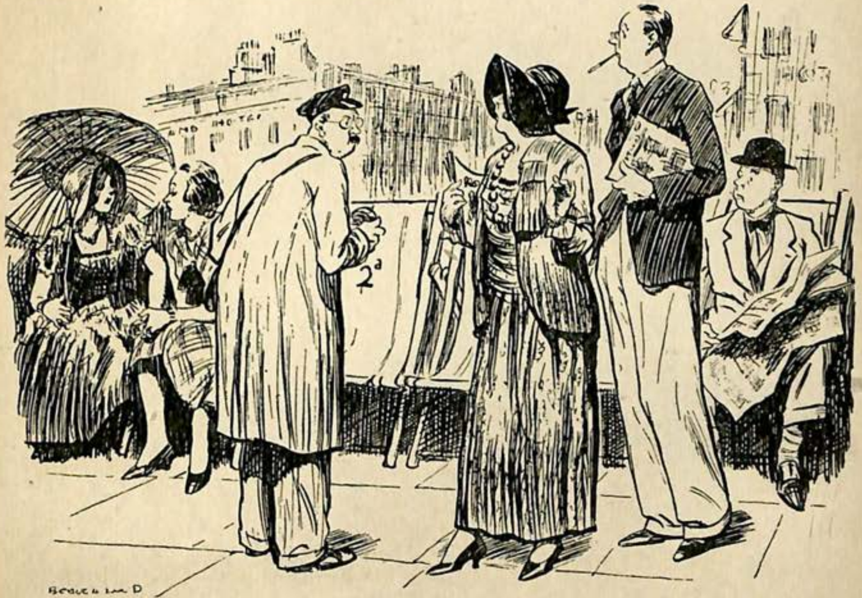
THE LADY. "Ask 'im what '*e* thinks about 'oliday places, Bert; 'e ought to know."



WIFE. "Try to walk on just the *round* pebbles, Arthur."



SUN-BATHER (*looking at watch*). "My dear, I've been asleep, and I'm twenty minutes overdone on the left side."



VERY WEALTHY PERSON (*to seaside chair-attendant*). "Haven't you any *better-priced* chairs?"

You Can't Go There

THIS time last year we spent a month of week-ends in debating where to go for our early summer holidays. The dining-room table was always being submerged by a huge map of Europe, held in position by a few volumes of " Baedeker " and the illustrated brochures of our tourist agencies. Little flags recorded the projected halting-places on our journey across the Continent.

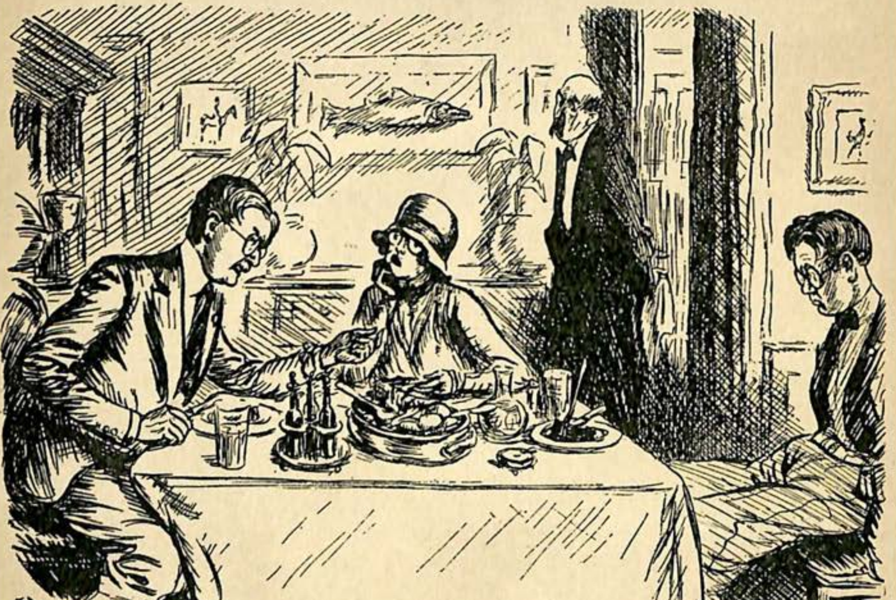
The General Staff, I believe, plays a similar sort of map game at the War Office, but theirs is much easier. The Army hasn't to pay its own expenses ; we had. This considerably cramped our style, and we were always pushing our flags back from Buda-Pesth or Bucharest because we couldn't afford it.

We expected to be told it was an act of treachery to the Old Country to think of going abroad, and what was wrong with England, anyway ? But none of this happened. Our friends were all most helpful.

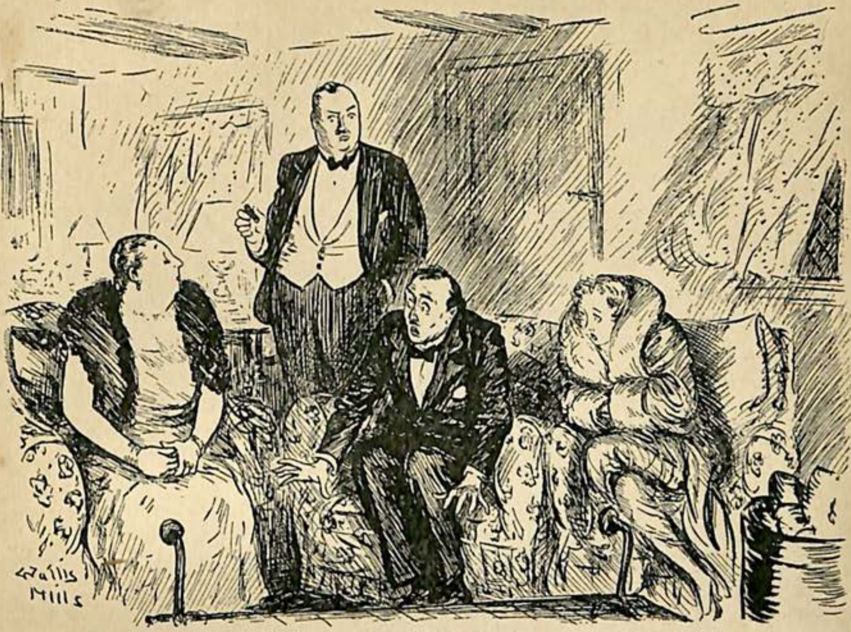
Mrs. Burdock-Jones descended on us first.

" So you young folk are going abroad at last ! " she exclaimed brightly. " I hope you 're not going to anywhere stuffy."

We told her we were going to Ostend.



AMERICAN TOURIST (*to his son, who is complaining about the abominable food supplied at an English country inn*). "Say, Junior, cut that out. *Re*-member you 're in ancient England, and probably *ass*-isting at a mediæval cere-*mony*!"



WEEK-END GUEST (*at country cottage*). "I adore fresh air, but *don't* you think we might have the windows shut?"

HOSTESS (*coldly*). "They are shut."

" You can't go there," she decided. " Far too obvious. Unless you want hordes of tourists——"

Secretly we thought a few fellow-creatures who spoke our language would be delightful, but we dared not say so. We assured her we loathed hordes of tourists.

" Now I'll tell you where to go," she volunteered.

" Thanks so much," we murmured politely ; " if you don't mind."

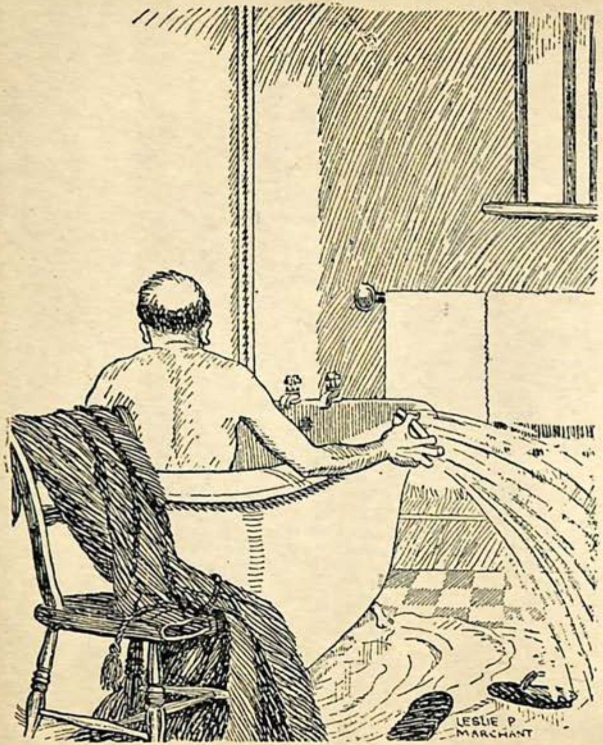
" Timgad," she pronounced explosively.

I picked up another flag and held it poised in mid-air while I searched for Timgad. Mrs. Burdock-Jones offered us introductions to Timgad society and was prepared to book our rooms herself. We were quite resigned to Timgad when George dropped in.

" Hear you young people are barging across the Continent," he boomed. " Do you good. ' What do they know of Europe who only England know ? ' and that sort of rot. Where are you going ? "

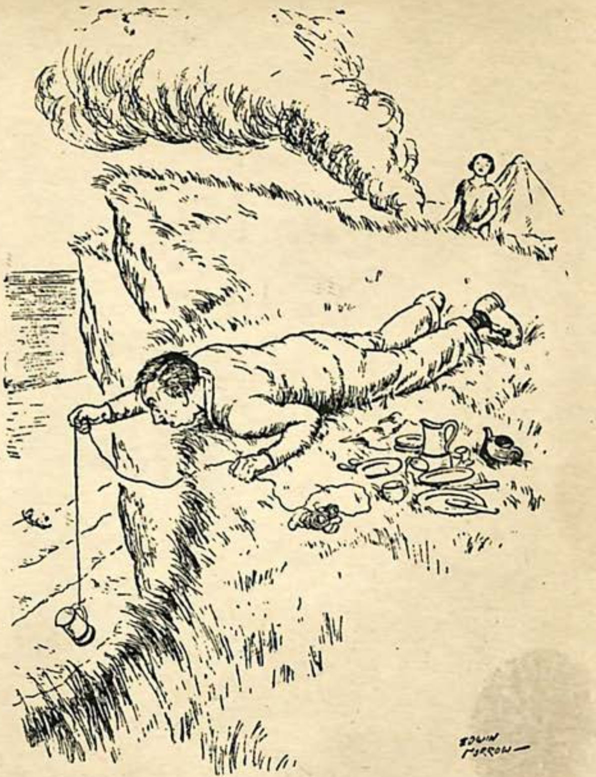
" Timgad," we said impressively.

" You can't go there," he decided. " Everybody goes there. It's bung

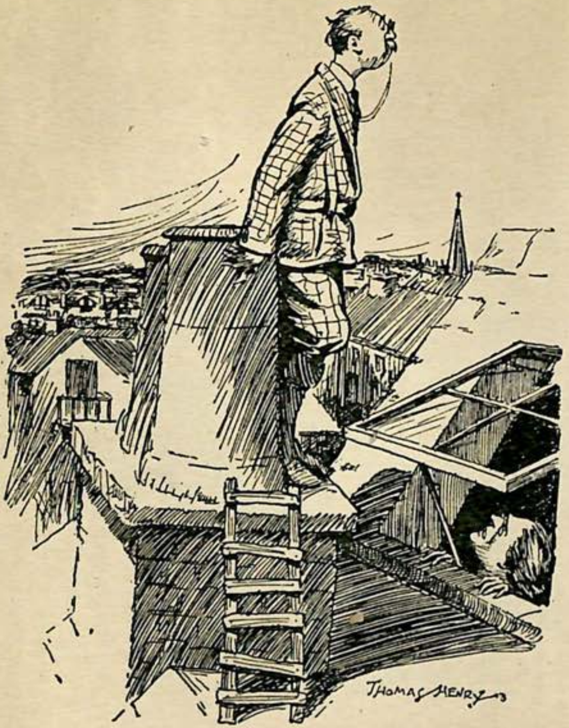

LESLIE P MARCHANT

FORCE OF HABIT

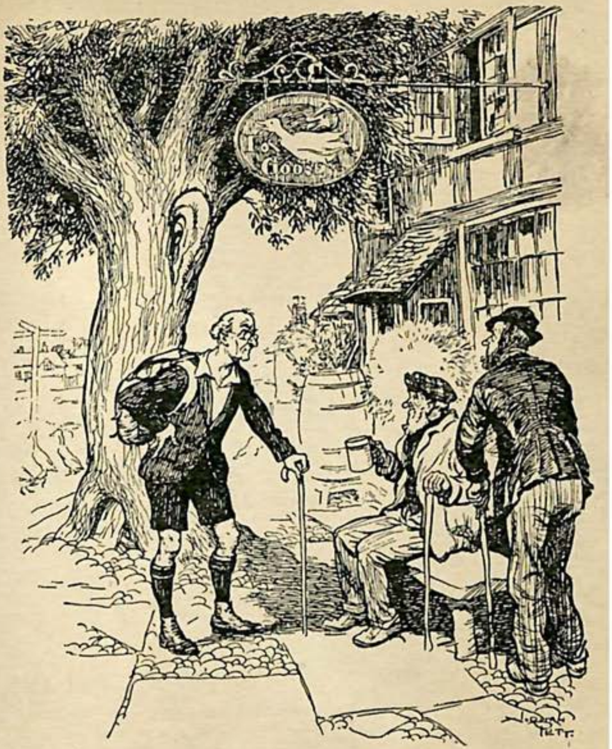
An absent-minded sportsman back from his yachting holiday.


EDWIN MORROW

"What are you doing over there, George?"
"Just washing up the cups, dear."

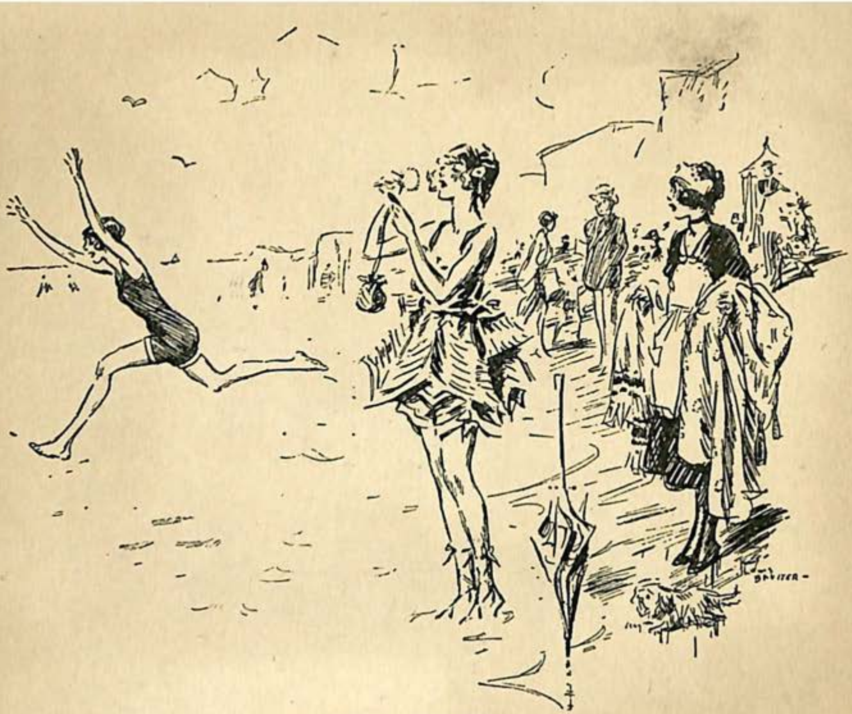


THE LANDLADY (*to applicant for apartments with sea-view*). "There, now! What do you think of *that* for a sea-view?"



PROFESSOR (*who has lost his party*). "Have you seen a small freckled hiker about?"

YOKEL. "Lor' bless you, Sir, I dunno one bird from another."



MANNERS AND MODES
The Two Bathers.

full of Americans. Now let me tell you where to go."

"Awfully good of you, George."

"Not at all. Delighted. Listen."

We listened.

"Oslo," he whispered mysteriously.

I marked Oslo on the map.

James was surprised when he heard we were going to Oslo.

"You can't go there," he decided. "You want something off the beaten track, something wild and primitive, where there are great open spaces and that sort of thing, don't you?"

That wasn't quite our idea of a holiday, but we didn't say so. We left our destination in his hands. He recommended Spitsbergen.

I sent out for some more flags.

Mabel booked us a passage on a tramp steamer to the Balearic Islands, and we were hounded in turn to Tyrol, Prague, Reval and Ragusa. By that time we were in such a state of nervous prostration that we called in the doctor.

"You want a holiday," he cried cheerily.

We explained that we were taking one.

"Splendid!" he agreed. "And where are you going?"

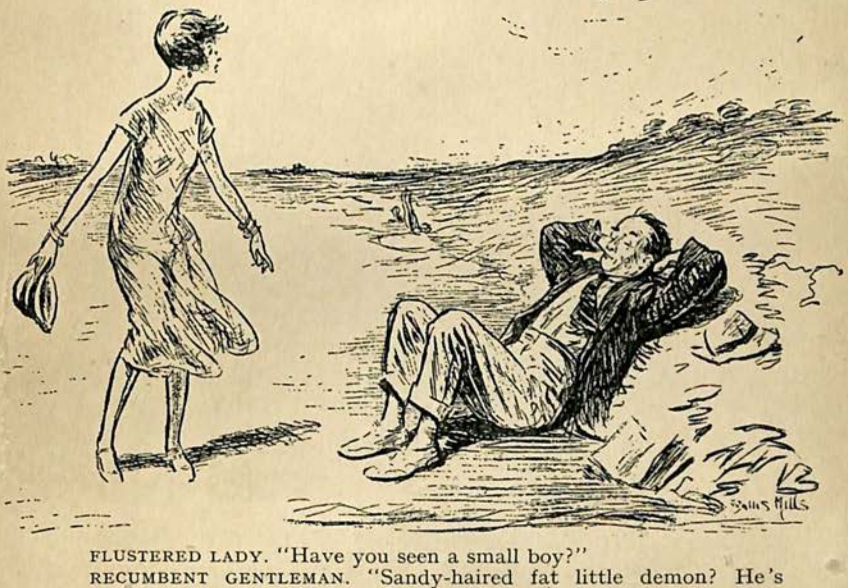
We showed him our flag-strewn map of Europe.

"Not to all those places?" he exclaimed.

"Most of them," we admitted. "We've promised our friends——"

"You can't go there," he decided. "Let your friends go to these outlandish places if they like. You need a rest. Go to some seaside place that you know where there's sun, bathing, tennis and dancing, and just have a good time."

So we went to our old quarters at Folkestone. The first persons we met on the Lees were Mrs. Burdock-Jones, George, James and Mabel. They were just breaking the journey to Riga, Ekaterinoslav, Albania and Kamschatka. They were still breaking it when we left.



FLUSTERED LADY. "Have you seen a small boy?"

RECUMBENT GENTLEMAN. "Sandy-haired fat little demon? He's playing by himself near the breakwater."

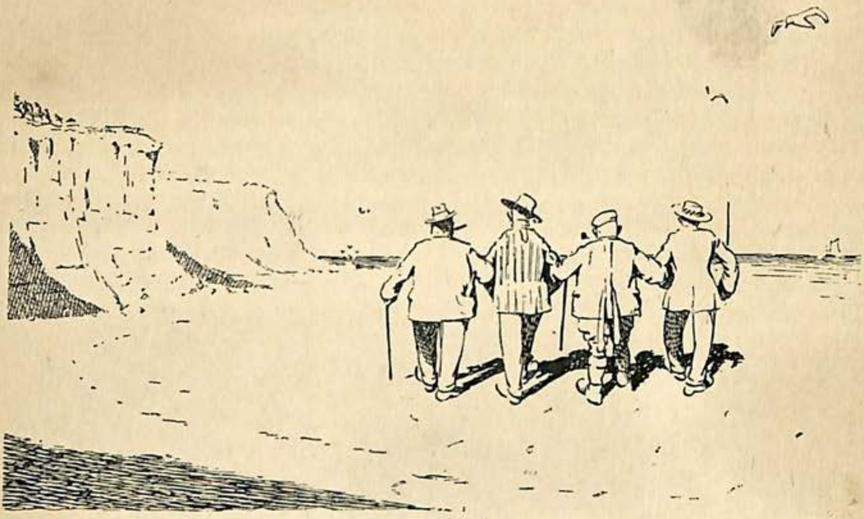
FLUSTERED LADY. "No; I'm looking for my son—a golden-haired plump little boy."

RECUMBENT GENTLEMAN. "Oh, I beg your pardon. *He*'s playing by himself near the breakwater."

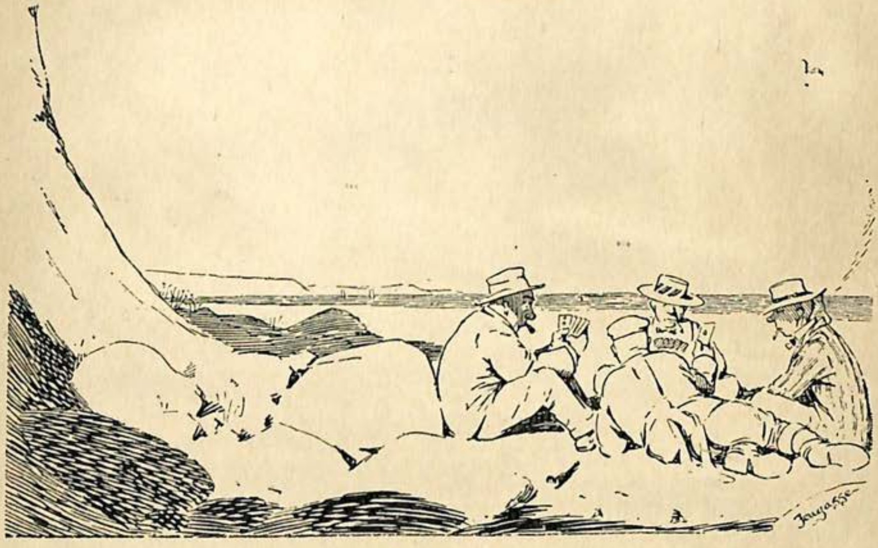
The river-girl is advised that sore hands can be prevented by rubbing them with vaseline. Another way is to let the man do the work.

Picnickers are blamed for contributing to the increase of bluebottles. They are also responsible for the prevalence of picnickers.

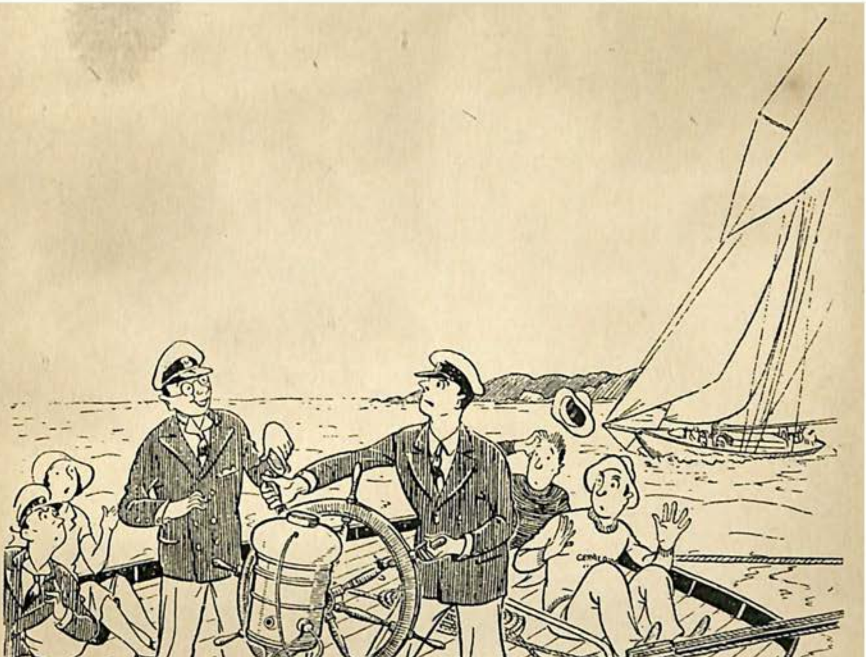
"Come unto these Yellow Sands"



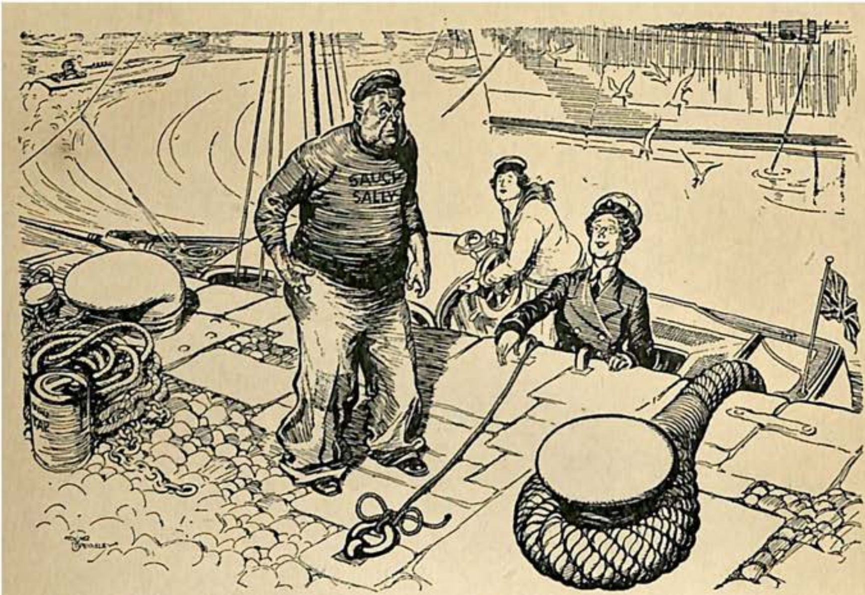
"Come unto these yellow sands
and then—



—Take hands."
"The Tempest," Act I., Scene II.



The Man who wanted to know where the Brakes were.



"Excuse me, seaman, would you mind—er—undoing our cable? Be careful to untie the right one; it's the thinner of the two."

How to Float

["In sea water almost anyone can float with ease by spreading their limbs on the surface in the form of a letter 'X.'"—Daily Paper.]

As I sturdily stepped from my cabin I
whistled a blithesome note,
For I'd read that day on my seaward way
an article, "How to Float";
"There is nothing," it said, "to frighten;
there is nothing that need perplex;
Just spread your limbs on the surface in
the form of the letter 'X.'"

I painfully passed the shingle; I steadily
strode the sand;
Where the ripples flashed I bravely
dashed, and I waded away from land
To the calm beyond the breakers, where
floated the foam in flecks,
There to spread my limbs on the surface
in the form of the letter "X."

One matter alone disturbed me as I faced
the initial plop—
I knew I could start on my floating part,
but how in the world to stop?
Should I float, float on for ever, an object
for seagulls' pecks,
Having spread my limbs on the surface in
the form of the letter "X"?

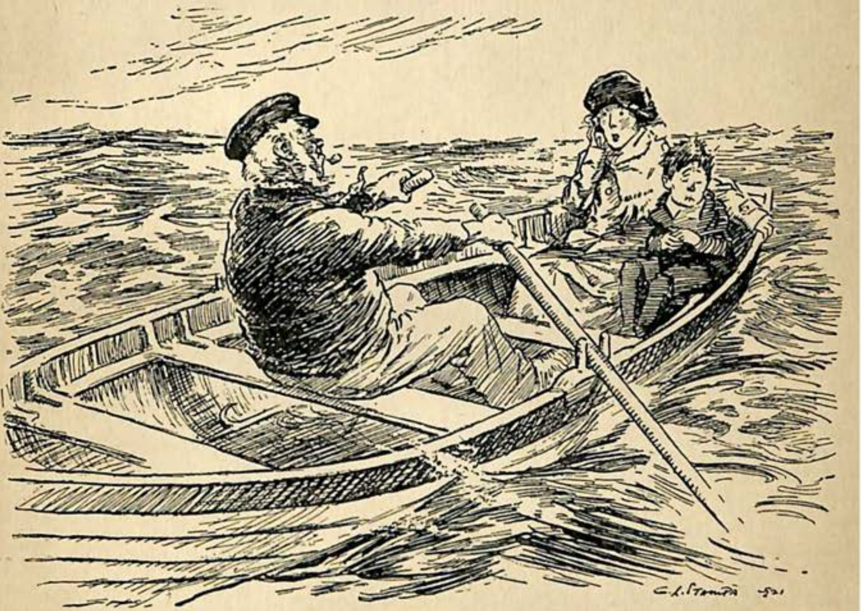
So I called to my friends to join me; I
stood between them and the shore;
I said, "Please note, I'm about to float,
as I never have done before";
And afar on the sands the children were
craning their little necks
When I spread my limbs on the surface in
the form of the letter "X."

I glanced at the Lifeboat Station and it gave me a nervous jar;
I recited again the instructions plain I had read in the Pullman car;
"Be a man, my boy," I murmured; "remember your fearless sex!"
And I spread my limbs on the surface in the form of the letter "X."

* * * * *

Had my article's author failed me? Was my "X" not quite "O.K."?
Down, down in the deep, where the flounders creep, I sank from the light of day;
I was filled with the saline liquid which our maritime edge bedecks,
After spreading my limbs on the surface in the form of the letter "X."

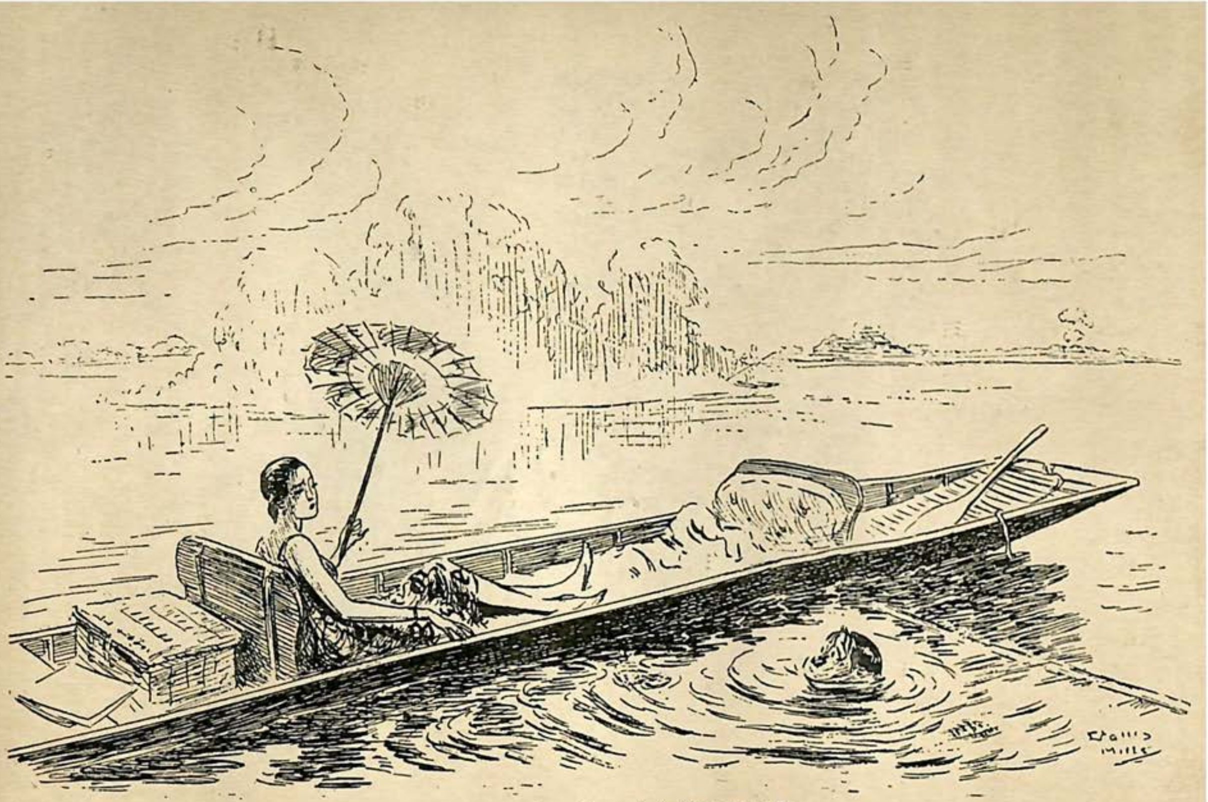
When consciousness found me later I was spread on the grateful beach;
And I hope you'll see from what happened to me that a lesson I have to teach:
If you've ever a deathly grievance, if you've ever a foe to vex,
Bid him spread his limbs on the surface in the form of the letter "X."



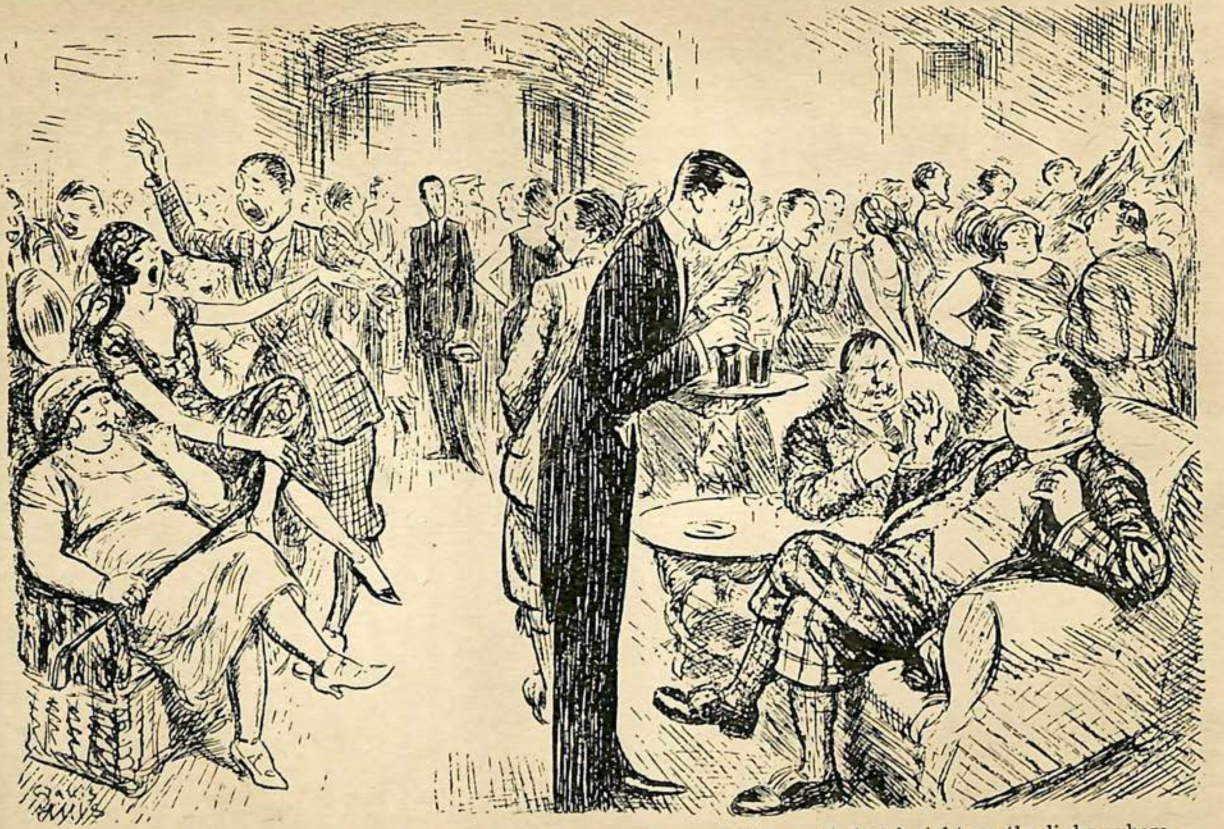
LADY (*nervously*). "I'm afraid I can't swim if anything happens."
BOATMAN (*also a non-swimmer*). "That's all right, mum. I allers takes the boat-'ook out with me."

A seaside resort has a jazz band which plays on a raft in the sea. It was hoped that this would be a success, but the people on the promenade can still hear it.

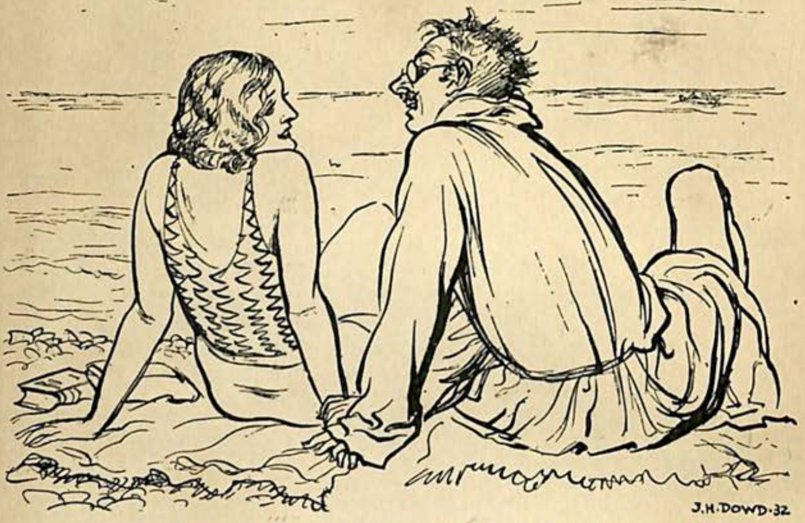
"While on holiday always stretch the lungs by deep breathing," writes a medical man. This is much better than expanding them with glove-stretchers or a motor-tyre pump.


Wallis Mills

WIFE (*to husband who has clumsily fallen into the water*). "Really, James, at times you baffle me."



Jones remembers that before the War there was a nice quiet little seaside hotel, right on the links, where there were always a few keen golfers. This is what he finds.



BUDDING AUTHOR. "Do you really love me, dear?"
FIANCÉE. "Love you? Why, I'm reading your novel."

Double-Faced Conduct

HENRY had reached that fatuous stage of courtship when he knew that he was going to propose to Marjorie, and Marjorie knew that he was too. But from the afternoon he put it off until the evening and from the evening he put it off until to-morrow—the perfect lover. Marjorie also behaved as a good lover. That is, she made up her mind that it was going to be " Yes " one morning, doubted it the next day, became certain it was going to be " No," and then changed her mind again.

They were both in this unbalanced condition while they were staying at a place which we will call Prawnton-by-the-Sea. Marjorie and her mother were there on holiday. Henry had run down to be near Marjorie, making some inadequate excuse about overwork.

Prawnton has a popular shore—what you and I would call the vulgar end of the town—and a select shore. Henry's mental state forced him to take solitary walks when Marjorie was not available ; and one day on the popular shore he fell in with a seedy-looking gentleman with something to sell.

The rascal had obviously taken a course in salesmanship. He oozed with the forceful personality, the persuasive manner, the cogent fluency developed by twelve correspondence lessons. What he sold was a florin bearing two tails. It says much for Henry's imbecile state that he paid five shillings for it; but something must be allowed for the vendor's convincing methods.

"Imagine it," he had said. "You are talking to the Dook and 'is Grice says, 'Thirsty weather,' 'e says. 'You 'ave one with me,' says you, 'and we'll toss oo pies.' Up goes the 'arf-dollar and before 'e can say anything you does the callin'. 'Tiles,' you says—and tiles it'll be."

It was satisfactory to be credited with a ducal friend and not less so to contemplate this ducal friend as a perpetual payer. But, when the vendor had disappeared and his oily tongue wagged no more, Henry looked on his new coin as a white and possibly dangerous elephant.

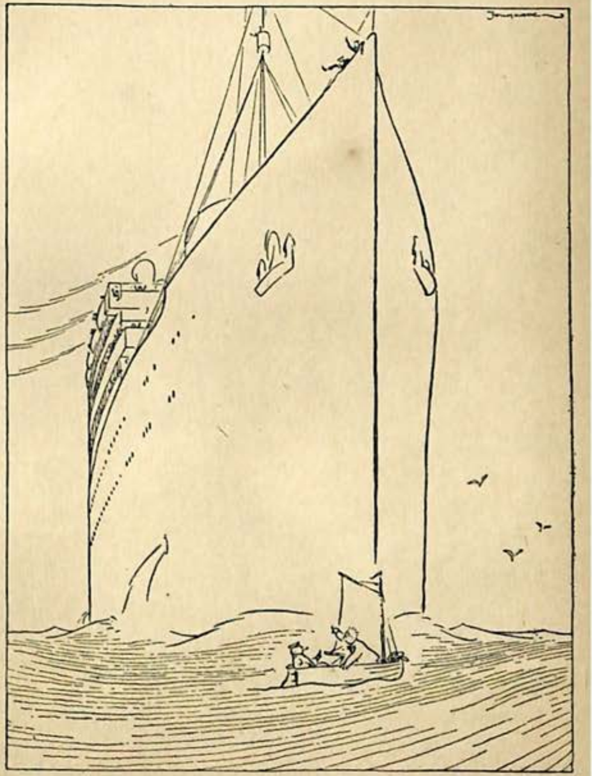
You would have thought that for one day Henry had by now been foolish enough or wise enough—according to your point of view. But he hadn't. That same evening he proposed to Marjorie.

Marjorie balanced herself precariously on her fence and refused to come down.

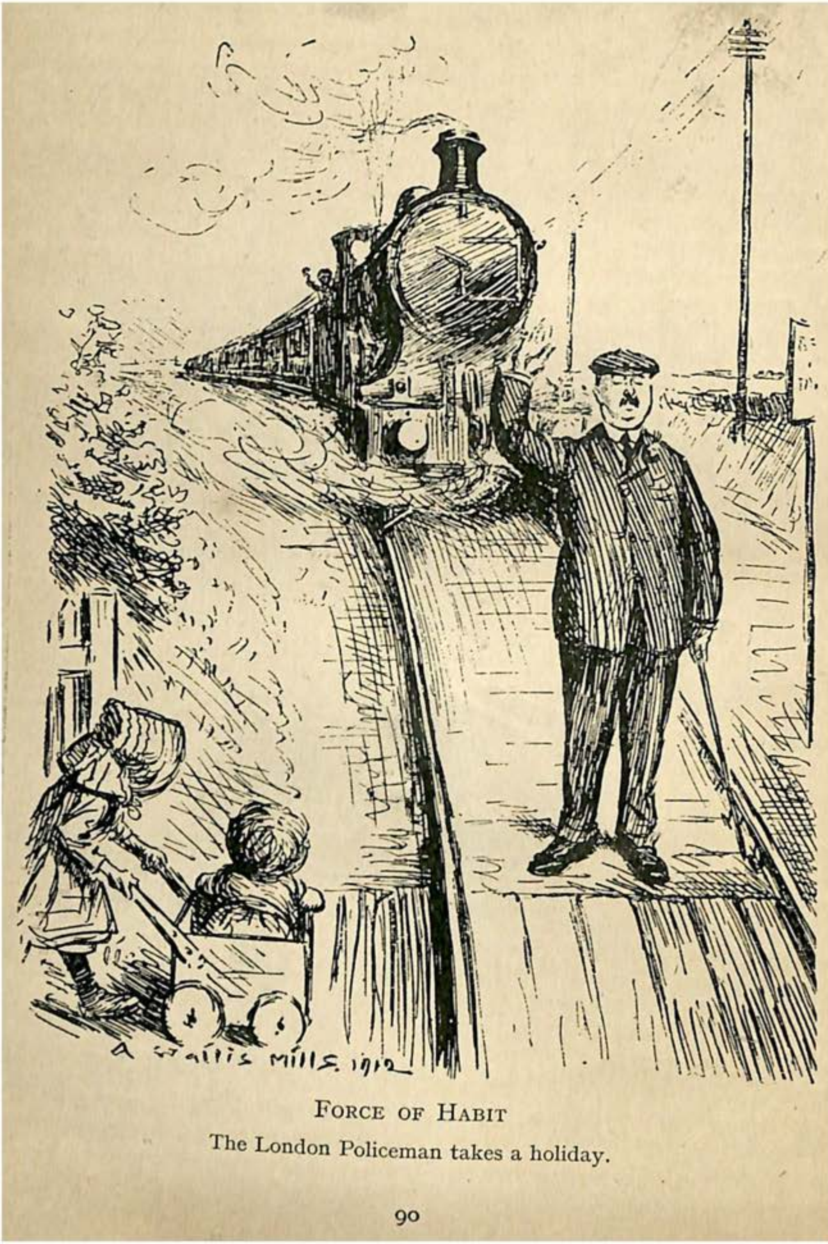
"I like you enormously," she said, adopting the usual lover's gambit, "but do I like you enough? I can't answer you to-day. I must go for a long solitary walk to-morrow morning, and perhaps in the evening I can say 'Yes' or 'No.'"

Marjorie didn't put it quite so crisply as this. There were delicious little hesitations and shynesses which absolutely ravished poor Henry. But you have the pith of what she said.

I think Henry put a rose in his button-hole when he called the next evening. At any

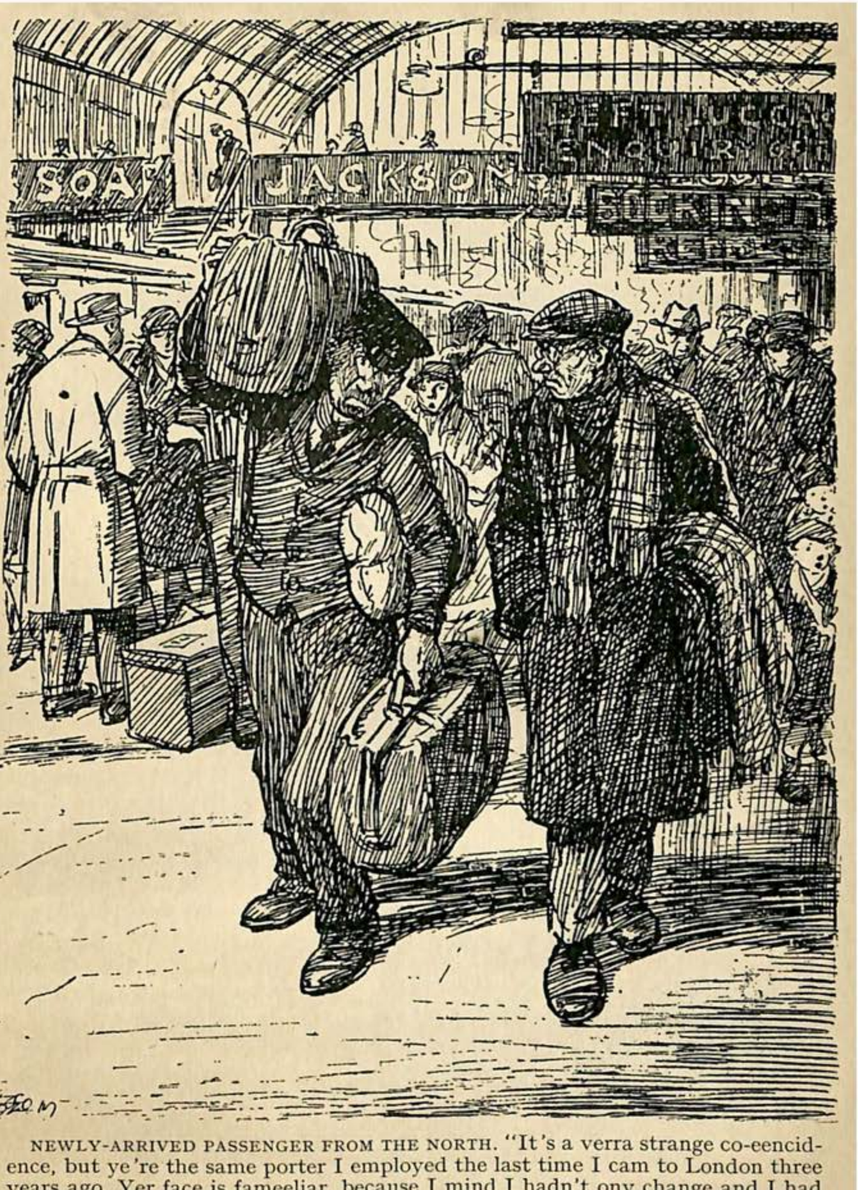


"It's quite all right, my dear fellow. You see, everything has to give way to a sailing-vessel."

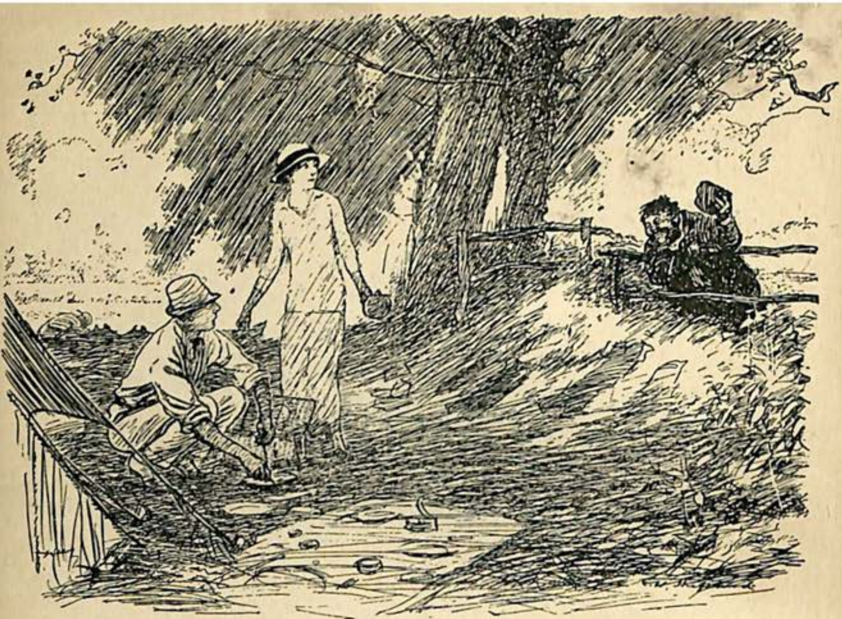

A Wallis Mills 1912

FORCE OF HABIT

The London Policeman takes a holiday.



NEWLY-ARRIVED PASSENGER FROM THE NORTH. "It's a verra strange co-eencidence, but ye're the same porter I employed the last time I cam to London three years ago. Yer face is fameeliar, because I mind I hadn't ony change and I had tae gie ye a threepenny-bit."



TRAMP (*suddenly appearing at riverside camping party*). "Beg yer pardon, Guv'nor, but could yer lend me a bathin' suit?"

rate he had tied his tie with care. Marjorie looked lovelier than ever. Little blushes chased each other over her face. Not carrot-like blushes, but little pink things like the shyer petals of the rose that, I think, was in Henry's button-hole. But she gave Henry a shock.

" I still can't make up my mind," she said.

" But, my dear, dear Marjorie," mumbled Henry—or words to that effect.

" I'll tell you what I've decided to do," she went on ; " I'm going to toss up."

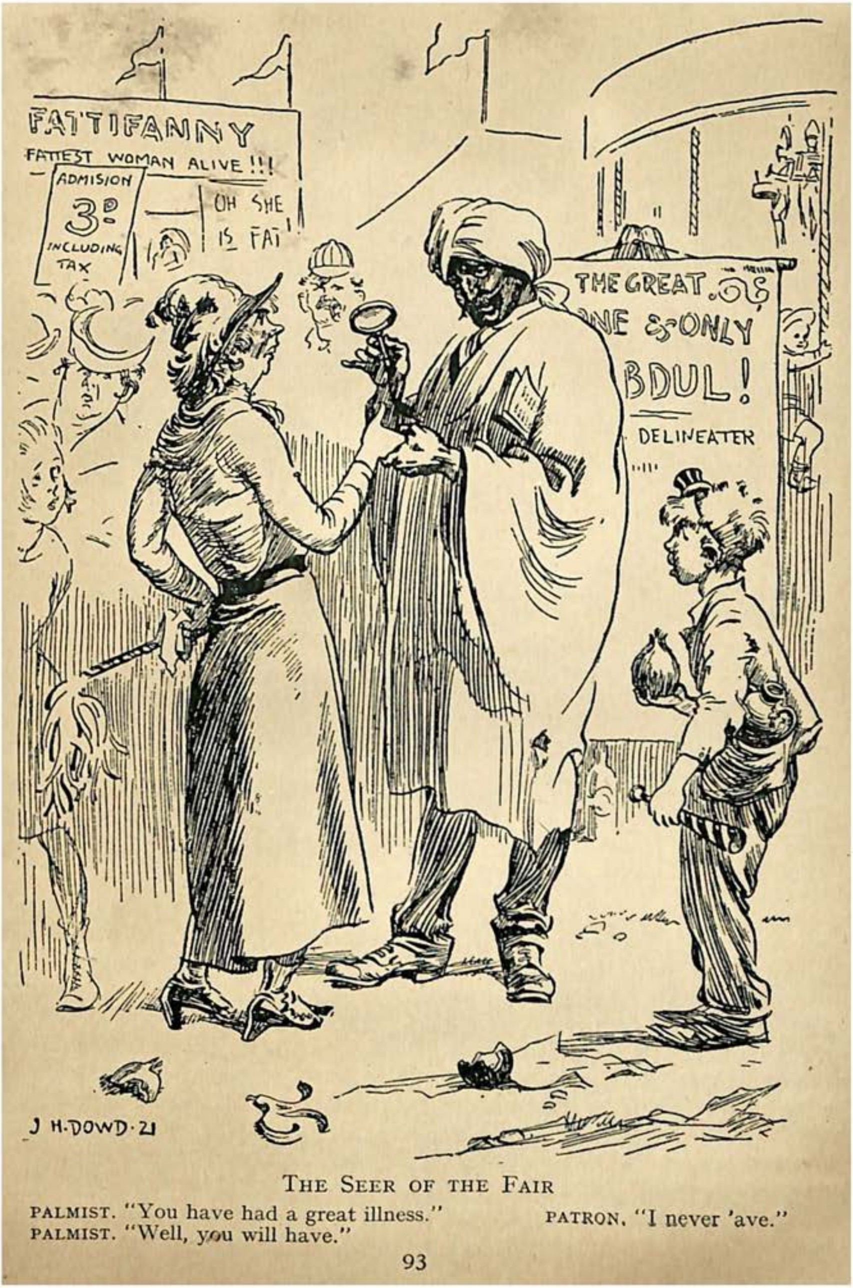
Can you look into Henry's guilty mind and note it recalling the words of the salesman : " Up goes the 'arf-dollar. ' Tiles,' you calls—and tiles it'll be " ?

" Yes, Marjorie, yes," he said excitedly, grappling with an idea. " If I win you'll be mine ? "

" Very nearly that. Take this coin to toss with."

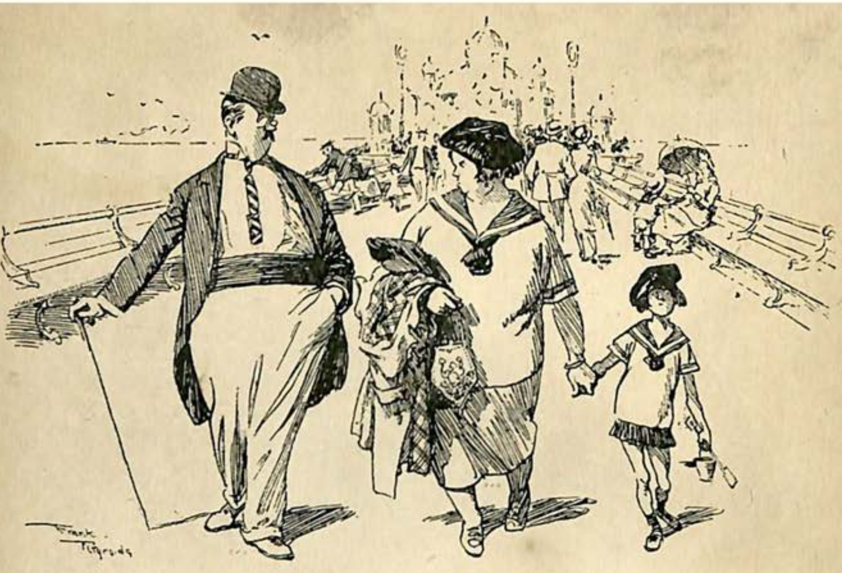
She thrust a two-shilling-piece upon him.

Determined to keep command of the game, Henry made a cunning substitution and held his own special two-tailed coin in his hands.


FATTIFANNY
FATTEST WOMAN ALIVE !!!
ADMISION
3D
INCLUDING TAX
OH SHE IS FAT
THE GREAT
NE & ONLY
BDUL!
DELINEATER
J H. DOWD. 21

THE SEER OF THE FAIR

PALMIST. "You have had a great illness." PATRON. "I never 'ave."
PALMIST. "Well, you will have."



A QUESTION OF TASTE

THE WIFE. "You must get yourself a straw 'at, George. A bowler don't seem to go with a camembert."

" Now," cried Marjorie, almost as excited as he was, " I call. If I'm right I'll marry you."

Henry protested. She brushed his protests aside.

" Either that or it's all off," she said.

His heart sank. He knew he would have to toss with his two-tailed coin, and there was only the half-chance of her calling as he would wish. Still, there *was* the half-chance. He tossed.

" Heads ! " shouted Marjorie hysterically and buried her face in her hands.

She had to unbury it, because Henry did nothing except hold out a flat palm with a coin in it.

" Tails," he said gloomily.

If he had been even glancing at Marjorie he would have seen her air of consternation. Presently he did look at her, and those two wretched mortals must have wasted a full minute gazing into each other's eyes.

Then Marjorie took the fatal coin and turned it over. She turned it over several times, hardly able to believe what she saw on both sides.

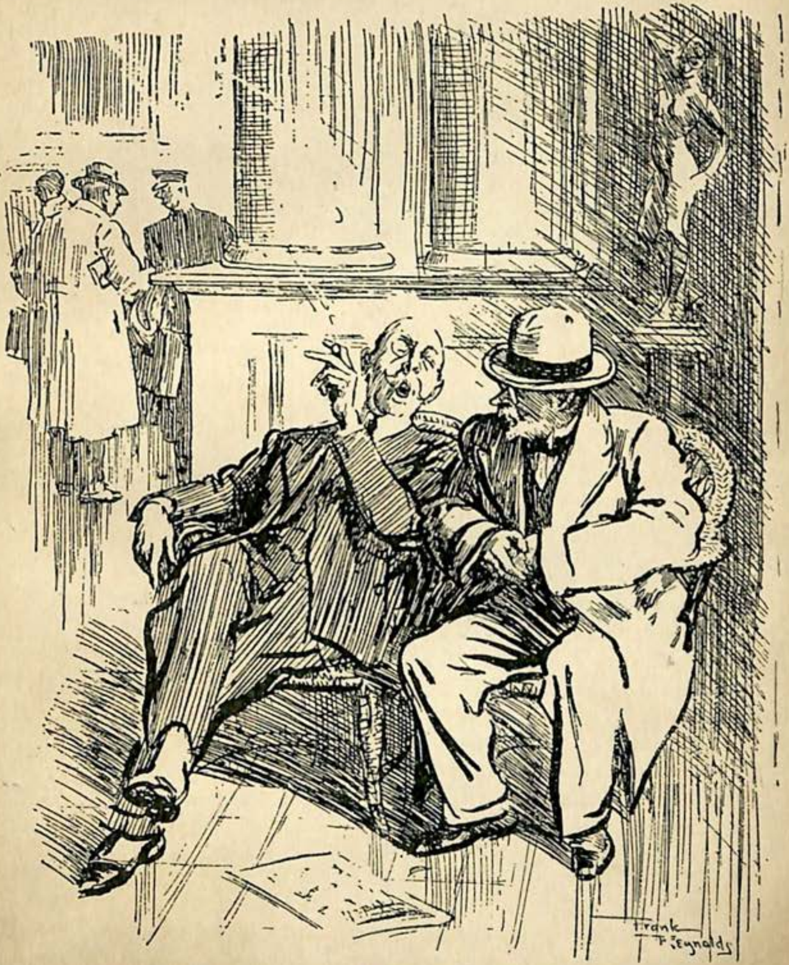
" Did you," she faltered—" did you go for a walk on the beach ? Did you—did you—meet a man—and—buy a florin from him ? "

"Yes, a florin with two tails."

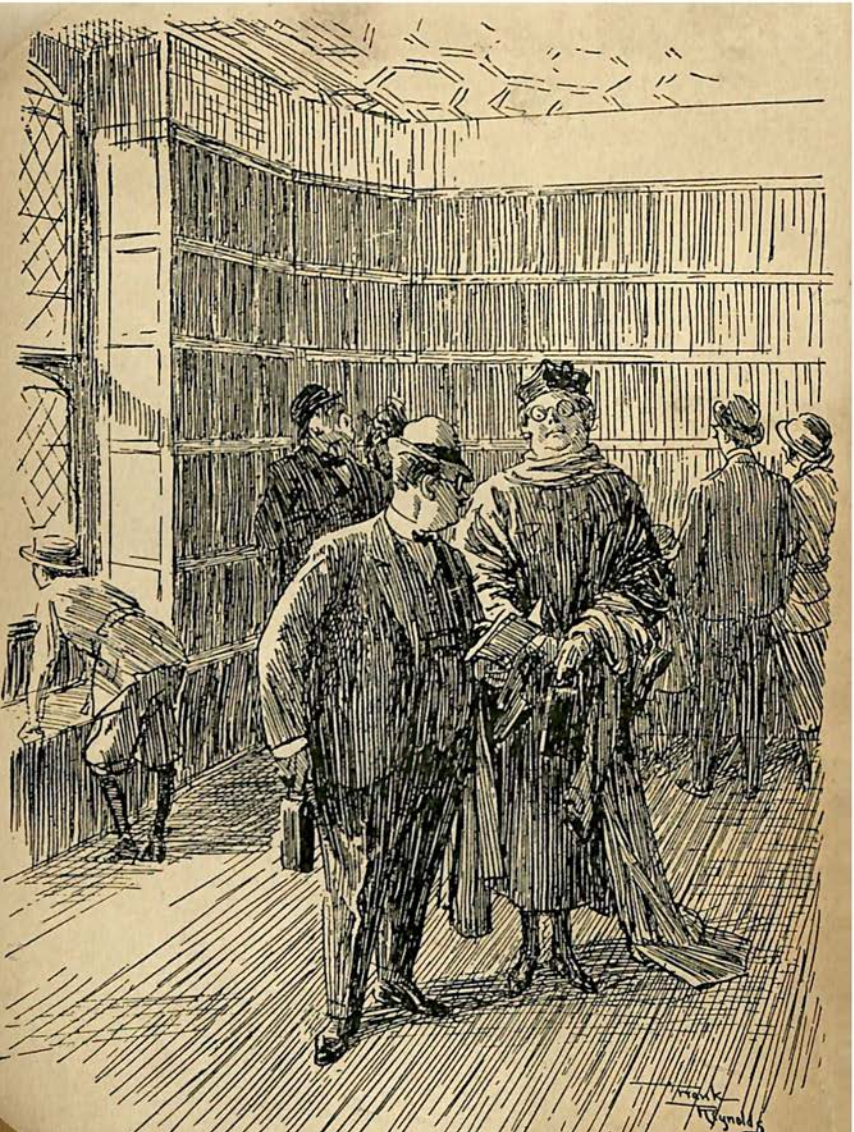
"The one I bought," said Marjorie, "had two heads."

Henry watched the rose-petal blushes chase each other again across her cheeks. He was spell-bound! He burst free from the spell.

"Marjorie!" he cried—or words to that effect.

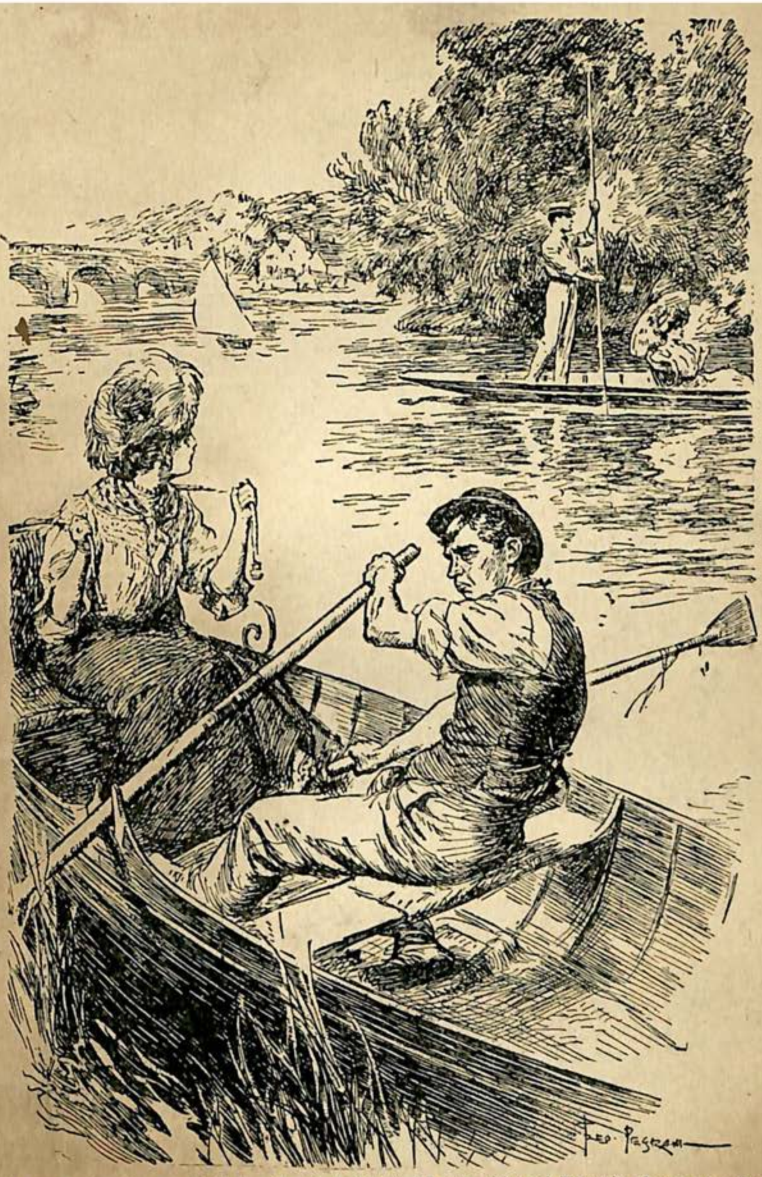


HOTEL VISITOR (*to kindred spirit*). "I always try to get rooms on the ground floor. It gets over that impossible situation of being addressed by people in the lift."

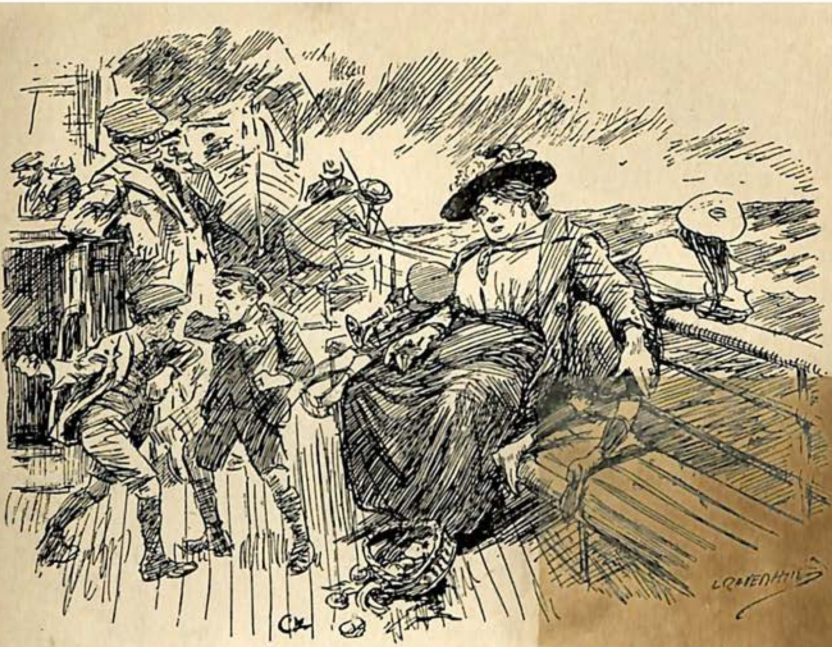

Frank Reynolds

ROMANCE AT HAMPTON COURT

FAIR TOURIST. "Say, Hiram, don't it just tickle you to death to think of that guy Wolsey standing right here like I am now?"



'ARRIET (*coxing a skiff for the first time*). "Look, 'Arry! That's the sorter boat we oughter've 'ad. It don't want no steerin'." (*July 17, 1907*)

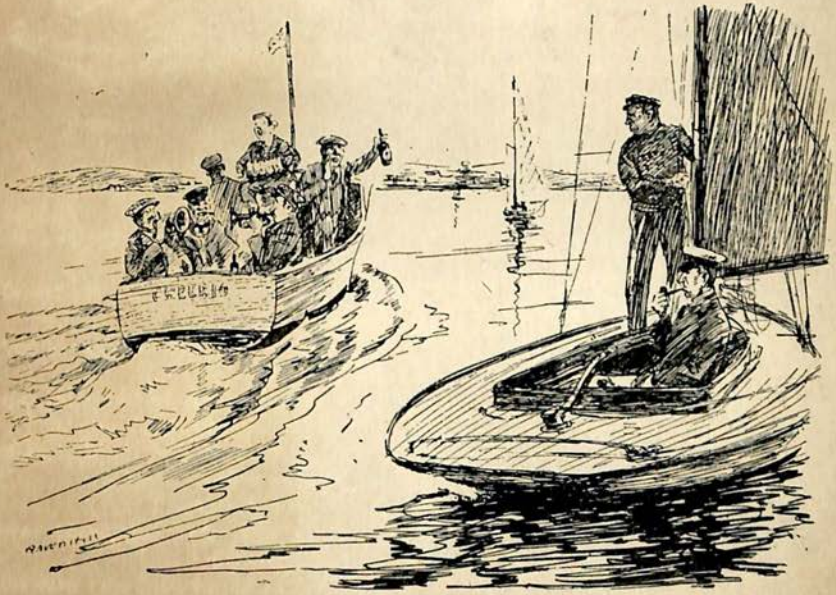


MOTHER OF FAMILY. "Ah coom out for a day's pleasure, an' ba goom ah've got it!"

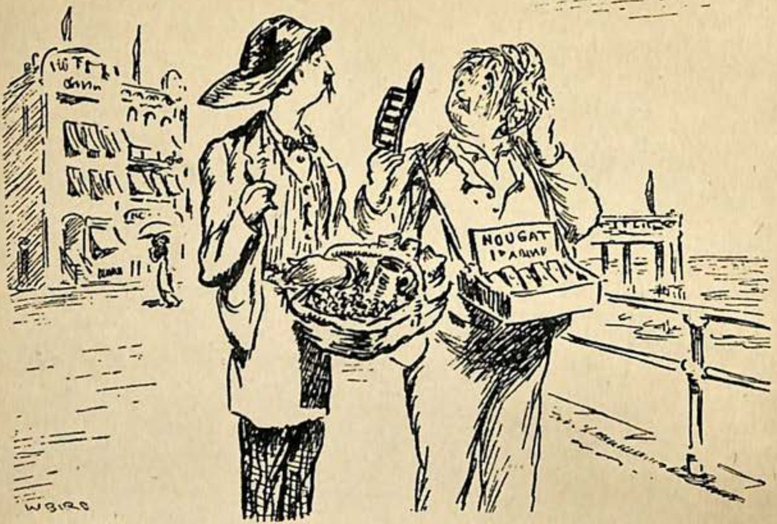
Seaside

FIRST the luggage cart—
Eleven trunks, four cases, a bath, a perambulator (and me) on it for a start,
but not an ordinary cart nor an ordinary load
rumbling and grumbling down the steep side of Parkfield Road.
No, a cart that has the tang of the sea about it, and the grip
of the first strange mast against the skyline of the first ship,
and all the trunks (and me) wearing the magical shapes
of the old traveller's cargo of dreams—of peacocks and apes.
Then Manningham railway station, changing from a railway
to the moon's path across the sea, the still, the pale way,
and the train bewitched, like the traveller's cargo,
in the transient daylight disguise of boyhood's Argo,
and the heroes quietly watching the captain at the prow,
and all the oars striking together as he suddenly orders "Now!"
Then lunch in the train!
Don't you wish that you could taste ambrosia again!
Whether it be hard-boiled eggs with salt in a paper packet,
or cold chicken with a drum-stick, and white young teeth to crack it.

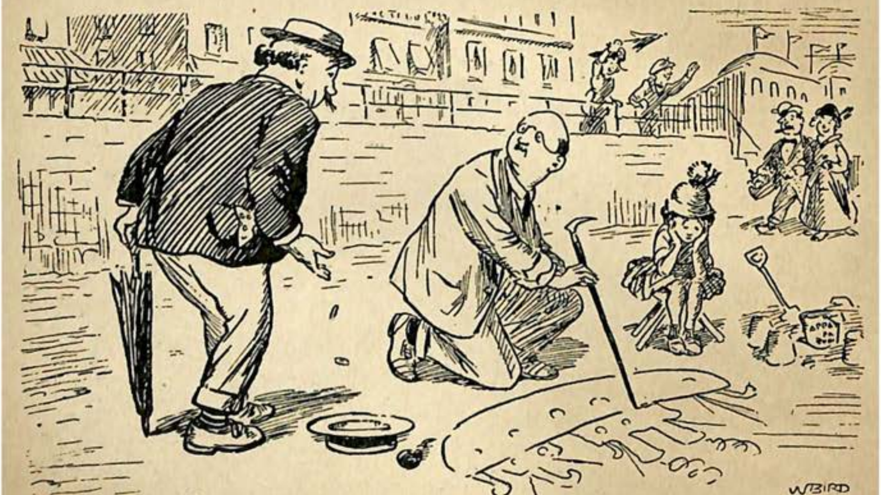
But you are not really eating cold chicken or eggs,
but the funny small tarry smell of barrels and kegs,
the thin heart-shaking masts, the unbelievable blue
huge ocean that will suddenly envelop you,
till you feel like a swaying jelly-fish (you did, if I knew you)
with the green light of the water positively pouring through you ;
you are eating the drive in the fly along the parade to the lodging,
seven of you hunched together, and shouting, and dodging
one another's knees ; you are eating the queer smell
of faded leather (after all these years I can feel the smell come
like pot-pourri out of a jar), the landlady bidding you welcome,
the shiny blue bucket with a gold rim, quite a good one
to make up for the steel spade you wanted and they made you have a wood one ;
all these you eat, but most of all you are eating
(and do not know) the pause there's no repeating,
when Time, that traps all gay and lovely things,
like a tall angel folds his full-shaped wings,
and whispers, with two fingers raised that brush
the small bright head, to his loud legions, " Hush ! "



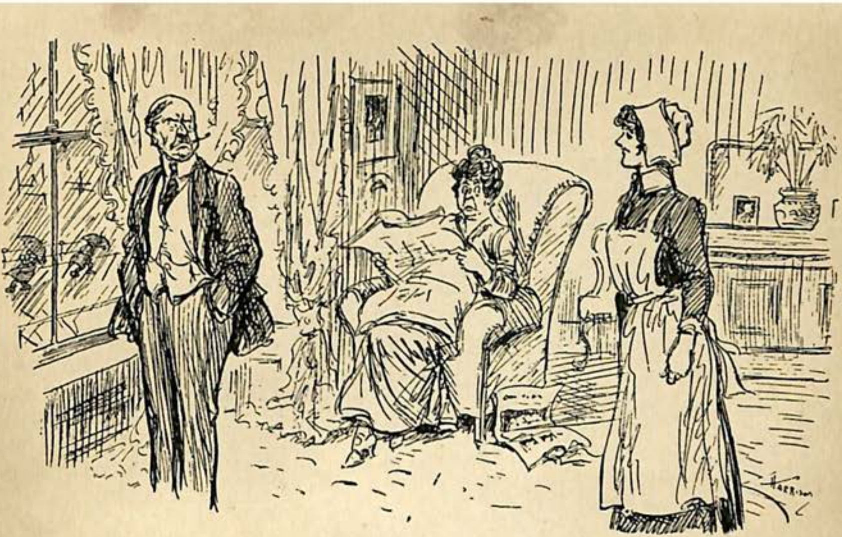
OWNER. "What do you think of that for music, Donald?"
YACHT HAND. "Is it music, Sir? If we had hauf the wind thae swabs is wastin' doon their trumpets we wad be makin' three miles an 'oor."



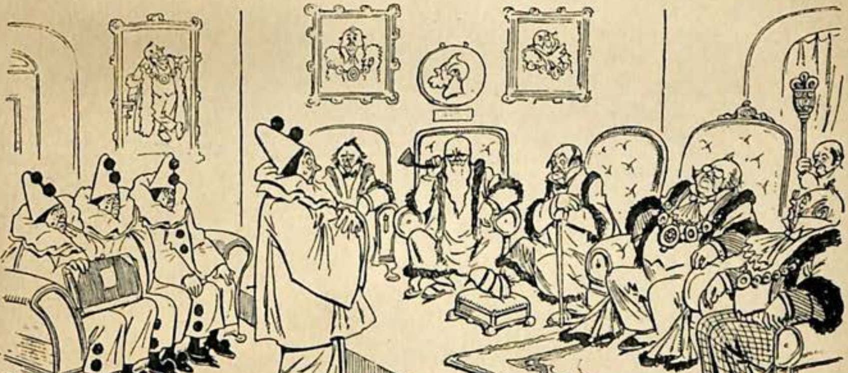
"I don't know how you can stand a sou'-wester on a day like this."
"I got to. In the winkle business the public expects a bit of local colour."



NATIVE (*to visitor, who is drawing a steamer for his daughter*). "Those futurist pictures may do all right in Brighton, my lad, but they'll never go in Burley-on-Sea."

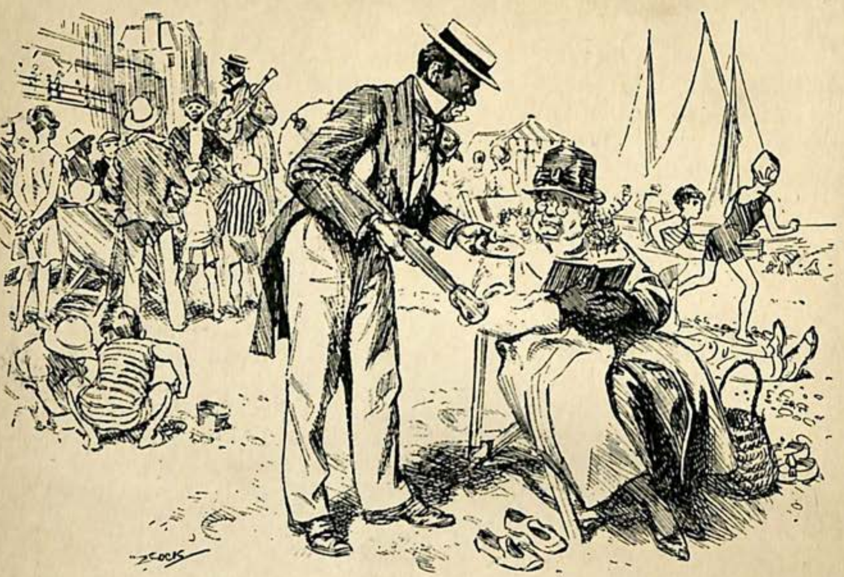


MAID (*at seaside lodging-house*). "If you please, Sir, as it's a wet day, Missis would be 'appy to lend you her game of 'Snakes and Ladders.' "



Refinement in our Seaside Entertainments

Pierrots singing before the Mayor and Song-Censorship Committee of Shrimpleton-on-Sea.



GRANDMA. "No, my good man. I send my subscription direct to the African Relief Society."

The Hammock Fallacy

IT is in the summer months that the cult of the hammock flourishes. Hammocks hibernate ; it is one of their few really attractive attributes. And this popularity of the hammock in summer is very largely the fault of the bee-haunted-garden school of fiction-writers. No bee-haunted garden is complete without one. In the cool shade of the sycamore the heroine reclines gracefully in her hammock, keeping that school-girl complexion and waiting for Sir Reginald. She does this most of the time ; the author never tells us how she gets into the hammock or out of it. That is the difference between realism and romance.

At the cottage we have a bee-haunted garden and at the first hint of summer Angela insisted upon completing the picture.

For Angela to get one of these attractive close-ups in her mind is always, with her, the immediate prelude to direct action.

" We must get a hammock," she said.

I looked up with my kind tired smile and gave her a tolerant ear.

" Why ? " I asked.

" Oh, because it's summer and everybody has one, and it's just the thing for the garden, and they look so jolly in the pictures, and—oh! heaps of reasons."

"But I don't know whether my insurance covers risks by hammocks," I said cautiously. "It would probably come under 'Aviation.'"

"The Horrockses have got one," said Angela.

"Then I suppose I must take the risk," I said, sighing. The Horrockses are Angela's dearest friends, but it is unthinkable that they should be allowed to remain a hammock ahead of her.

"That's just the place for it, Angela," I said more enthusiastically when we had adjourned to the garden. "Between the raspberry canes and the rhubarb. Or we might hitch one end of it to that flowering lettuce and——"

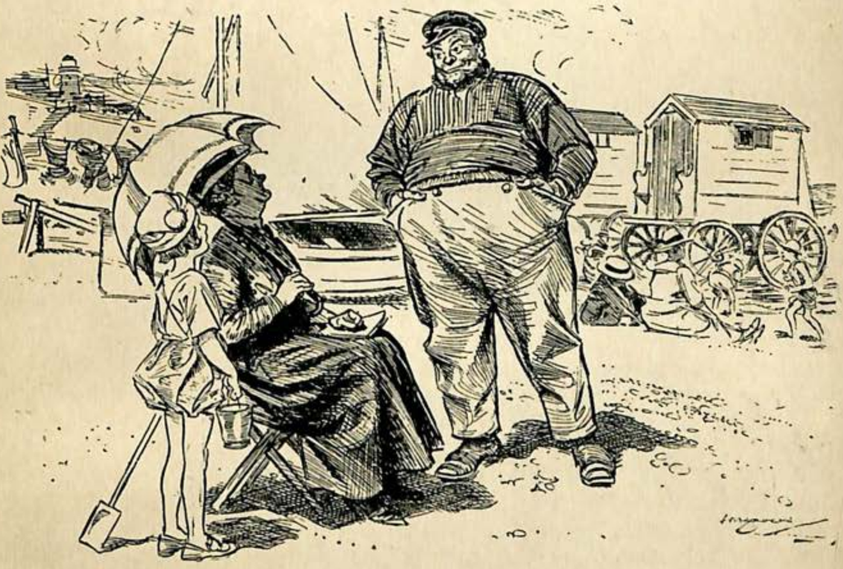
"We really need some trees," said Angela.

"Ah, yes. It has always saddened me that the fourth earl was obliged to fell all the timber. But let us give our minds to this problem. I think sycamores are the best."

"The best what?" asked Angela.

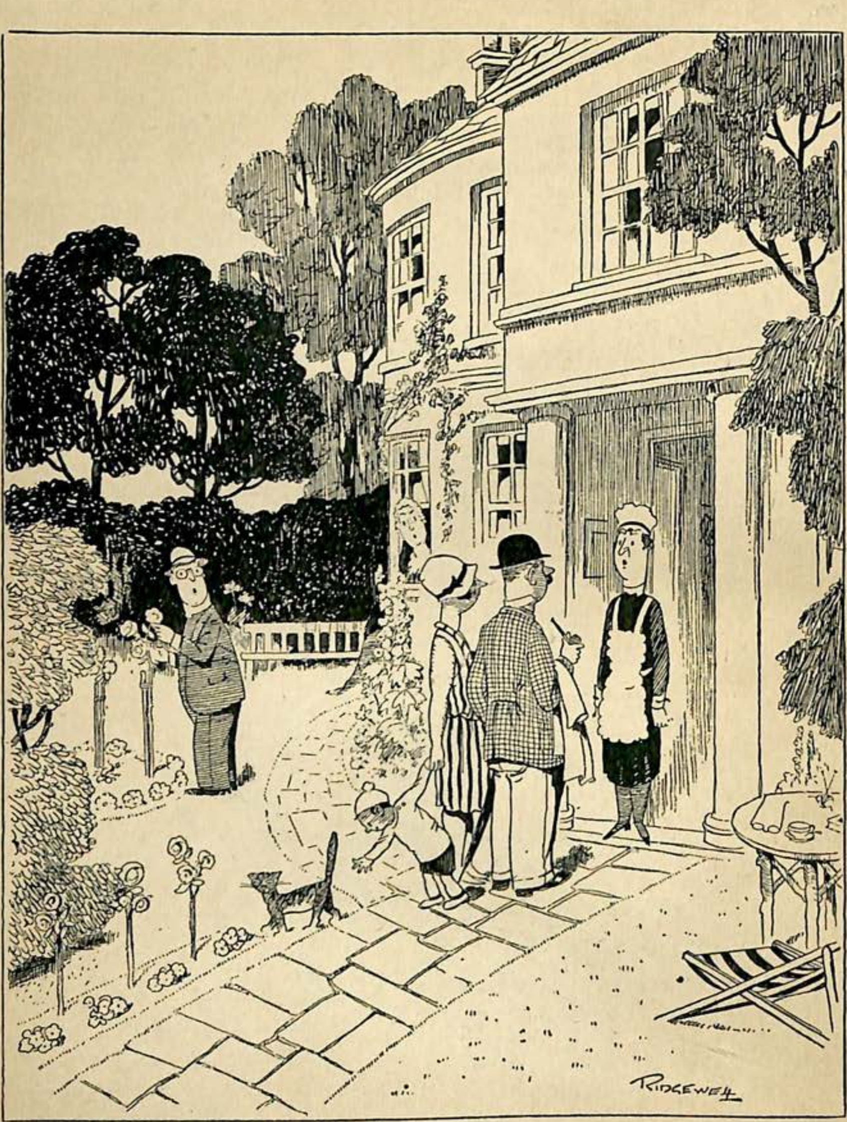
"Trees," I said patiently. I am always patient with Angela when she asks for obvious information.

"Trees for what?" she asked.

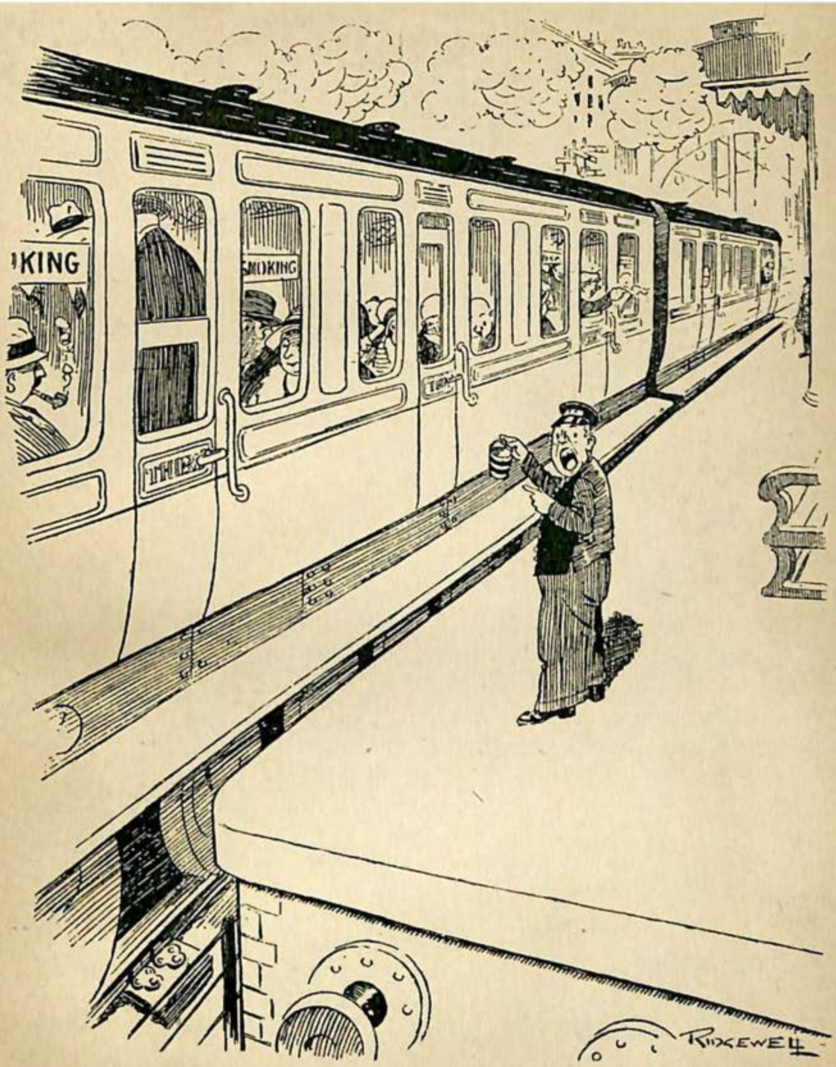


SYMPATHETIC OLD LADY. "And when you went down for the third time the whole of your past life of course flashed before your eyes?"

LONGSHORE BILLY. "I expect it did, Mum, but I 'ad 'em shut at the time, so I missed it."



THE MAN WHO SAID "DO YOU DO TEAS?" AT THE RECTORY


KING
SMOKING
RIDGEWELL

The Seaside Season: A Tragic Opening

"For slinging hammocks, of course. They're used by some of the most famous hammock-slingers in the country."

Angela looked a little dazed.

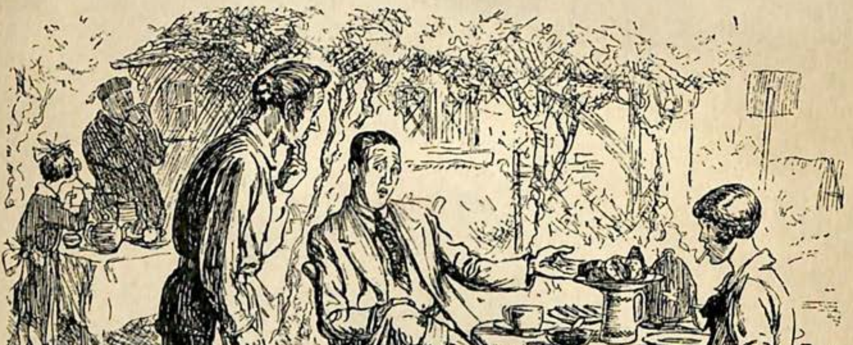
"But we haven't got any sycamores," she said.

"Not yet. But if we were to get a hammock and lay it out flat on the ground and then plant a sycamore seed or pip or whatever it is at each end and then wait a bit we should one day have a beautiful pair of sycamore trees just the right distance apart. You see, Angela, the whole trouble with these *natural* trees, considered from the hammock-slinging point of view, is that they are either too close together or too far apart. Now, by giving a little thought and time to——"

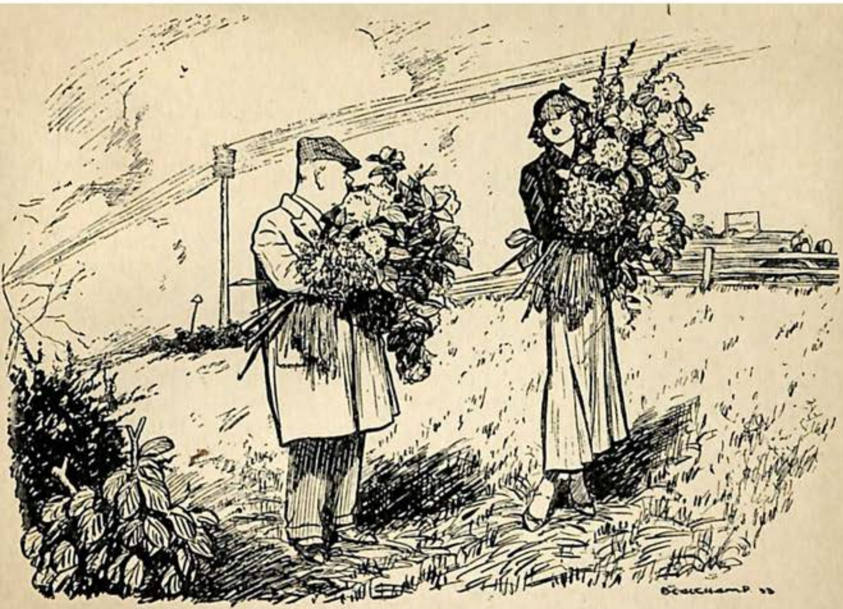
But Angela had gone.

* * * * * * *

When I count my blessings, count them one by one, I shall not include the hammock, which arrived three days later. Even as we went about the task of assembling it there was a sort of ominous foreboding at the back of my mind. The things from which it was to hang in default of trees—our estate is not as yet very well timbered—reminded me too vividly of the tripod



TRIPPER. "This butter's very rank and the cake's awfully stale."
PROPRIETRESS. "Ah! That's my daughter's fault, Sir; she's served you with 'Eat as much as you like for a shilling' instead of 'Pay for wot you 'as.'"



"Well, Walter, I think we've picked *everything*. We must come here again *next* year."

affair over the witches' cauldron in " Macbeth." The line

> Double, double, toil and trouble,

kept running through my head somehow. I realise now that it was subconscious prophecy.

" There," said Angela, when I had knotted the last rope and driven in the last pin—" that is going to make all the difference to our summer."

I see now, of course, that Angela was prophesying too. We were both inspired.

Angela had no intention of allowing grass to grow under her hammock once it was in position. She arranged a pile of cheerful-looking cushions in the bows, picked up the Japanese parasol and climbed enthusiastically on board. I stood by ready to save the women and children first.

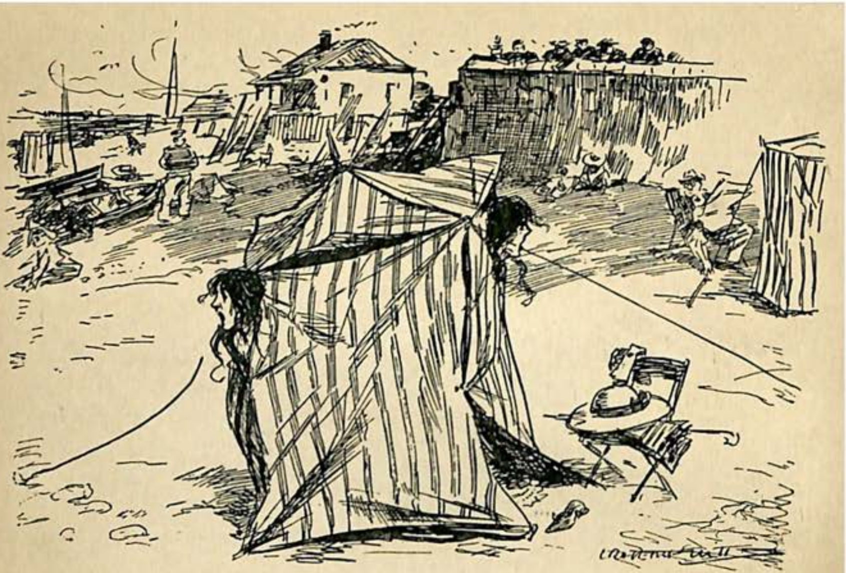
Perhaps she overdid the enthusiasm. Whatever the reason, there was a violent roll to starboard, a convulsive jerk, a faint scream and the hammock turned itself inside out and swung idle and empty under a pitiless sky.

" Was anybody looking ?" said Angela.

" Fortunately only your husband," I said.

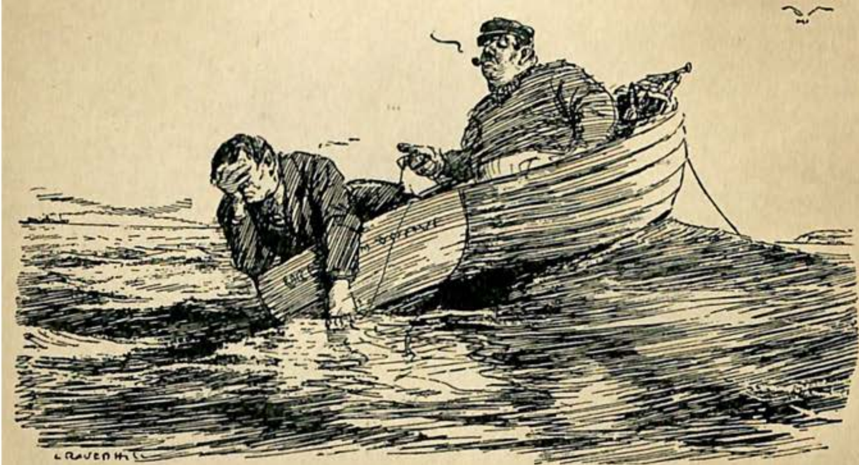
" How did it happen ?"

" I expect you tried to mount from the wrong side. A hammock is prob-

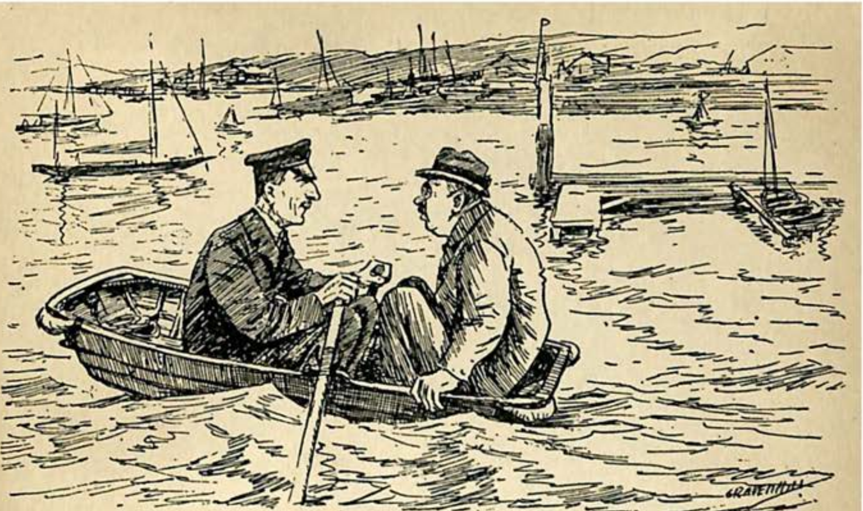

L. Raven-Hill

SEASIDE PERILS

FAIR BATHERS. "Help! Help! There's a wasp in the tent!"

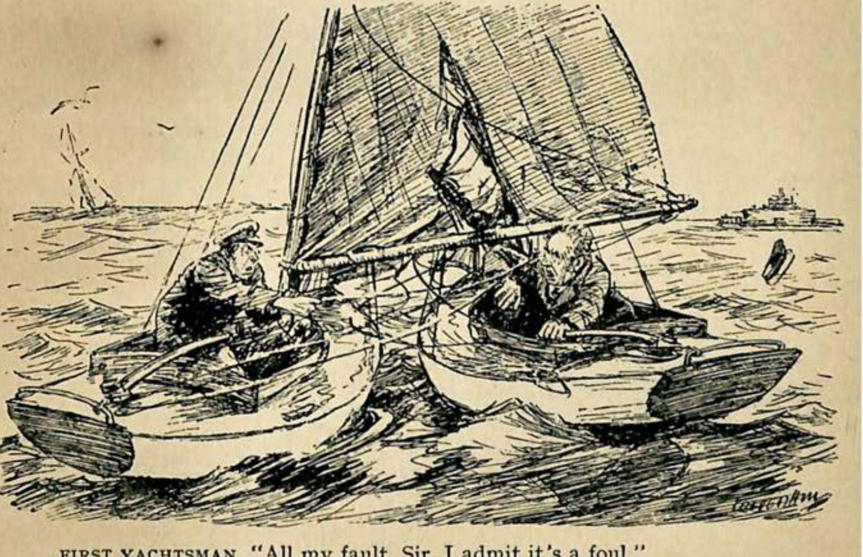

L RAVEN HILL

FISHERMAN. "You'll be feelin' better, Sir, when the fish begin to bite."
PLEASURE-SEEKER (*faintly*). "I trust I shall have passed away by then."



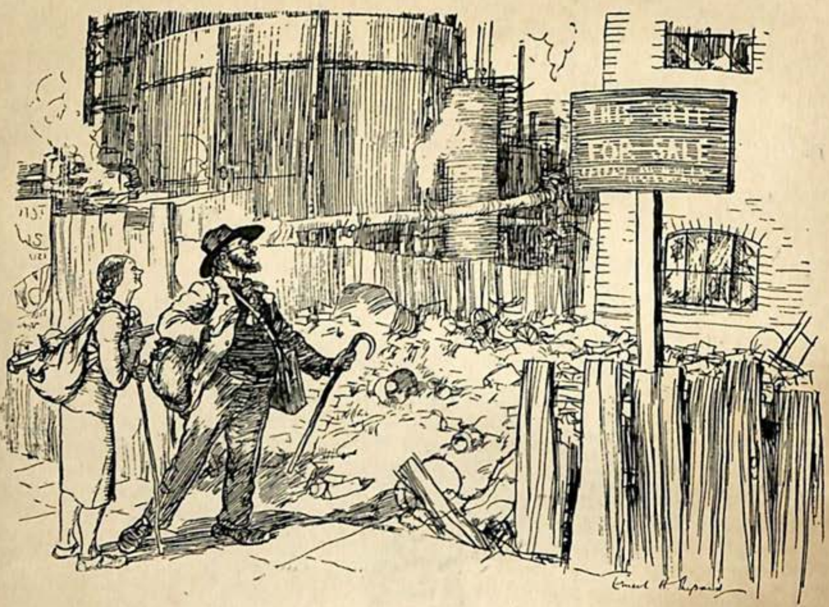
THE SKIPPER. "She comes in very useful in the summer during the yachting season."

THE PASSENGER. "Ye-es—and in the winter she ought to come in very useful during the coal shortage."



FIRST YACHTSMAN. "All my fault, Sir. I admit it's a foul."

SECOND DITTO. "Foul indeed! I call it a complete damned poultry farm."



THE ARTISTS' HOLIDAY

Chelsea hikers find an ideal camping-ground.

ably like a horse; it gets restive if you try to get up on the starboard side. Try the port side whilst I hold its head."

Angela advanced gamely to the attack and repeated the performance the other way round. The schoolgirl complexion suffered most, owing to the loamy nature of the soil.

She picked herself up with a troubled expression.

"Why don't I stop in when once I am in?" she said.

"'Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself, and falls on the other,'" I quoted. "Or it may be just knack," I added kindly.

"Anyway, I'm going to do it this time"

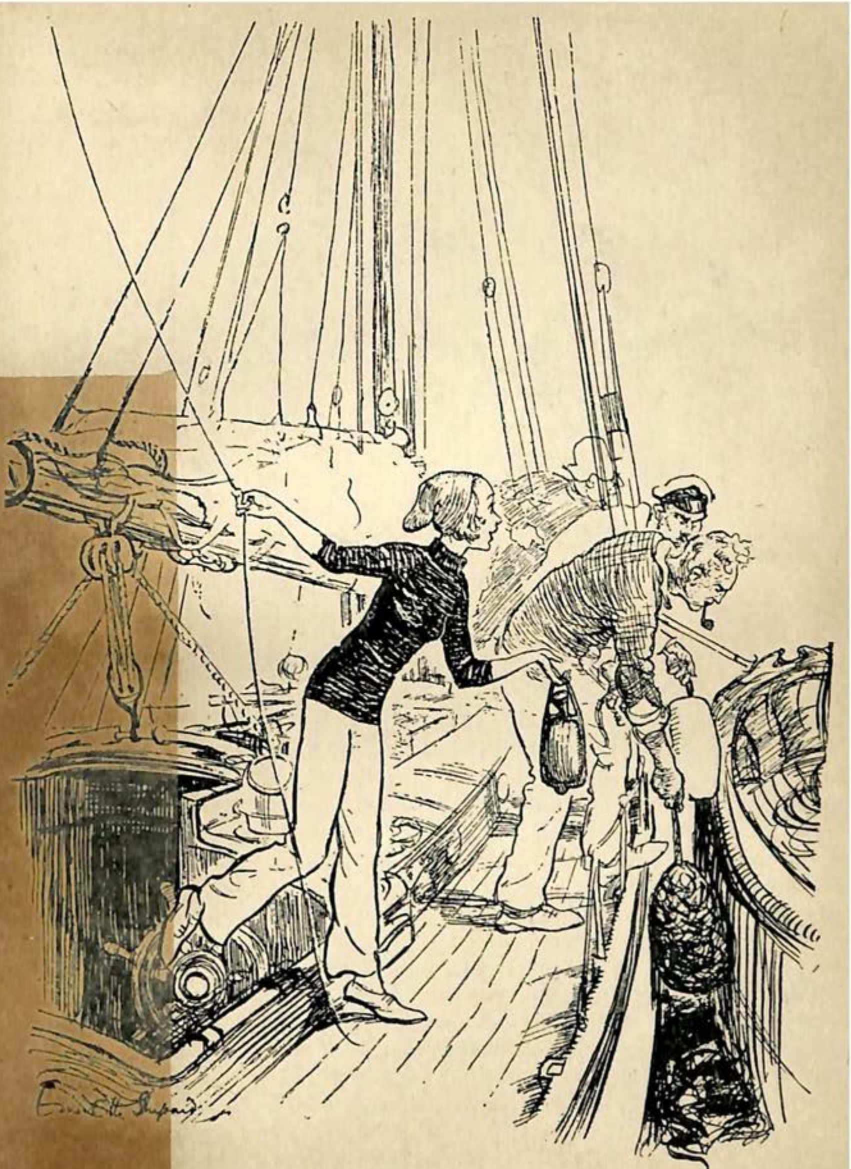
She did. It was touch-and-go for a minute or two, but she did.

"Now hand me the parasol—gently. And my book. And you'd better stay to turn over the leaves—I daren't move. And if you could just push the red cushion a little higher up . . ."

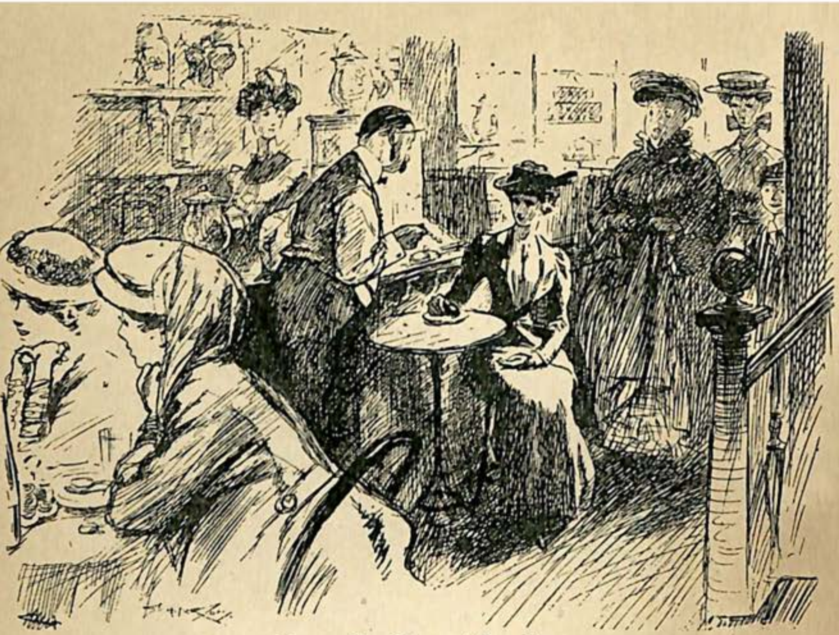
It was an anxious victory.

* * * * * * *

That hammock has been the curse of our summer. There is a fearful fascination about it. It has been so insistently impressed upon us by the



The Feminine Touch



Scene: Tea-Shop at Seaside.

PROPRIETOR (*to Lady tourist, who has ordered a bun, and seated herself at a vacant table*). "Excuse me, Miss; Buns don't sit!"

bee-haunted gardeners that a hammock is an essential part of summer, that we can't keep away from it. Where it is concerned we are moral cowards.

It is a difficult and dangerous thing to get into, and all the while you are in it you are depressed by the thought that, if you don't fall out of it first, you will have to get out some time or other. Getting out of a hammock is one degree more difficult than getting in.

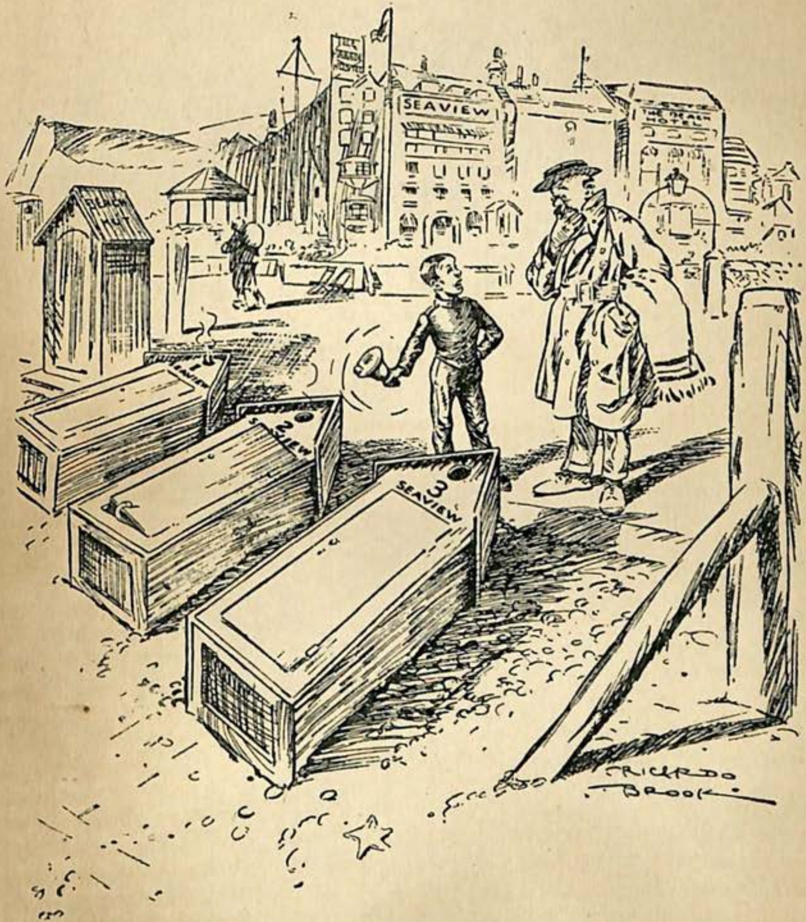
Even when you are in the infernal thing you are not happy. It isn't comfortable. It sags in the middle, and you dare not wriggle. Added to this you invariably drop your book or the matches or something. Then you reach down precariously with one hand, trying desperately to maintain the balance of the thing with the other. You never succeed, and you finish up on the ground. Then you pick up your book and climb nervously back again.

No, the hammock is a fallacy. It is one of those things which everybody pretends to enjoy and nobody does enjoy. They tell me that sailors sleep in hammocks in the Navy. I can believe it. That's what made Jutland and Zeebrugge possible. A man who will sleep in a hammock will face anything.

But we have found a very jolly way out of our trouble. We got the notion at the Rodeo.

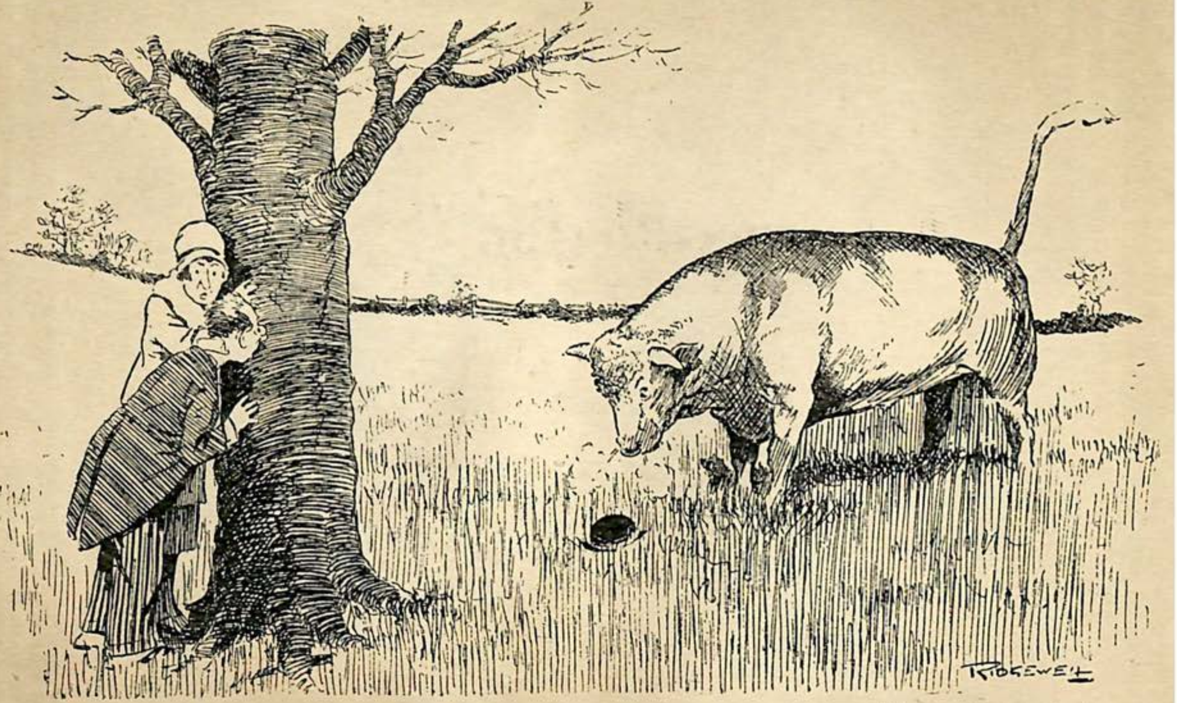
We are going to give a select garden-party, and there will be a handsome prize for anyone who can ride our bucking hammock for ten minutes.

The successful competitor wins the hammock. L. du G.

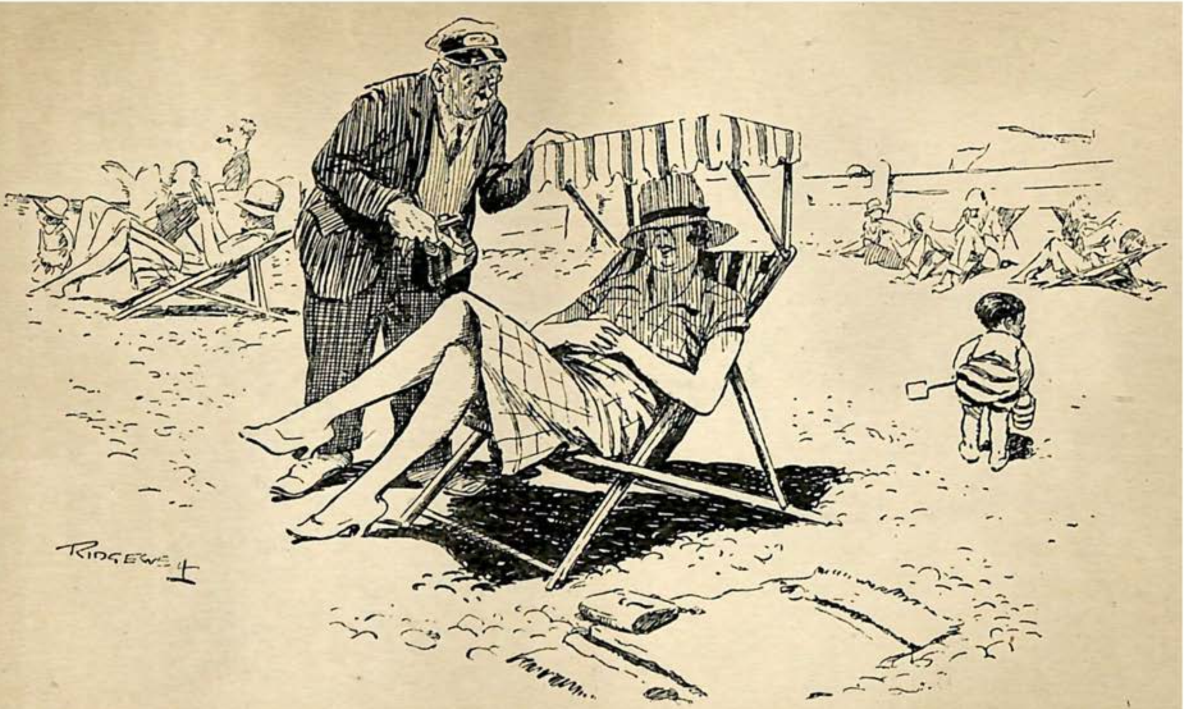

SEAVIEW
THE BEACH HOTEL
BEACH HUT
1 SEAVIEW
2 SEAVIEW
3 SEAVIEW
RICARDO BROOK

The Dormitory System on the Coast

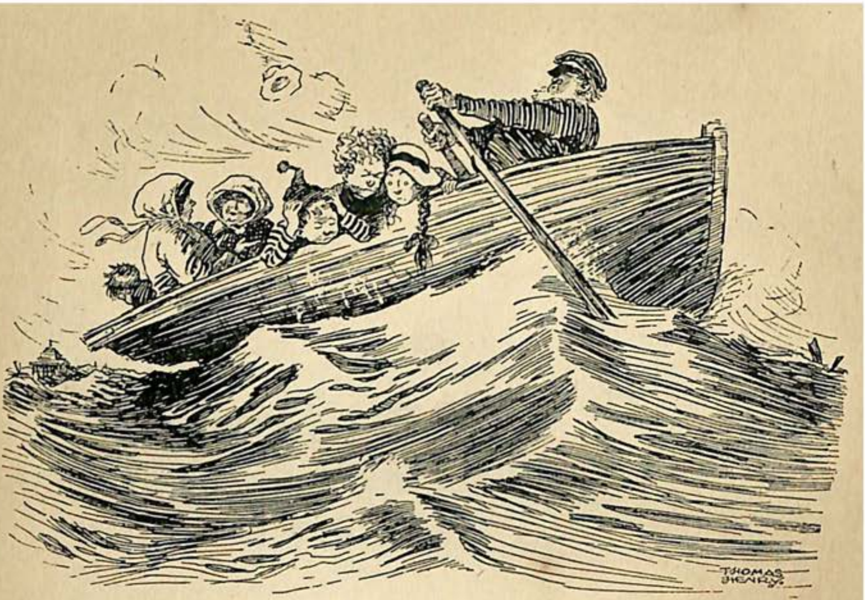
Boots (*to would-be bather*). "These are the 'Seaview' bathin'-'uts, Sir. Looks as though the three beds-and-breakfasts 'ad overslep' theirselves."



HIS WIFE (*bitterly*). "If you'd only come to the pictures with me sometimes you'd know what to do in a case like this."



PARENT. "Now look here, Eric, if you don't leave me alone for ten minutes I'll give you such a smack "



MOTHER OF THREE. "That's just what I said to my hubby. We must take a holiday, *for the children's sake.*"

The Tempestuous Trippers

I

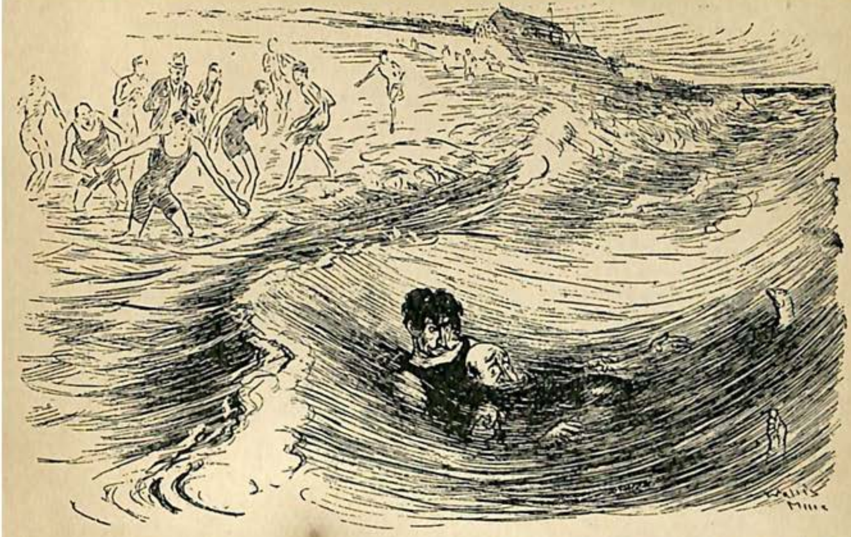
WHERE the bee sucks, there suck I
Oranges, and by-and-by
Throw the peel about to lie
Where each daisy blinks an eye
Scandalised and scornfully,
Merrily, merrily let us wreck now
Most of the blossom that hangs on the bough.

II

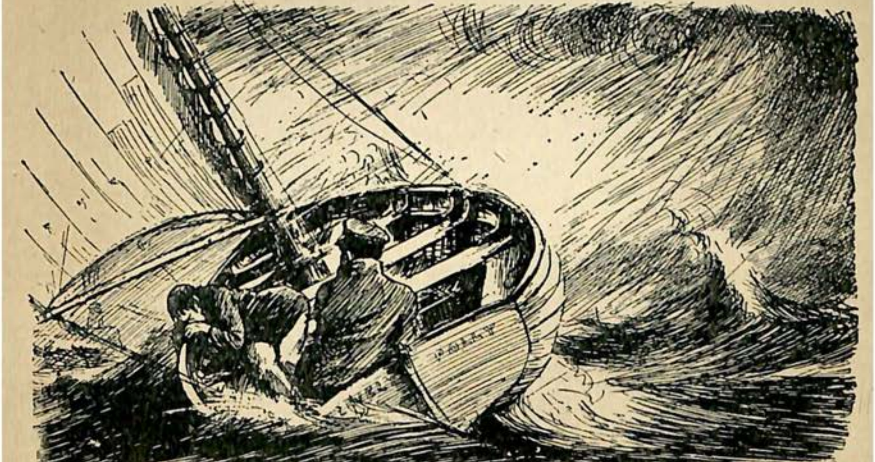
Come unto these yellow sands
And scream in bands ;
Picnicked when you have and flung
The tins of tongue ;
Fling them wildly there and here
Bottles that have held your beer.
Scream ! Squeal !
Fling bun.
And scatter peel.
What *fun* !
Hark, hark ! the clang
Of homeward honking " cherrybang " ;
Bank Holiday is done.

III

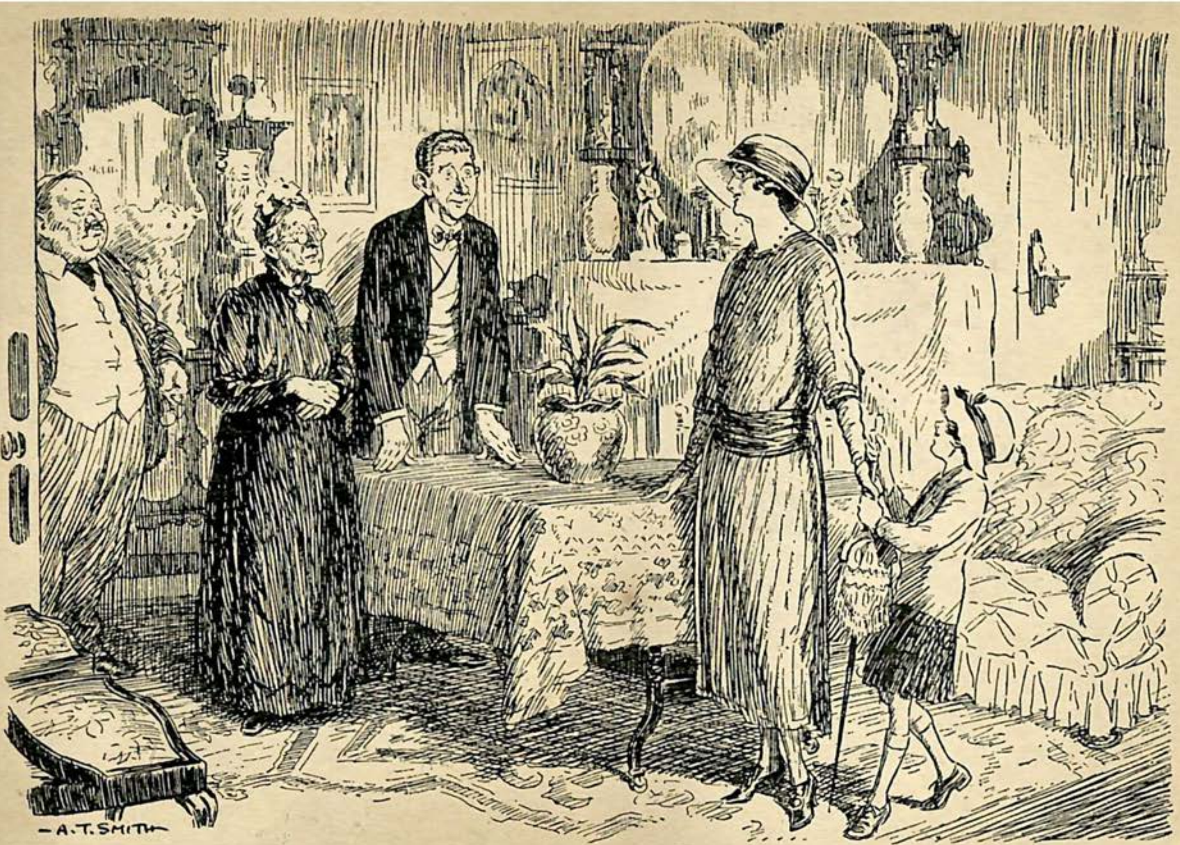
In débris deep your Forest glooms ;
Of its groves were cafés made ;
These were dryads' drawing-rooms
Where the littered blossoms fade ;
See ! a paper-pocked burlesque
Of itself it stands, grotesque.
Bluebells sadly ring the knell
(Ding-dong)
Of silvan beauty,
Ding-dong, bell !



SINGLE-MINDED BARBER (*effecting a rescue*). "You're getting very bald on the top, Sir."

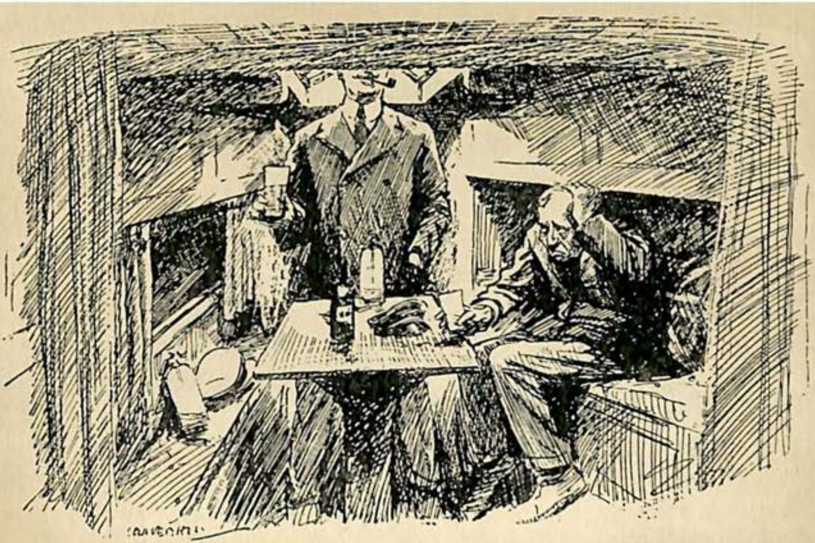


OWNER. "You'll be a new man after this, my boy."
FEEBLE VOICE. "Well, there is'nt much of the old one left."



LADY (*inquiring for accommodation*). "And what is the charge for your rooms?"

LANDLADY. "Well, Mum, the rooms is five guineas a week, kitchen fire ten shillings, lights seven-and-six, and my son Charles accepts a gratuity from parties on leaving."



OWNER. "What I like about the little tub is, she's got plenty of headroom—what?"
FRIEND. "Y-e-e-es."

The Reason

"WELL," I asked, as the time drew near, "which is it to be—fishing or golf?" My hopes were fixed on the answer being golf.

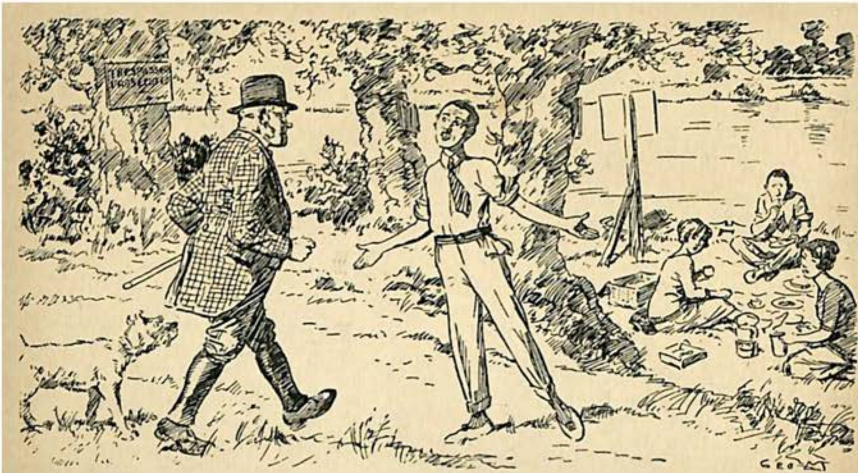
"Fishing," said my wife with instant decision.

"I can't see what difference it makes to you," I said, "as you do neither." She nodded her head wisely.

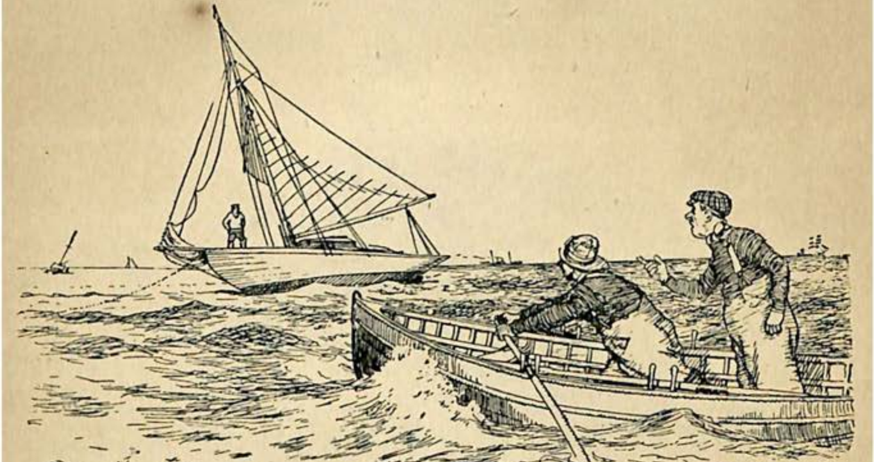
"Let it be fishing," she repeated.

So fishing it is, and here we are. My wife, I must confess, behaves charmingly; each morning she walks out the first mile with us, chats with the gillie, who adores her, wishes us good luck, and leaves us; each evening she looks up with the kindest commiseration, or lays down her book and comes to stand by my side and say, "It *is* a beauty, Jack," or "*Two!* How perfectly splendid!"

None the less the inn is indifferent, and until last night it remained a mystery to me why she should prefer fishing to golf. But last night I overheard her talking to another woman. "This is possible," she said; "but when it is golf they come in twice a day, and each time you have to follow the history of eighteen holes and be ready with eighteen suitable remarks—more, if the bunkers are very bad. The strain is awful; but fishing I can just manage."



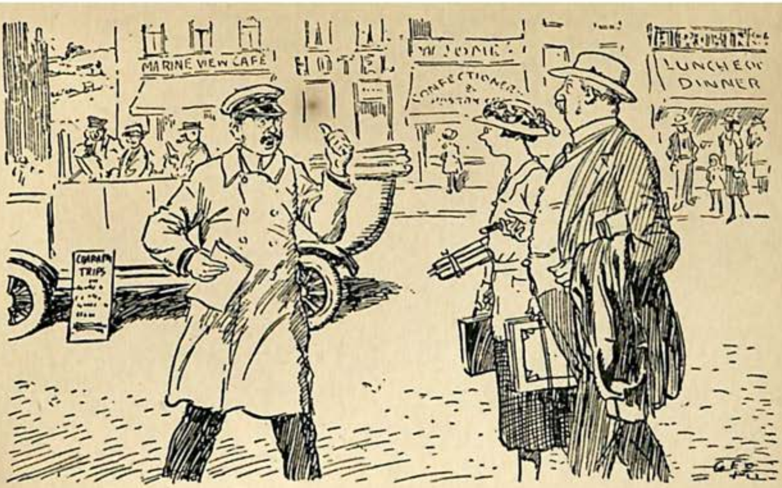
RESOURCEFUL SPOKESMAN OF PICNIC PARTY (*anticipating trouble*). "Delighted you were able to turn up! You don't mind our having started without you?"



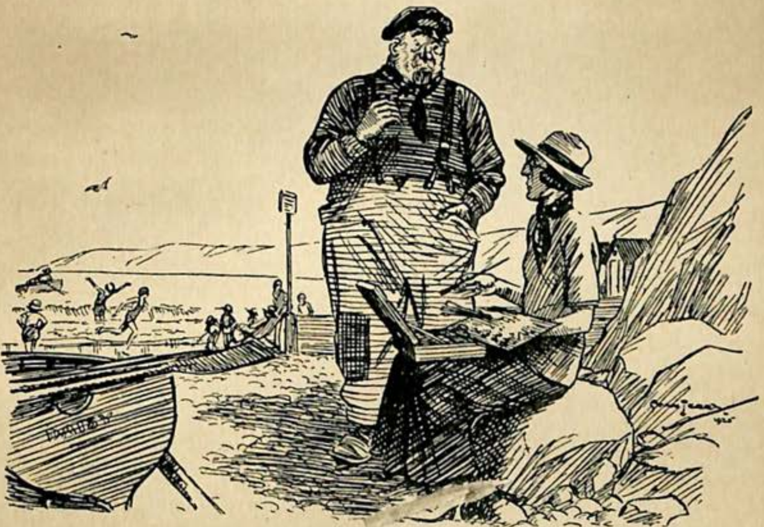
LONGSHOREMAN (*to yachtsman who, having run his yacht upon a spit of sand in order to scrub her bottom, is waiting whilst the tide rises sufficiently for him to proceed*). "This spit's a very dangerous bit, Mister; many a ship's gone down there. We'll tow yer off for a quid?"

YACHTSMAN. "I'll give you five shillings to save time."

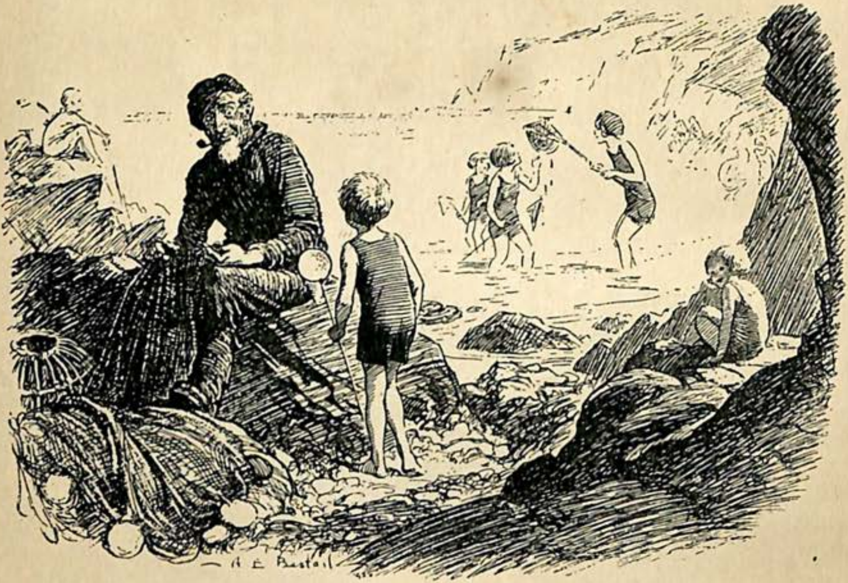
LONGSHOREMAN. "No, thanks, Mister; we'll get more than that for yer body."


MARINE VIEW CAFE
HOTEL
CONFECTIONER
LUNCHEON
DINNER
TRIPS

DISCRIMINATING TOUT. "Just about to start for Smugglebury Head! Famous for its rugged beauty and lobster teas."



VISITOR. "I suppose you're like all the other sailors—a wife in every port?"
BOATMAN. "No, Mum, I ain't bin in *every* port."



NERVOUS SMALL BOY. "Please, do you allow mixed shrimping?"

A Snap Reprisal

NOW that the summer—that is to say, my summer holiday—is over, an annual and harassing ordeal lies before me. During the next few weeks I shall have to spend many weary hours simulating an entirely fictitious interest in the holiday snapshots of my friends.

Most people have to do this. Some get hardened to it in time ; some, I regret to say, actually seem to derive a sort of perverted enjoyment from it. But I am different.

I can look at an ordinary photograph with anyone ; I can even affect a passable interest in a picture-postcard (" The house marked with a cross is the one where we stayed ") ; but the ordeal of sitting for protracted periods looking at indifferent snapshots one by one (" Pass them on to Aunt Harriet when you've looked at them ") is such as almost to unman one.

The vest-pocket camera fiends are among the worst. " There," they say, handing me a miniature picture of two halves of nothing in particular divided by a tilted line, the lower half being marred by a number of black spots. " That's all of us bathing. Those are our heads. It's rather far away, but Elsie took it, and she wouldn't come any nearer because of getting her feet wet."

"Oh, was it wet where you were?" I ask idiotically.

"Of course it was. That's the sea. We're bathing."

"Oh! Which is Elsie?"

"Elsie isn't in it. She took it."

"Why?"

"Because we're bathing."

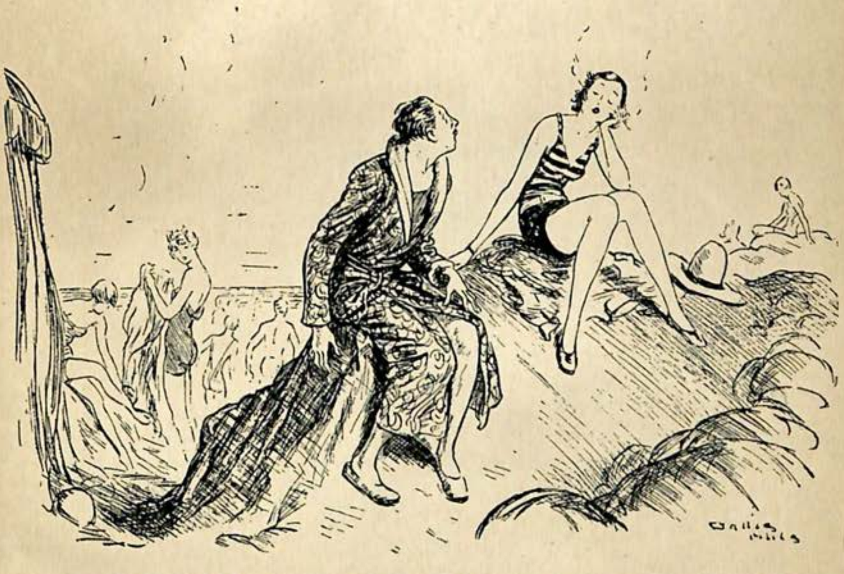
"Oh!" And I hold it out to Aunt Harriet.

"Half a minute. That's Jack and that's Molly and that's the other Watson girl, and—no, let me look a minute—no, *that's* the other Watson girl; and that's Jimmy's friend from Harrow; and that's—— It's a bit difficult to see."

I don't know Jack or Molly or any Watson girls or Jimmy or Jimmy's friend from Harrow, and with a sigh of relief I pass the miserable thing along to Aunt Harriet, who doesn't know them either.

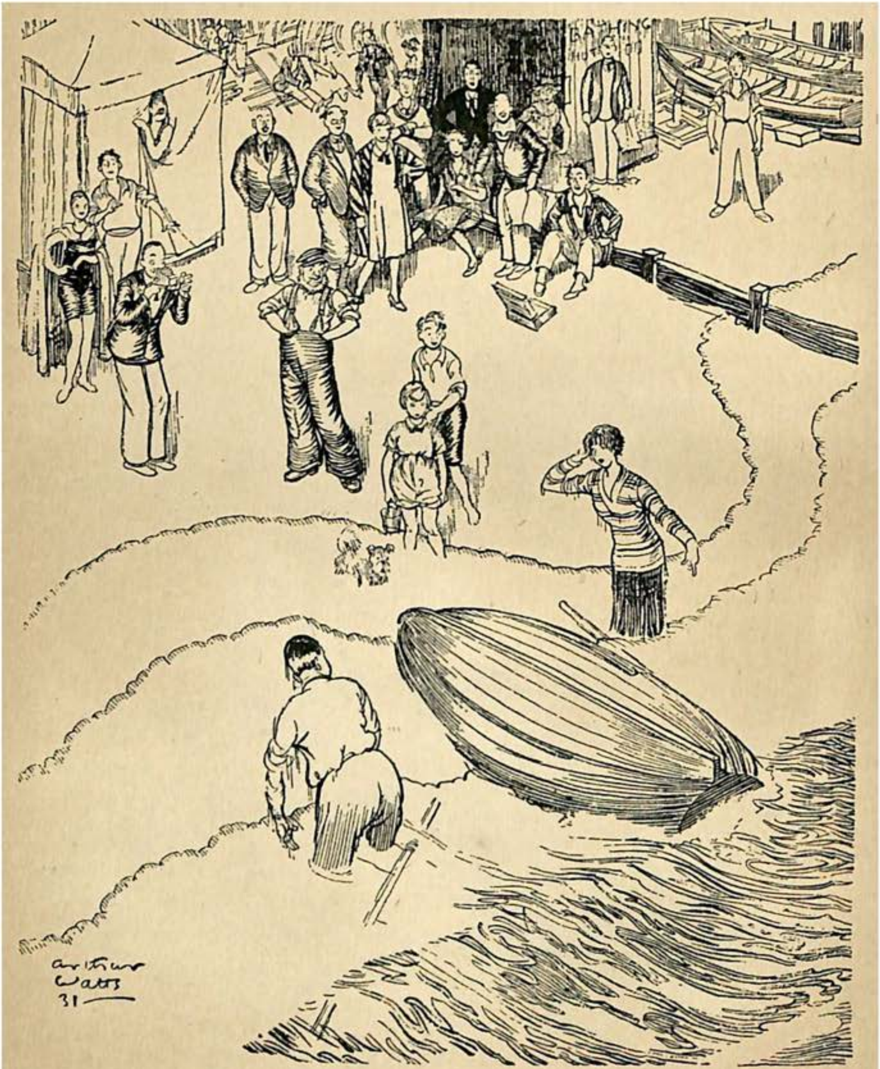
Then another dishonoured scrap of paper the size of a postage-stamp is handed to me. . . .

Those persons who possess larger cameras seem, as a rule, to be keenest on groups. In fact, the larger the photographs get the groupier they

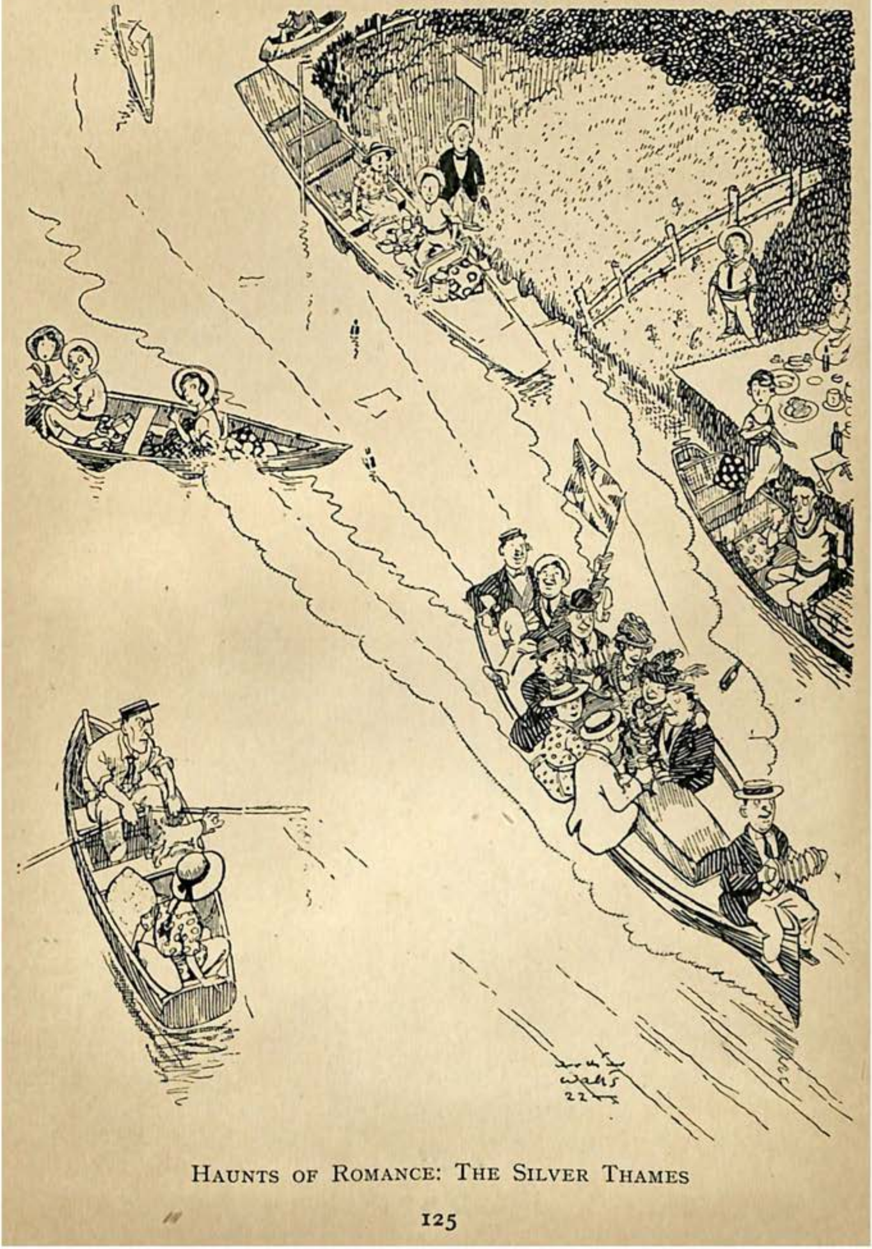


YOUNG MAN. "But surely you know me. I rescued you from drowning only yesterday."

GIRL. "Really! How nice of you! Morning or afternoon?"


BATHING
HUTS
Arthur Watts 31

"You might have upset the beastly thing a bit further out, George. I'd rather be drowned than look a perfect fool."


Arthur Watts 22

HAUNTS OF ROMANCE: THE SILVER THAMES

become; the artist seems to aim at getting as many people on to the film as possible. It reduces the cost of film per head, I suppose.

As a rule I know about four per cent. of the victims, but it makes no difference. We go through the groups row by row, reading from the left. It is a grim business.

"That one next to the end is Joan."

"That one?"

"No, not that one—*that* one."

"Oh! *That* one."

"Yes, that's right. That one."

"Oh! Who did you say it was?"

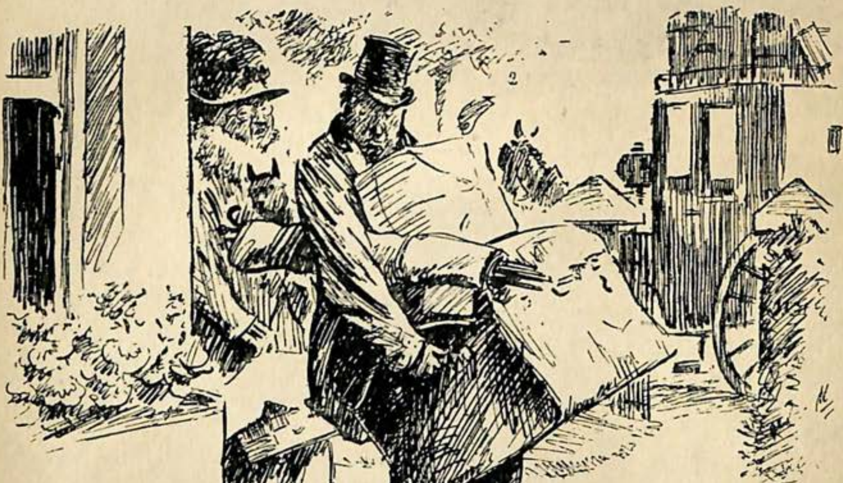
"Joan. She used to say the funniest things. We simply *roared*!"

They all laugh again at the recollection. I risk another look at Joan, but she has moved slightly and her expression is one of agitation. My gloom deepens.

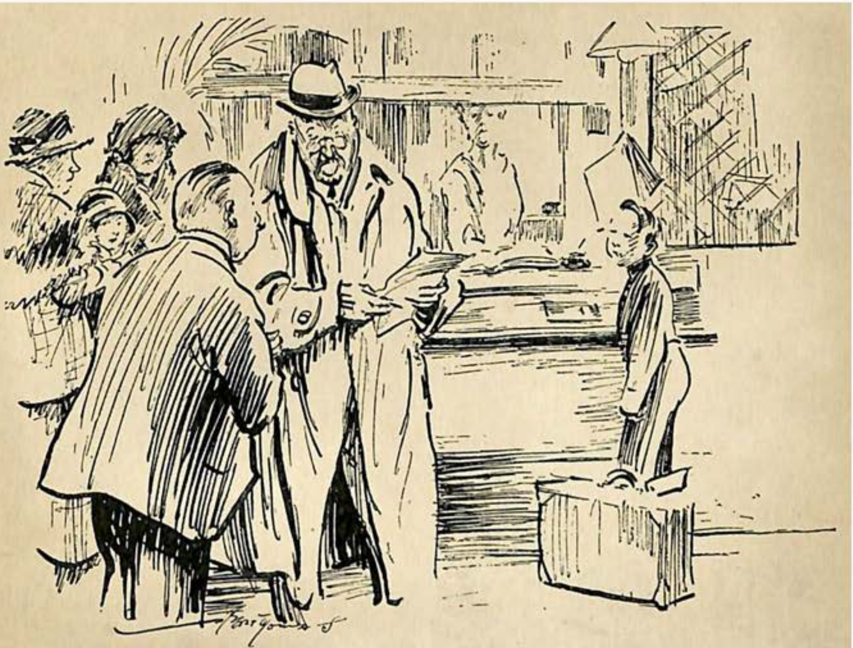
"And you see the next one?"

"Yes," I say, setting my teeth.

"Well, that's Billy. Only, of course, everyone called him Chumps."



LADY (*off for the holidays*). "I think we've got everything now."
CABBY. "Seems a pity, some'ow to leave the winder-boxes behind, don't it?"



HOTEL PROPRIETOR. "I'm sorry you consider the bill excessive. The hotel has the reputation of being very moderate."
VISITOR. "It certainly is—all but the charges."

"Naturally," I say politely. The reason for the alias is not apparent, but I hope to be spared an explanation. I pass hurriedly to a white blur further on.

"That's Philip. Of course he's awfully good-looking really. He's moved a bit."

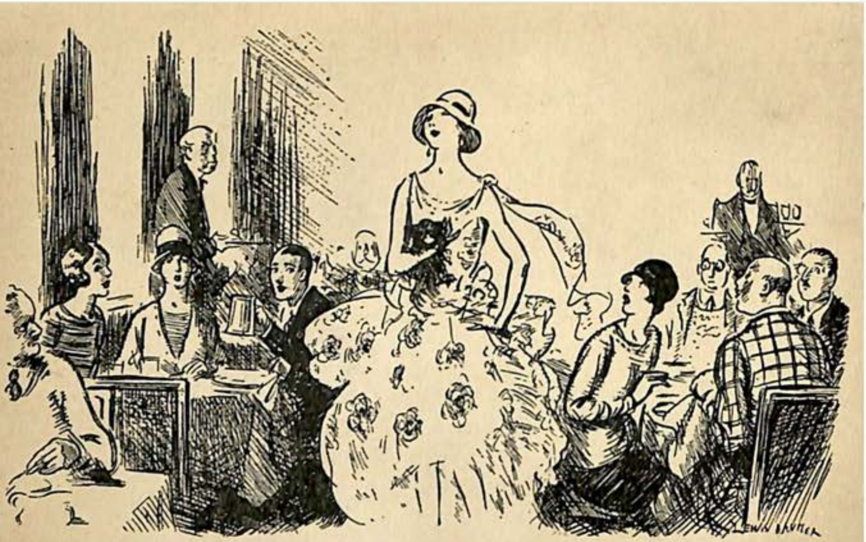
"He's moved a lot," I say severely.

"Yes. Of course he's awfully good-looking really. That's Mabel Ogilvie next to him. She knitted two jumpers in one week."

She looks it.

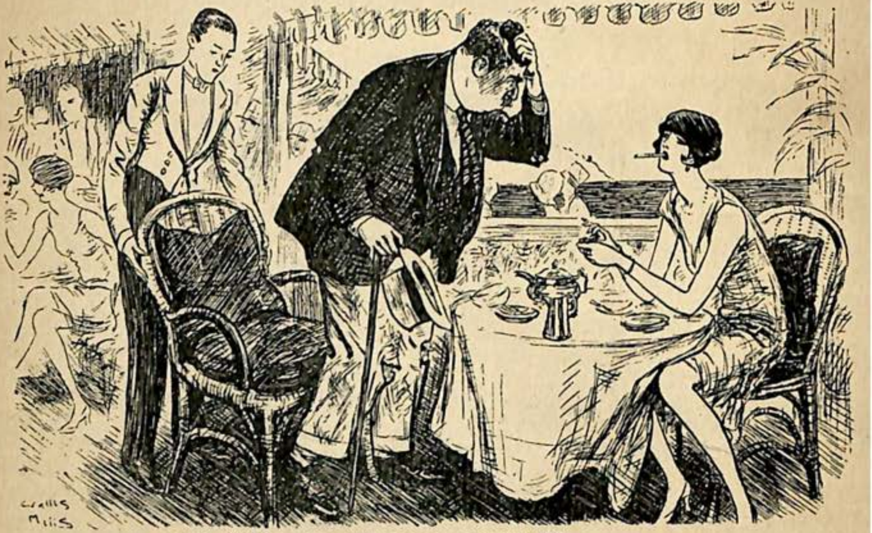
And so it goes on until Aunt Harriet gets the wretched thing and fits all the biographical details on the wrong persons. She probably gets more fun out of it than I do.

Then there are the personal snaps. These would be better if people would only get themselves taken at interesting moments, say Uncle Wilfred refusing his favourite dish on the boat going to the Canaries, or Cousin Mary sitting down suddenly in a shrimp pool. Such happy memories of the summer help to brighten a dreary winter. But my friends always seem to miss opportunities like that. This is the sort of thing I usually get instead :—

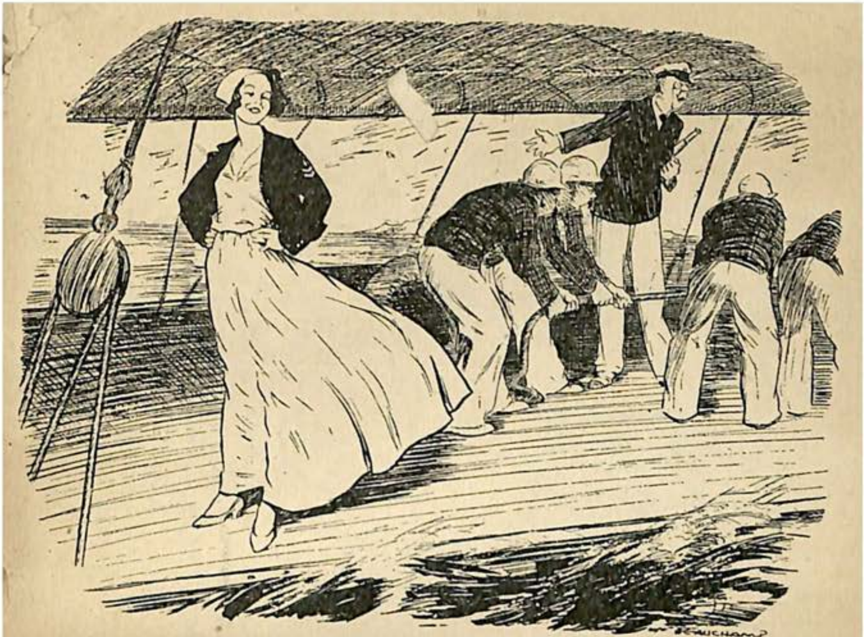


Hints to Holiday-makers: How to be Different

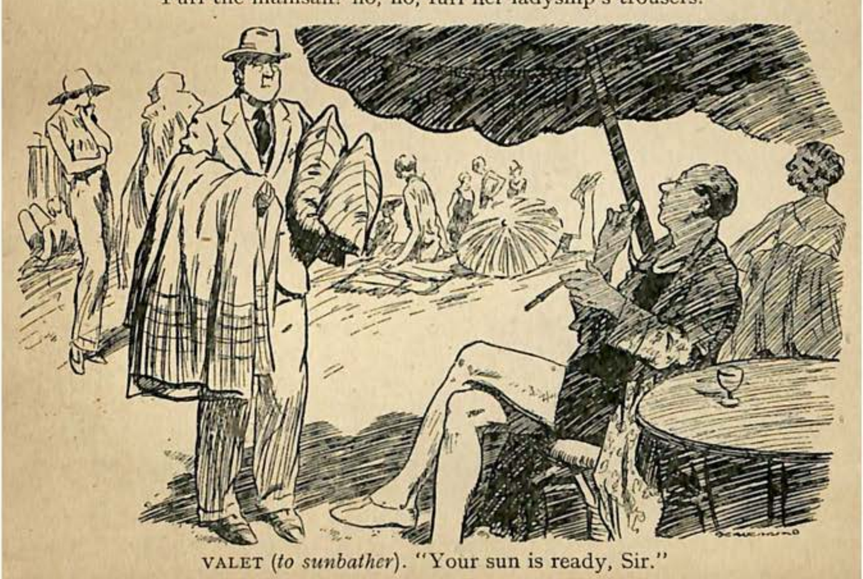
Take your frothiest confections to North Berwick.



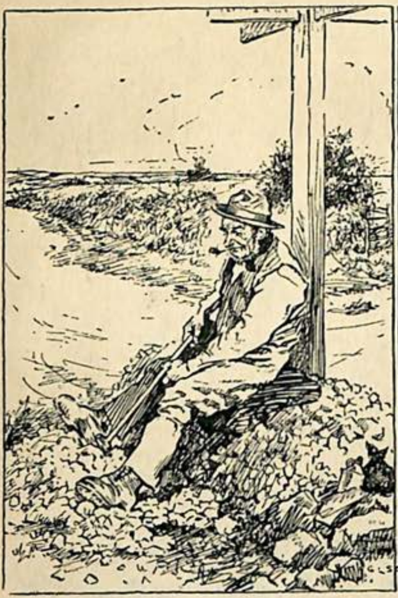
WIFE. "Why on earth are you so late?"
HUSBAND. "I tumbled down the cliff, my dear."
WIFE. "Well, *that* oughtn't to have taken you long."



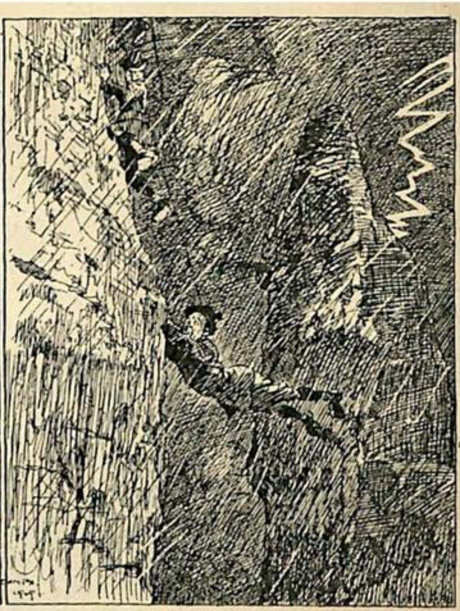
"Furl the mainsail? no, no; furl her ladyship's trousers!"



VALET (*to sunbather*). "Your sun is ready, Sir."



Toil



Pleasure

" That's me going down to the beach."

" Oh yes."

" This one's me on the beach."

" Oh yes. Jolly."

" This is me coming back from the beach."

" Oh yes. I recognise the sea."

" Yes. This is father going down to the beach."

" Oh yes. Same beach ? "

" Yes. This is mother coming back from——"

Well, you see what I mean. As I say, it's pretty grim.

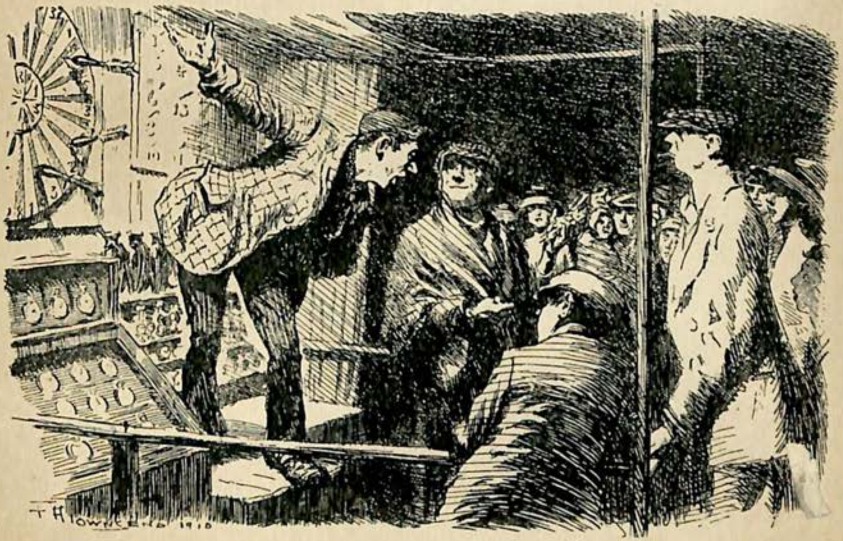
But this is my last year of it ; I have decided on reprisals.

It is quite simple. I have devoted a portion of each day of my modest holiday to being photographed. It made me feel rather like the Prince of Wales at the time, and it gained for me a considerable local reputation. People thought that I must be someone famous, and three enthusiasts asked me for my autograph.

But it is going to be worth it. I have got dozens of photographs, and as I look at them I think of how I shall enjoy inflicting them on my photographic friends. I flatter myself that they are without any exception the dullest, the most uninteresting and the worst collection of holiday photographs in existence. No one would risk being shown them twice.

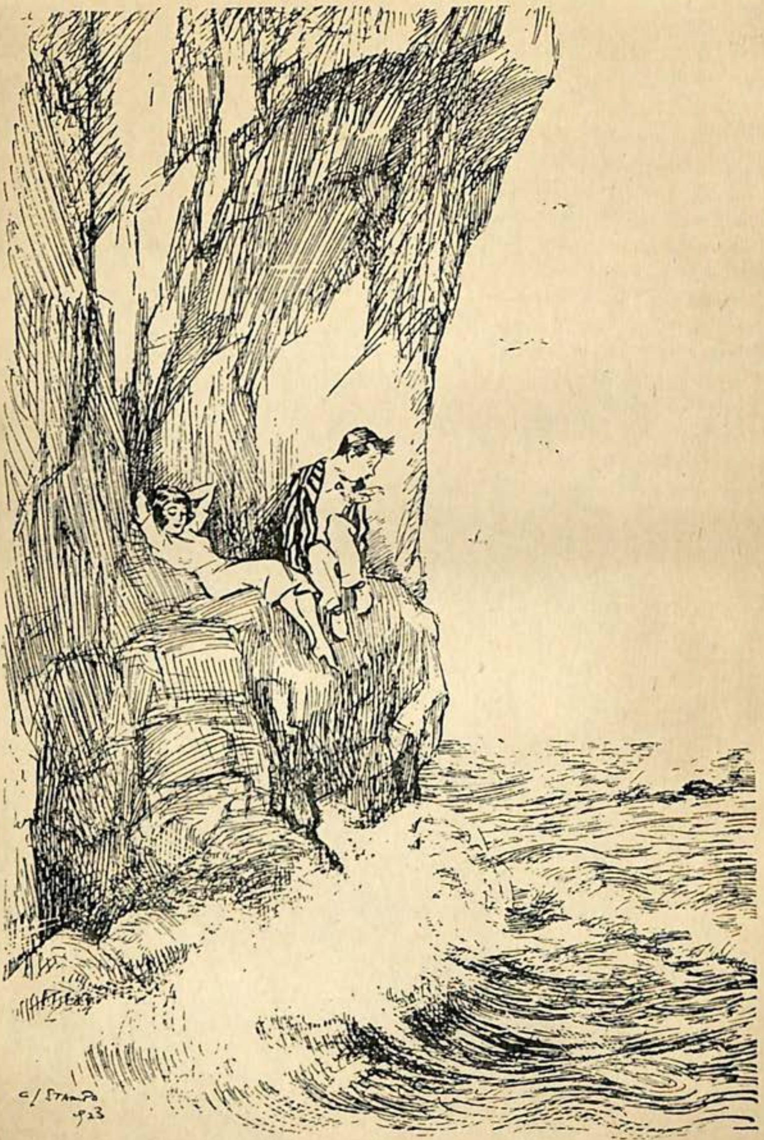
The first one shows me standing on the promenade. It is a bad photograph of me and only a moderate one of the promenade. The second shows me on the pier; the pier is comparatively recognisable. In No. 3 I am stepping aboard the "Saucy Susan" for a trip round the bay. If my face were visible the expression would probably be one of anxiety, but it is a back view. No. 4 jumps a painful interval and shows me stepping out of the "Saucy Susan." My face would doubtless have registered relief mingled with prayer if the jib had not fallen across it at the moment when the photographer pulled the trigger. No. 5 depicts me in the hotel grounds, taking my hat off to France; a companion picture, No. 6, shows me in the act of putting it on again to Italy. No. 7 is a study of "golfer (practically me) topping his drive," and No. 8——

But I won't bother you with any more of them. You have not shown me any holiday snapshots yet. If you ever do, by Kodak (a pagan god) you shall have the whole nine-dozen.



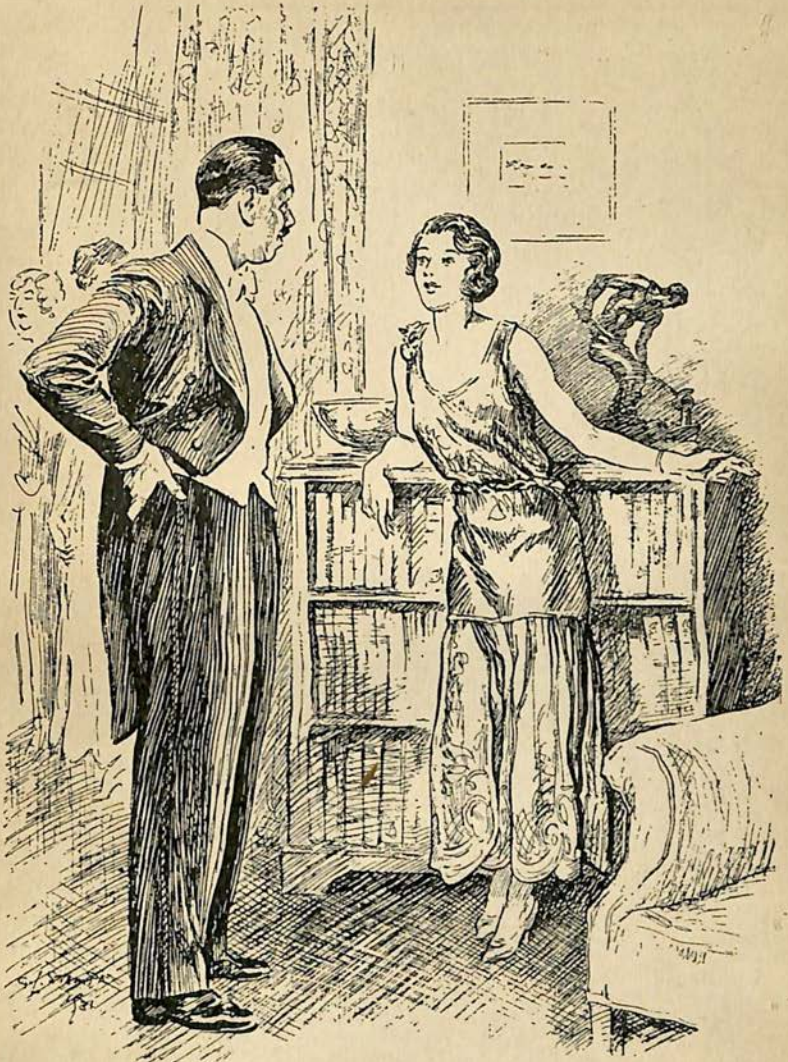
"THE LITTLE MORE, AND HOW MUCH IT IS!"

"Play up! play up for the big prizes! Ten, ten, nine—twenty-nine points. 'Ard lines, Sir. If you 'd got thirty you 'd have won a gold watch. M'ria, give the gentleman a bag o' nuts."



SHE (*breaking long silence*). "If you've thought of anythin' amusin' to say yet, let's 'ear it."

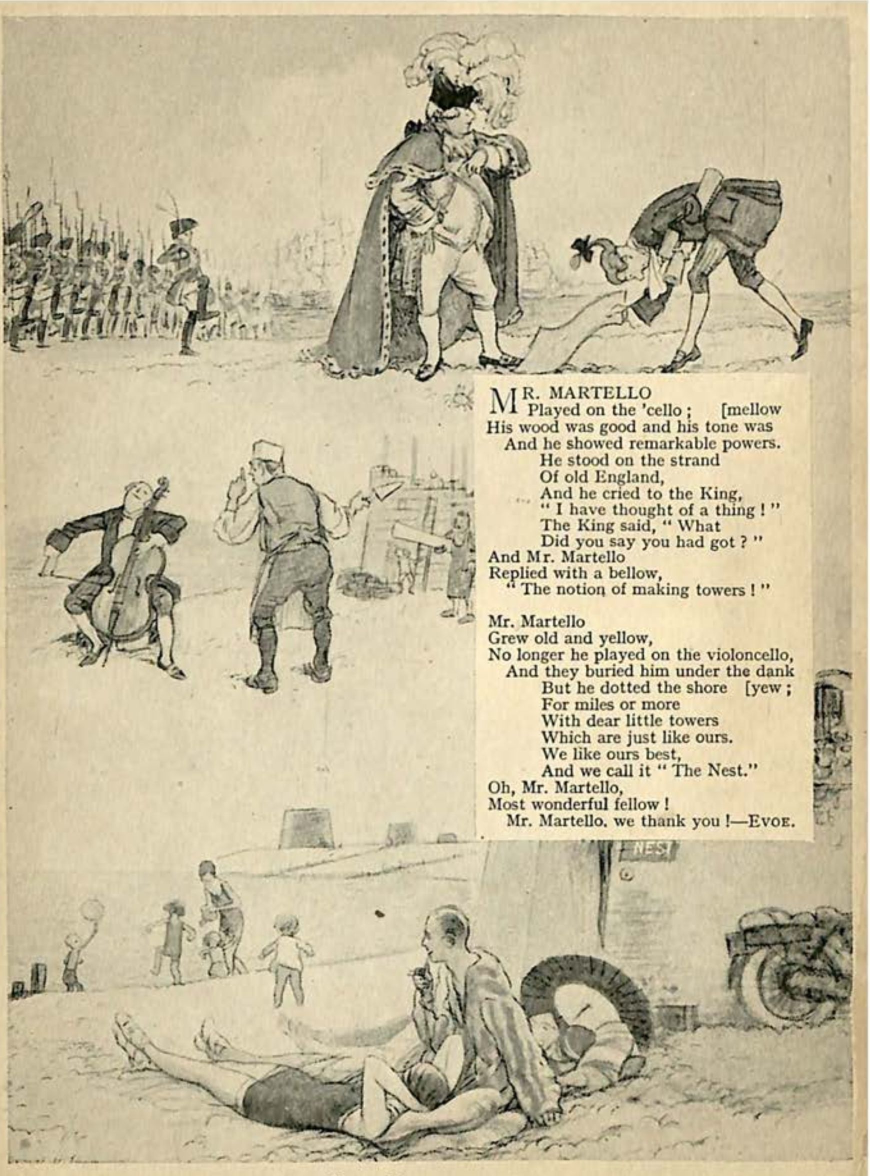
HE. "I was wonderin' if you'd like yer tea. 'Cos, if the tide's comin' *in*, I dunno where you'll get it."



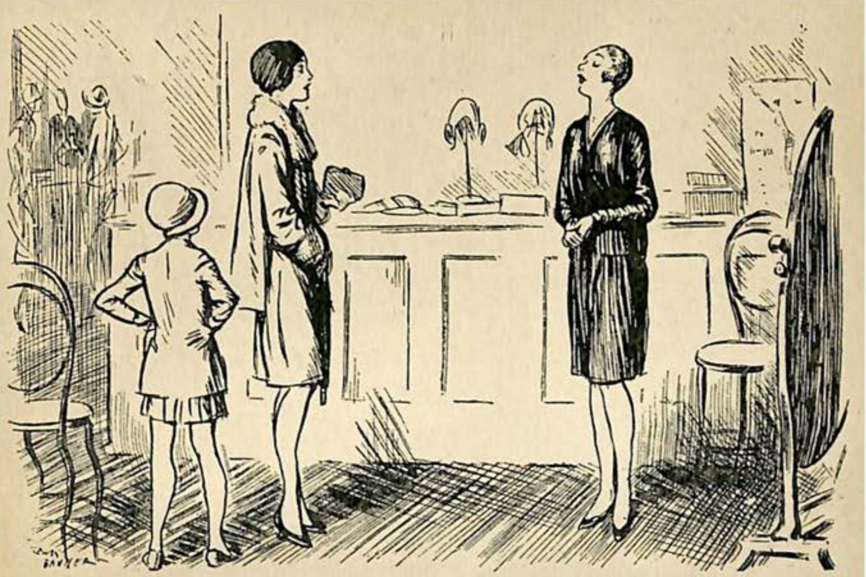
HE. "Been away yet?"
SHE. "Yes."
HE. "Where d' you go?"
SHE. "Scotland. Awfully toppin'."
HE. "What you do there?"
SHE. "Fished a bit—spot o' golf—little shootin'."
HE. "Good dogs?"
SHE. "Yes, awfully toppin'."
HE. "Decent weather?"
SHE. "Not so putrid."
HE. "I say, what a treat it is to meet somebody who can talk on any subject!"

MR. MARTELLO
Played on the 'cello; [mellow
His wood was good and his tone was
And he showed remarkable powers.
He stood on the strand
Of old England,
And he cried to the King,
"I have thought of a thing!"
The King said, "What
Did you say you had got?"
And Mr. Martello
Replied with a bellow,
"The notion of making towers!"

Mr. Martello
Grew old and yellow,
No longer he played on the violoncello,
And they buried him under the dank
But he dotted the shore [yew;
For miles or more
With dear little towers
Which are just like ours.
We like ours best,
And we call it "The Nest."
Oh, Mr. Martello,
Most wonderful fellow!
Mr. Martello, we thank you!—EVOE.



The Bathing-hut



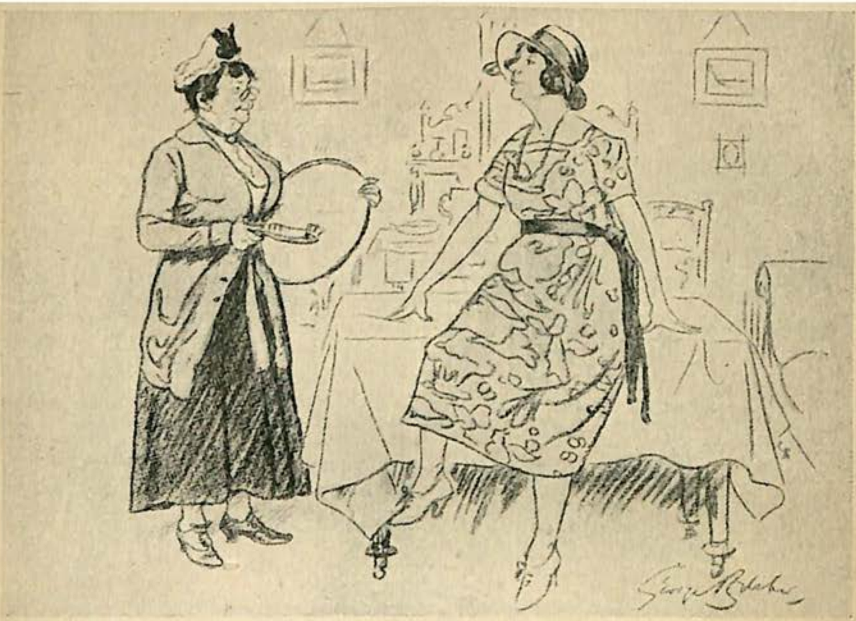
CUSTOMER. "I want to see some bathing-dresses."
SUPERIOR MODISTE. "I'm sorry, Madam, we don't keep them. But we have exclusive designs in sand-suits, foam-fashions and wave-wear."

Last on the List

NOT Brown for whom the bright
wave dashes
Where breezy Barmouth takes the
seas,
Not Jones whose well-aimed mashie
mashes
North Berwick's superficies,
Not Smith I envy, though his cash is
So ultra-plentiful that he's
Sailed in his steam-yacht to the Adriatic,
Returning on a date that's wholly
problematic.

The angler by slow watercourses
With pipe and lunch and noonday
nap,
The motor fiend whose ninety
horses
Contemn the rustic bobby-trap
The mountaineer whose one resource is
To scale some Alp's unsullied
cap—
These, as they leave for range or road or
river,
Provoke no answering bile in my rebellious liver.

The sail that swells to all the breezes,
The wave that cools the fevered
skin,
The vale where every prospect
pleases
And trippers don't come barging
in,
The friendly inn whose duck and
peas is
Companioned by a decent bin—



VISITOR TO VERY QUIET SEASIDE PLACE. "And what ever do you people do with yourselves in the winter?"

LANDLADY. "Oh, we talks and laughs about the people what stays 'ere in the summer."

Rich memory, in her ample store-house,
treasures
Days when I too fared forth to prove
these fleeting pleasures.

Yet well I know how meretricious
Are all those vistas of the mind,
How dearly Fortune loves to dish us,
The elements to prove unkind,
How jaunts we thought would be
delicious
Attempted prove a tedious grind,
And we return, our unsuccessful fun done,
Saying that, after all, there's no place
quite like London.

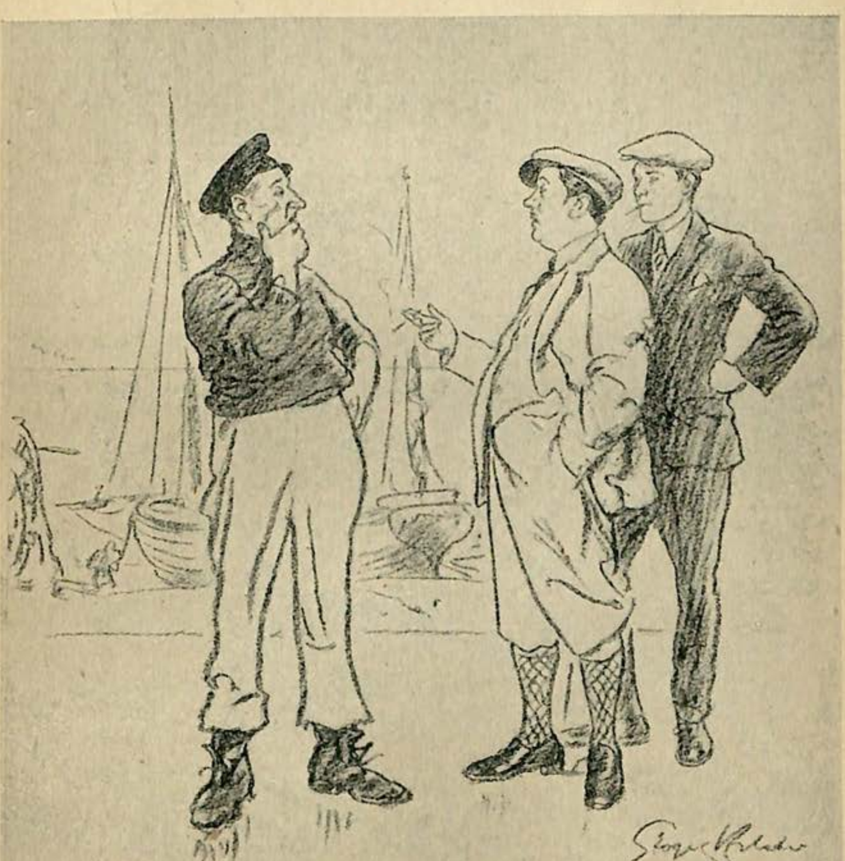
Let others wander; me St. James's
Delightful park sufficeth still,
Or where the fleetfoot Eros aims his
Inflammatory darts at will;
Me Bond Street, dear to dainty
dames, is
More bracing to than any hill,
The liquid haunts beloved of thirsty
Gringos
Cooler than stream wheredown the
halcyon's sea-blue wing goes.

So whether August bends his solar
Ardours alike on dog and man,
Or harries us with circumpolar
Blizzards, as English Augusts can
London, whose streets the presen
goal are
Of half the élite of Wumpvill
(Kan.),

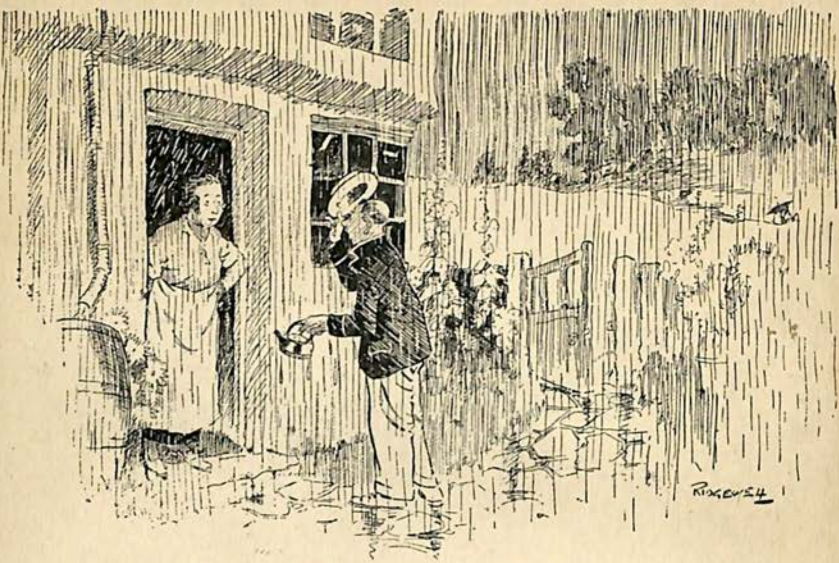
Shall hold the faithful feet of Albert Cluffins
Till harvest comes and goose and golden rod and muffins.

Then where late summer warms the failing
Leaf and the clacking binder goes,
Where over hills the clouds go sailing
Or orchards ripen in repose,
I shall be found at last regaling
Eye, ear and lung and patient nose,
Free, as the cold bars clang behind my fellows,
To go where Summer goes and mellow as it mellows.

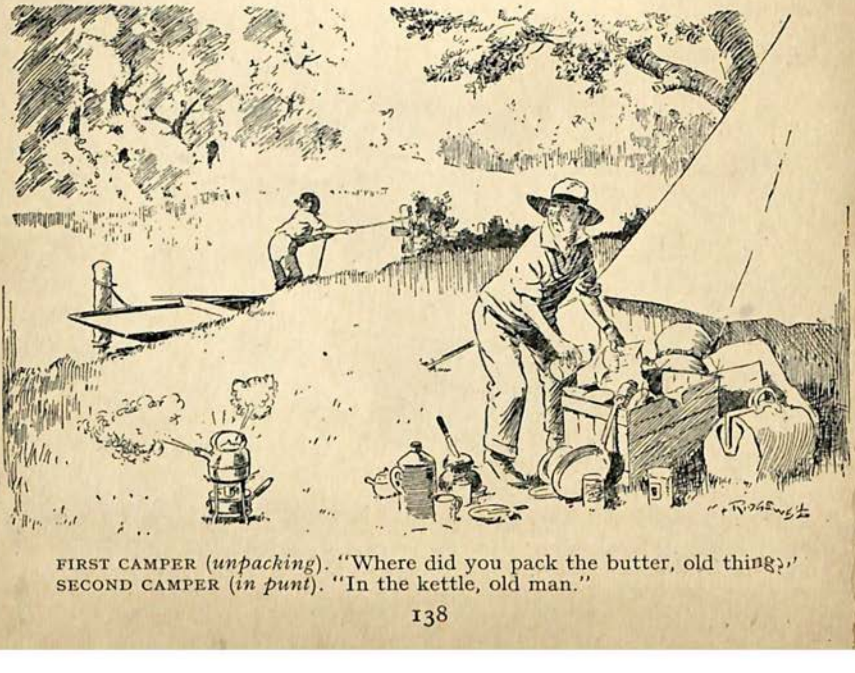
ALGOL



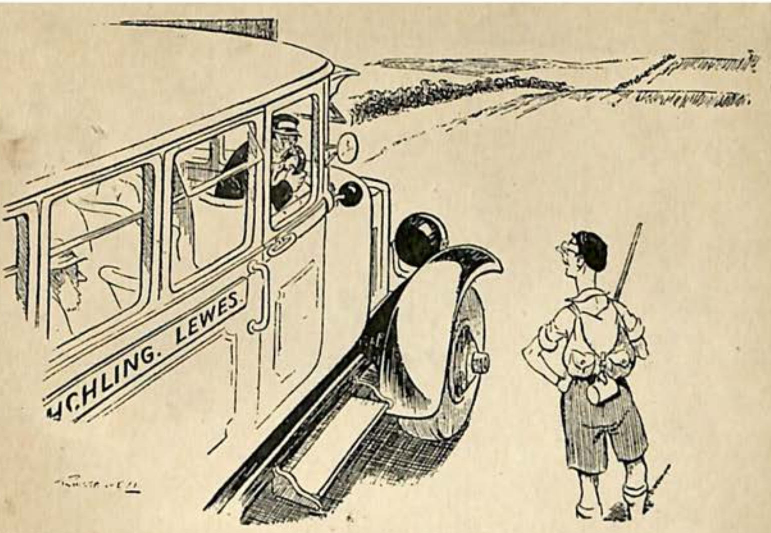
VISITOR. "What kind of fish are these you've caught?"
FISHERMAN. "Well, up in London restorongs they calls 'em halibut, turbot and whiting, but down 'ere we calls 'em dog-fish."



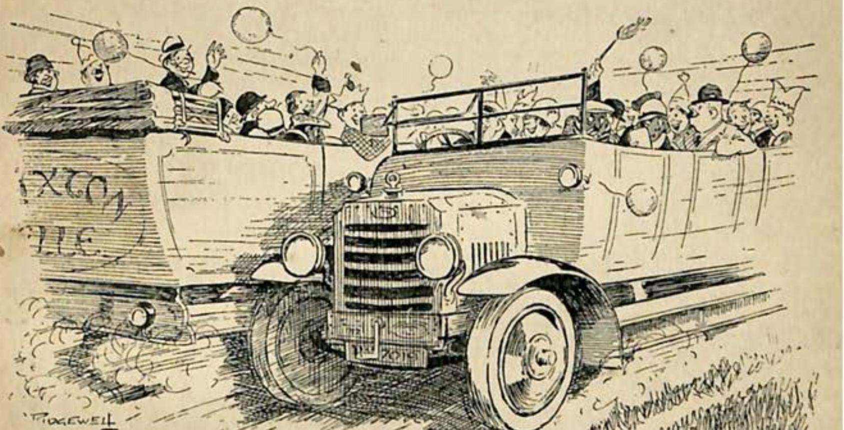
UNDEFEATABLE PICNICKER. "Excuse me—I wonder if I may have a little water?"



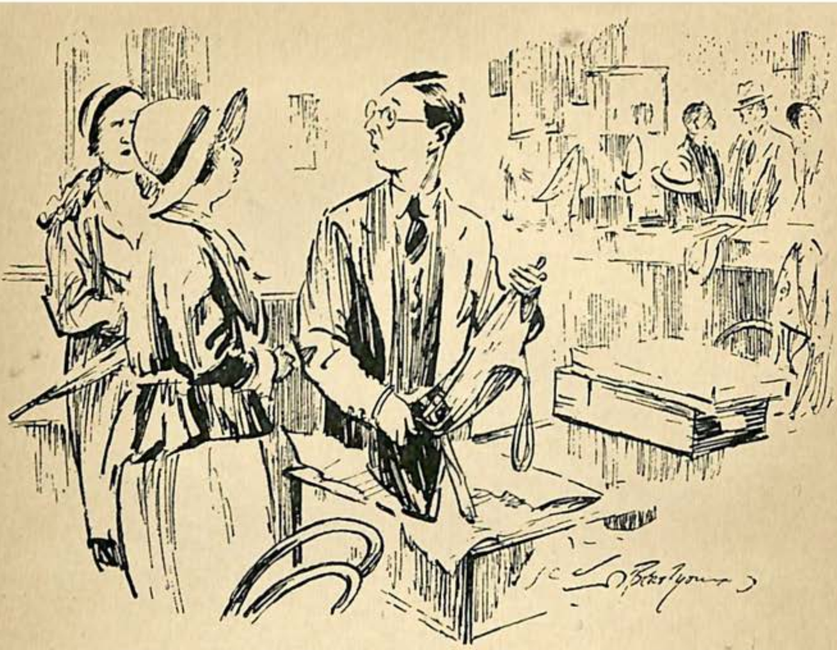
FIRST CAMPER (*unpacking*). "Where did you pack the butter, old thing?"
SECOND CAMPER (*in punt*). "In the kettle, old man."


CHLING. LEWES.

ENTHUSIASTIC HIKER (*as the coach pulls up*). "I'm awfully sorry! Didn't mean you to stop. I merely remarked, 'Wind on the heath, Brother!'"



Embarrassment of the Smythe-Brownes, who had told the Joneses that they proposed to go motoring at Easter.



SHOPMAN (*discussing bathing costume*). "Really, I can't understand it shrinking, unless—er—you've actually been in the sea with it."

"A Busman's Holiday"

MY sister Pamela looked worried.

"I really don't know what to do with Henry," she told me; "I *cannot* persuade him to give his mind a rest. He works nearly the whole day; he reads only medical journals, and he talks nothing but shop. I'm getting seriously alarmed about him."

"How about asking in friends to distract him?" I suggested.

"I've tried that," sighed Pamela. "Last Sunday one of his oldest friends came to lunch. Henry was dreadful. He *would* describe a trepanning operation he had just done. He illustrated it with a loaf and the bread-knife. Really at times he is most trying."

"Why not take him away for a holiday?"

"Oh, I've done that. We stayed in Devonshire last month. Henry was miserable. When he had a wire to return and operate on Sir Jonathan he was as happy as a prisoner with a reprieve."

I offered my condolences.

"Arthur," said Pamela coaxingly, "I wish *you* would take him away; he has always been so fond of you. Try to keep his mind from medical subjects for a week; will you?"

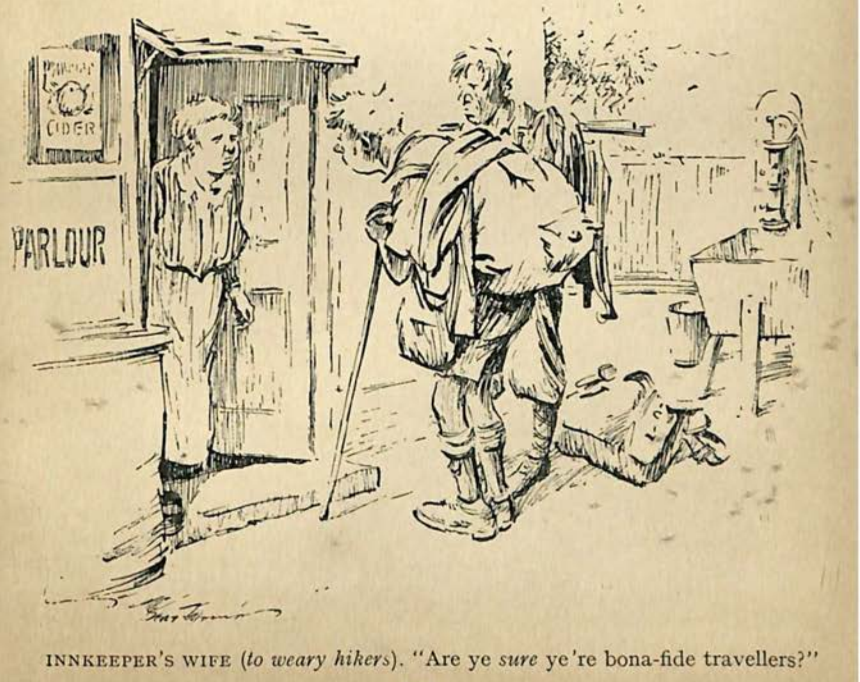
I promised to do my best.

When I proposed a tour in my new car, Henry showed no enthusiasm; indeed, if I had suggested a cheap excursion to Thanet, he could hardly have made more excuses. However, I pressed him so persistently and Pamela abetted me with such vigour that at length he gave way.

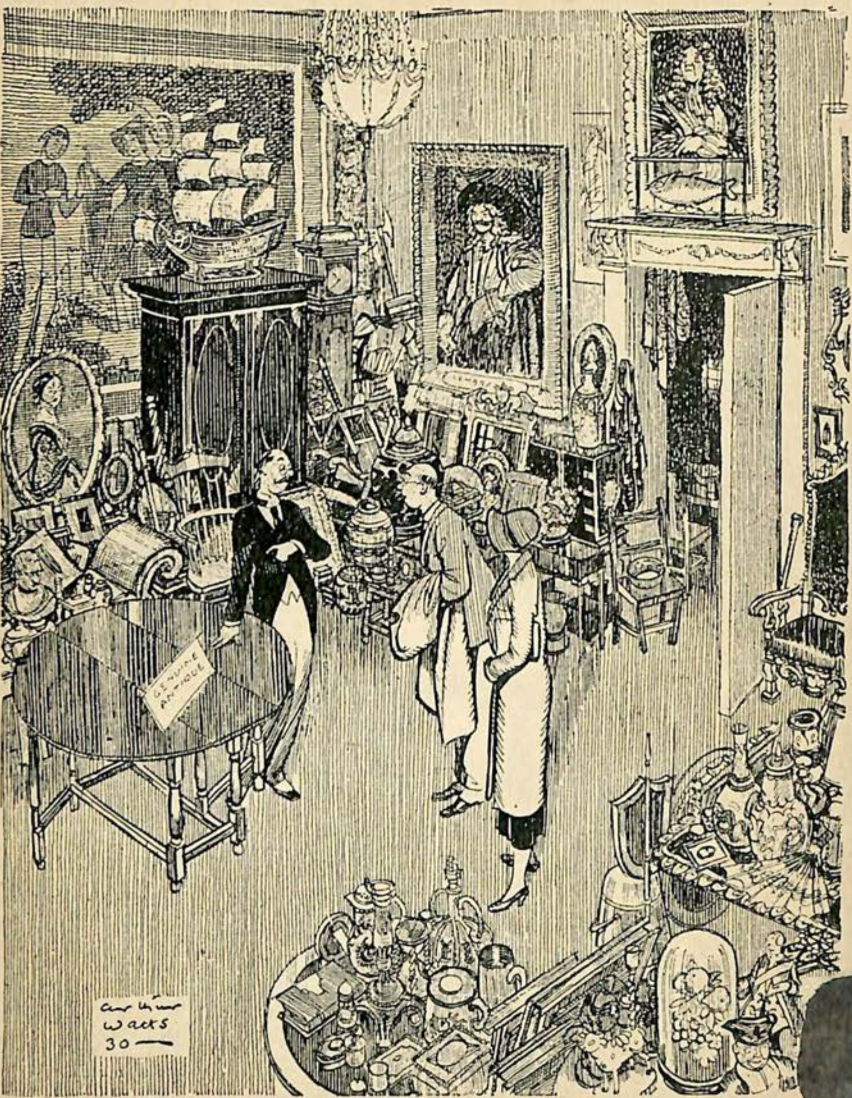
I very soon discovered that I was up against a tough proposition. In former days Henry had been a fellow easy to entertain, with an observant eye and a taste for scenery; but now that he had grown famous in the operating-room his mind had become anæsthetised to the beauties of Nature. Winding streams recalled the flow of lymph in fistulæ. A starry sky made him think of a photographic plate of bacteriological growths; an autumn moon shining through mist suggested ophthalmic cataract.

There had been a time when Henry took an interest in my profession—Land Agency; I strove to revive it.

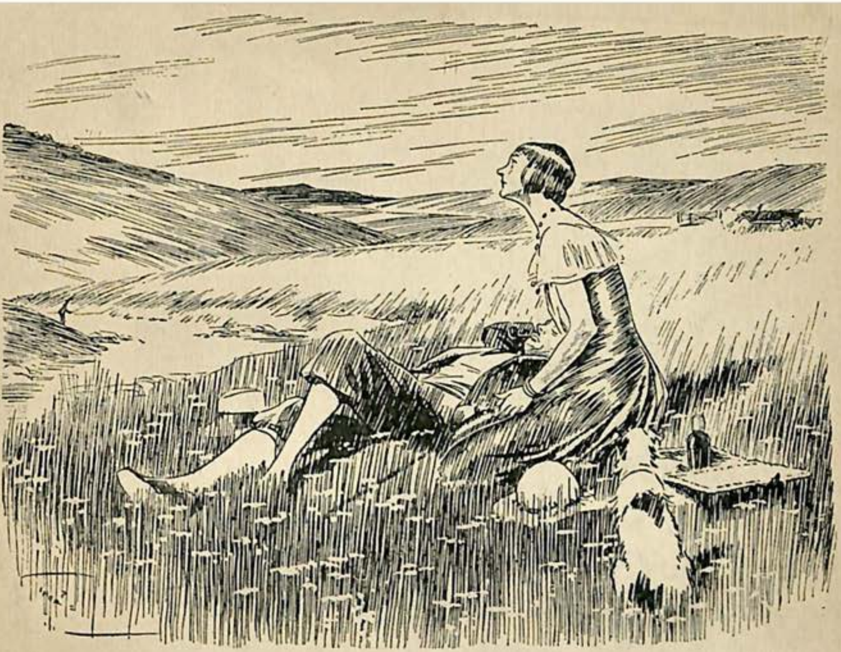
With some difficulty I kindled a spark of enthusiasm on the subject of



INNKEEPER'S WIFE (*to weary hikers*). "Are ye *sure* ye're bona-fide travellers?"


GENUINE ANTIQUE
Arthur Watts 30

ABSENT-MINDED SALESMAN. "Yes, Sir, unique little piece. We sell a lot of them



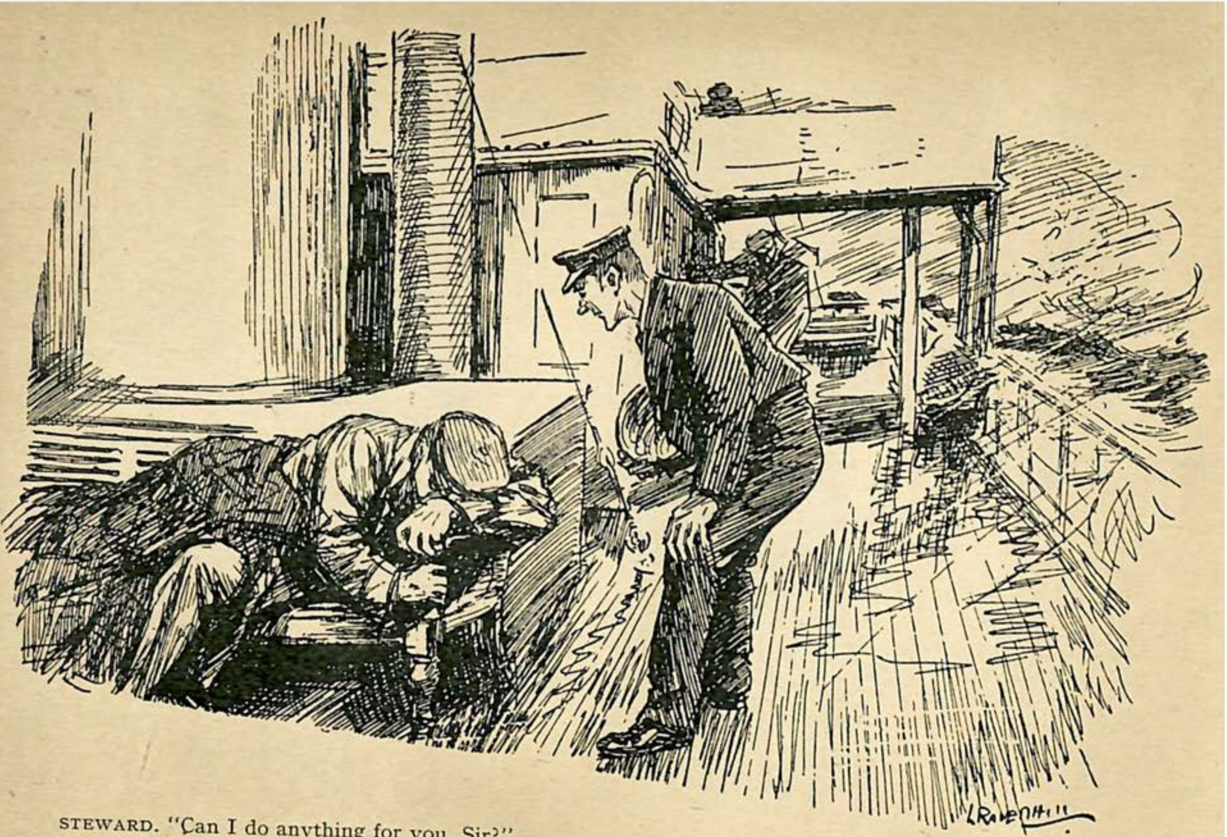
"Listen, Lionel. Is that the note of the curlew or the peewit?"
"My pipe."

timber. I was nearing a state of optimism when we came upon a woodcutter engaged in lopping off superfluous branches. Henry shuddered and launched into a lecture on the dangers of using unsterilised instruments.

I persevered, and at length succeeded in raising a mild interest in shorthorns. But unfortunately upon one of the cows I showed him he noticed a peculiar ganglion which he excitedly told me belonged to the same species as one he had removed from a patient the previous month. Not before I had listened to a complete and detailed account of the operation could I draw him off.

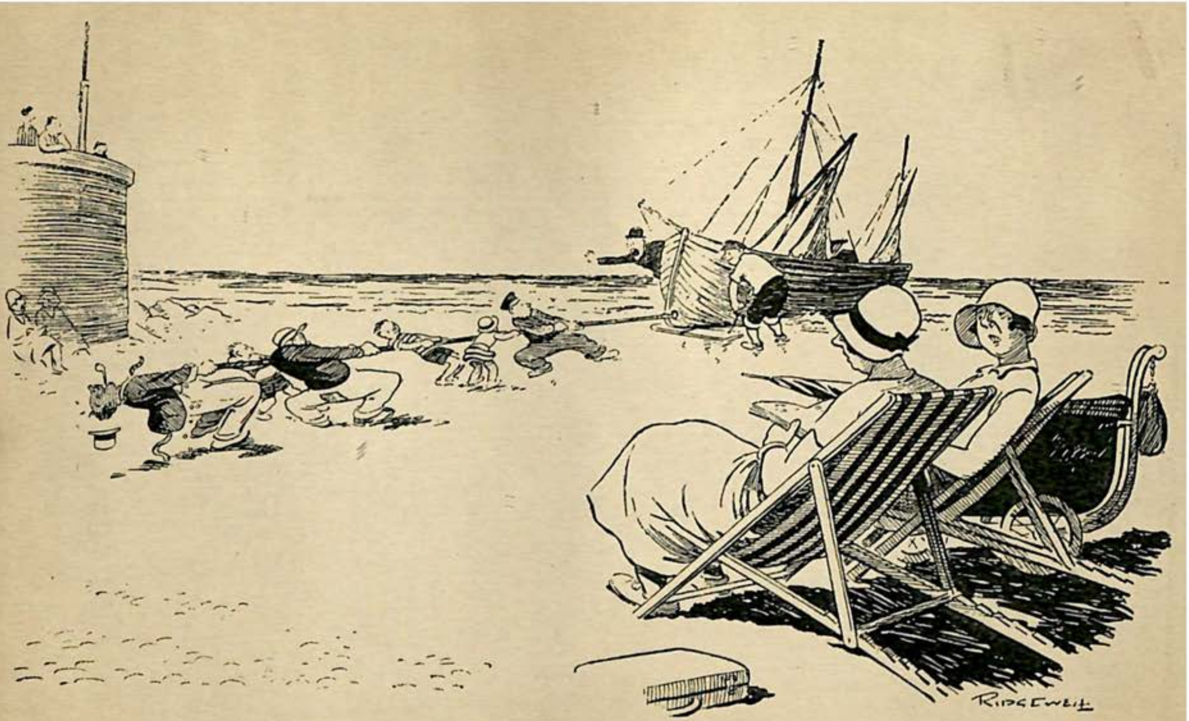
The situation threatened failure; I redoubled my efforts to divert his mind. I tried golf; I tried tennis. I stimulated his vitality by bathing him in sea-water and depressed it by dosing him with medicinal spring water. I quickened his brain by drawing him into conversation with village rustics, and dulled it by introducing him to my hunting acquaintances. It was all in vain; his mind persistently swung back to its surgical magnetic meridian.

At length we happened to meet two of Henry's friends whom he had last

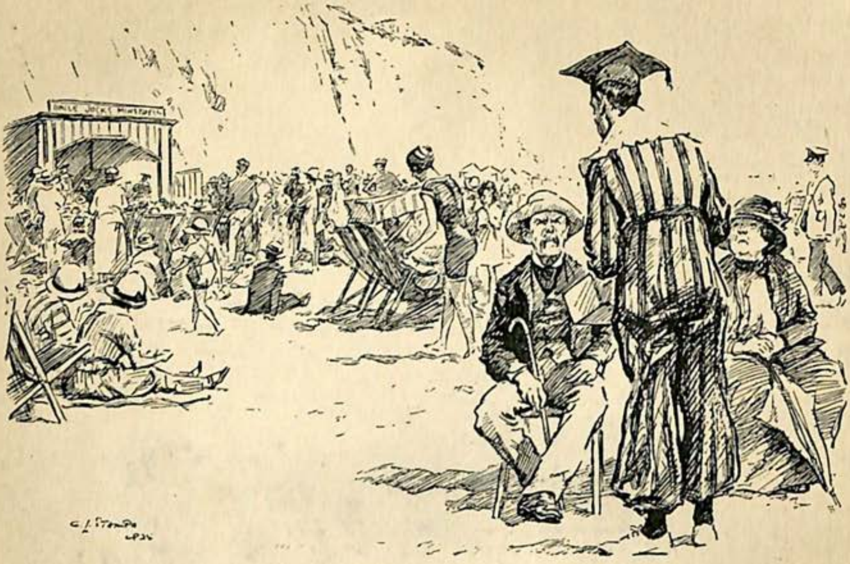


STEWARD. "Can I do anything for you, Sir?"

PASSENGER (*faintly*). "You might present my compliments to the Chief Engineer and ask him if there is any hope of the boilers blowing up."



WIFE (*bitterly*). "Look at 'im! and then 'ear what 'e says when I ask 'im to give a 'and with the child's pram!"



GRUMPY HOLIDAY-MAKER (*to nigger collecting*). "Why come to me? I can't hear all this way off."
NIGGER. "Why don't you come closer, Sir?"
GRUMPY HOLIDAY-MAKER. "Because then I *should* hear."

seen at Bart's. Of course the conversation at once took a clinical turn, and it was some time before I could draw one of them aside and explain matters.

We discussed possible remedies at considerable length, and agreed that some powerful counteractive stimulant was imperative.

He quoted cases of a confirmed bridge fiend cured by an earthquake; a rabid religious maniac restored to sanity by a spiritualistic séance, and an advanced dipsomaniac who signed the pledge after four days on the switchbacks at Barnet Fair.

The last of these he pointed out as a particularly remarkable case.

"It was the excitement which cured him," he explained; "couldn't we try the effect of pace on Henry?"

"Henry hates a fast life," I said. "I tried him with mixed bathing down at Brighton, but it was a dead failure. I'm afraid his mind is too anatomical."

"No, no, I didn't mean that," he put in hastily; "I meant the speed of motion."

I told him that my car was considered fast by certain of the local police who had warned me; and it was agreed that we should take Henry out the following morning and invoke the aid of the Goddess of Pace.

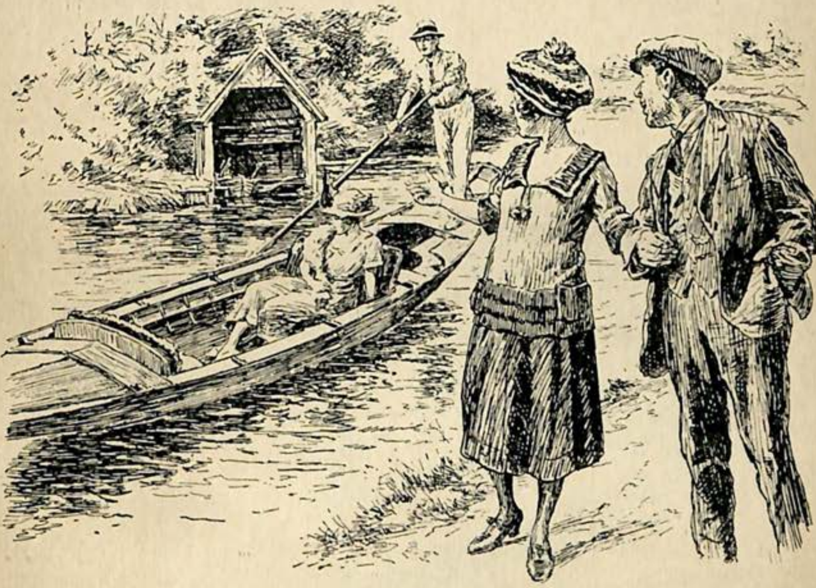
The road was good, and in spite of the extra weight of Henry's two friends we easily touched seventy on the straight. What we touched on the bend was a car approaching us on the wrong side of the road, carrying four male tourists.

Henry and one friend at the back escaped with a few cuts and bruises, but the remaining six of us were not so lucky. We were taken to the nearest hospital.

A week later Henry sat on the foot of my bed, smiling and happy, holding in his hand a packet of X-ray plates.

With the pride of a child displaying his album of picture-postcards, he showed me broken fibulæ, shattered clavicles and fractured femurs—all produced, aligned and plated with the skill of a master-hand.

" It has been a top-hole holiday ! " he exclaimed, enthusiastically grasping my uninjured palm ; " I can't thank you enough. We must have another tour next year."

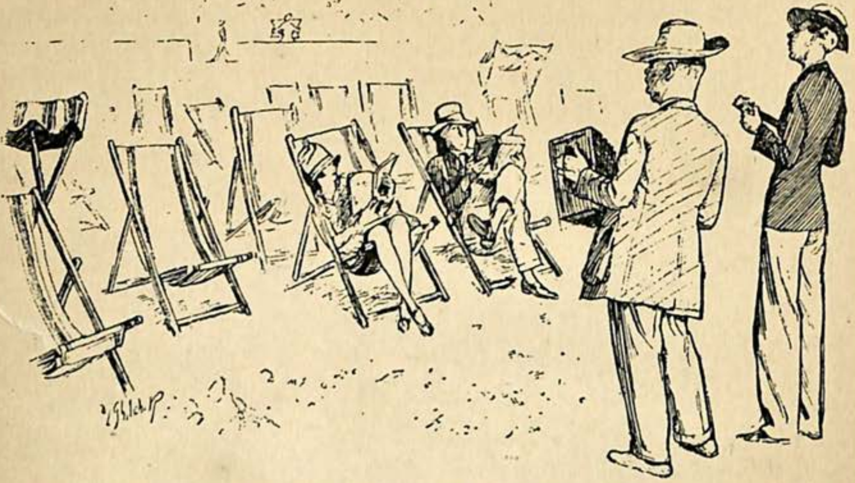


FLO (*as the sandalo passes*). "Ow, look 'ere, Bert—'ere's a rummy bowt."

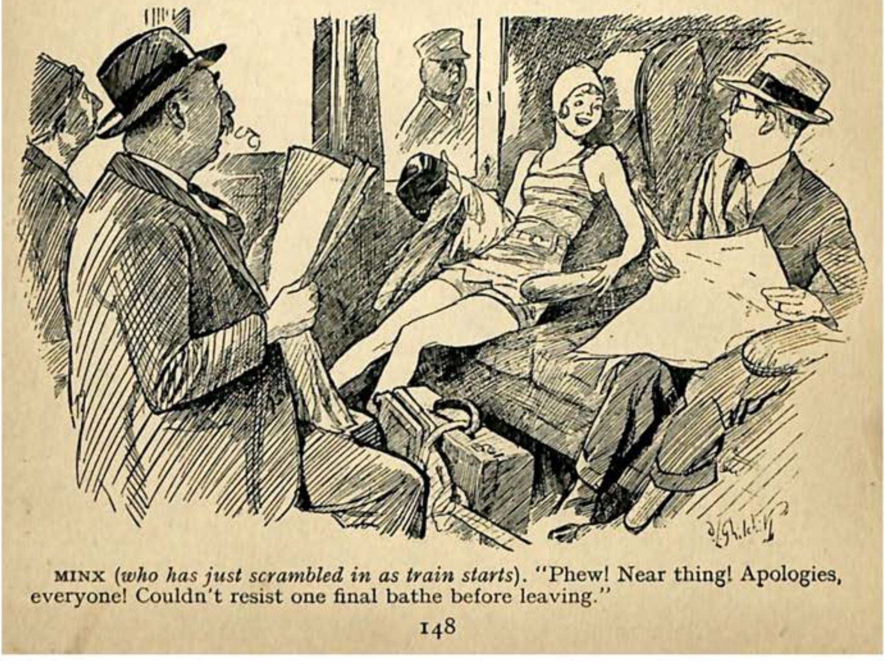
BERT. "Ah! Fink they're in Switzerland, I s'pose." (*Aug. 10, 1921*)

Westgate-on-Sea has decided to abolish bathing-machines. In future visitors desiring to bathe will have to do it by hand.

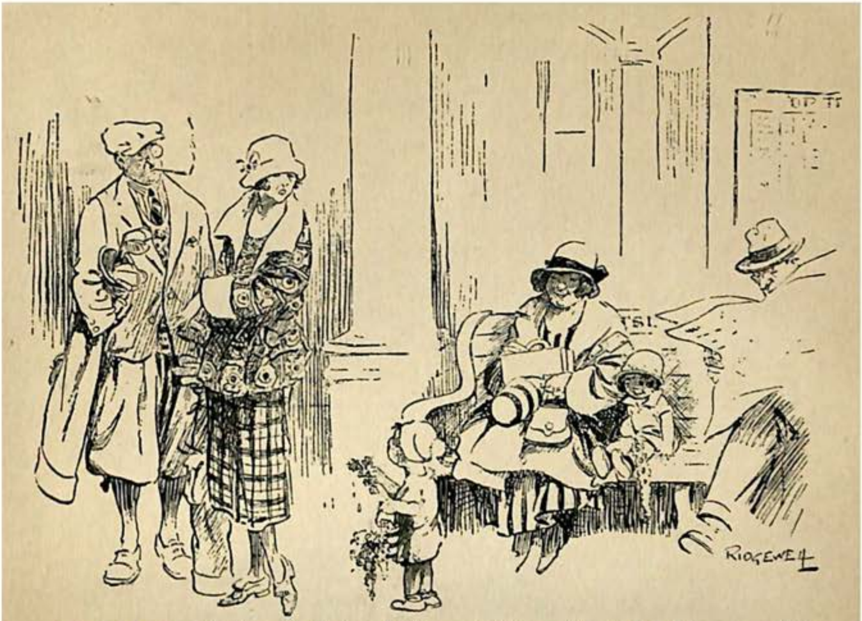
Embarrassment of Riches : Margate. —MOTHER. Now, Tommy, which would you rather do—have a donkey ride or watch father bathe ?



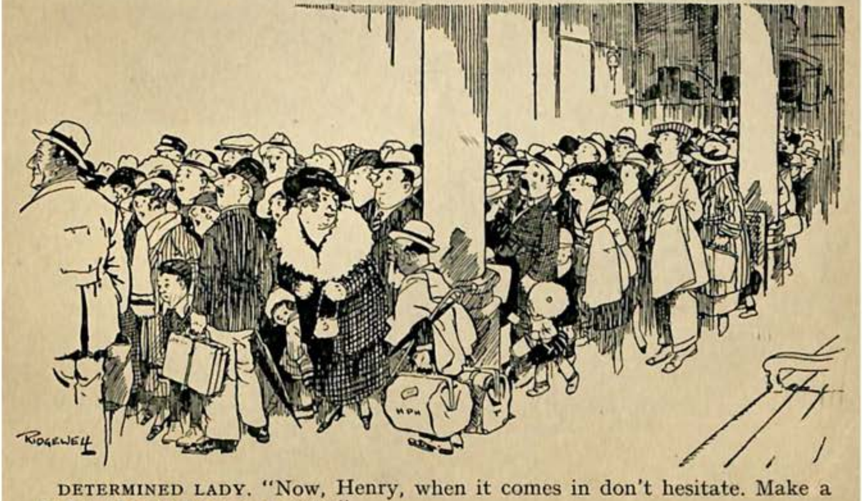
UNQUENCHABLE BEACH ARTIST. "Ladies and gentlemen, in response to numerous requests, we will now sing as our encore 'My cutie is some doggone wow.' "



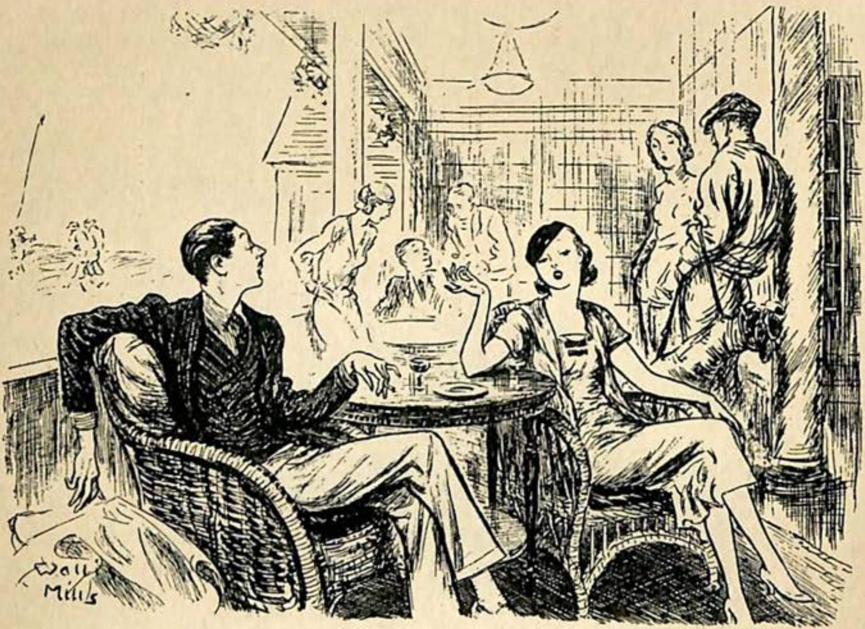
MINX (*who has just scrambled in as train starts*). "Phew! Near thing! Apologies, everyone! Couldn't resist one final bathe before leaving."



FOND PARENT (*to friendly-disposed little son*). "Now, Cyril, don't be mean. Give the lady a nice big bit o' seaweed."



DETERMINED LADY. "Now, Henry, when it comes in don't hesitate. Make a dash and get two corner-seats."



"Staying long?"
"Indefinitely."
"Indefinitely?"
"Definitely."

To My Lady—in Absence

MATILDA, now that we are parted
By many a sundering mile,
Be sure that I am broken-hearted,
Be certain I revile
The engine with its pounding pistons,
That bore you to that dreadful distance,
But still—some arts the weary hours may while.

Where'er the next few weeks I wander,
By links or lawn or sea,
My lonesomeness be sure I'll ponder,
But not exclusively;
The pain, although my heart it whittles,
Shall scarcely put me off my victuals;
No, I shall always make a tidy tea.

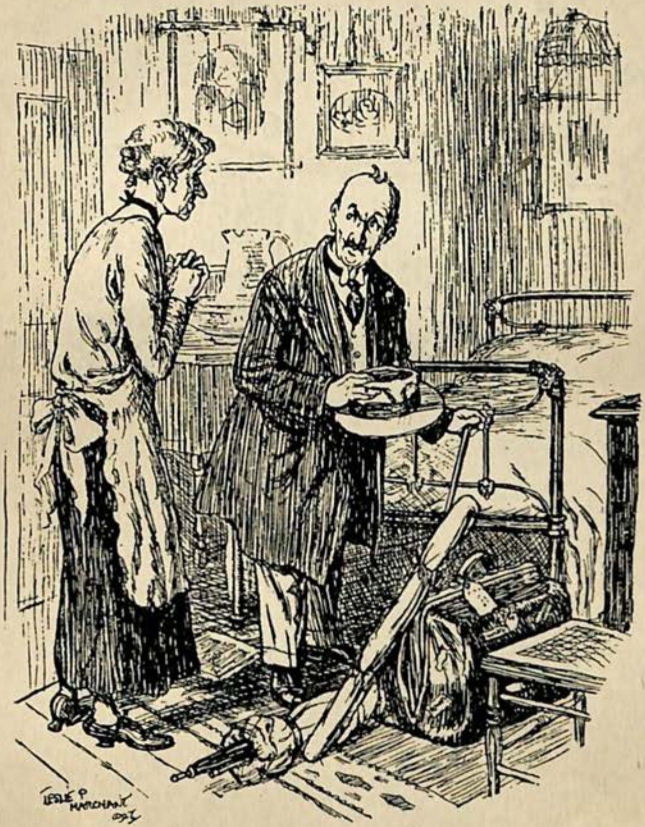
The flame, in fact (as Tristram puts it),
Shall burn beneath this breast,
As to and fro your lover foots it,
" Because so deep suppressed ";
My friends, mayhap, shall hardly notice
That here, beneath this Norfolk coat is
An aching wound—nay, sometimes I shall jest.

For, what with ozone, woods and heather
And mountain streams in song,

Though tight may be the love god's tether,
Though passion's links are strong,
Bereft, for weeks, by moors and what-not,
Of her whose face has tied that hot knot,
It's wonderful how well one gets along.

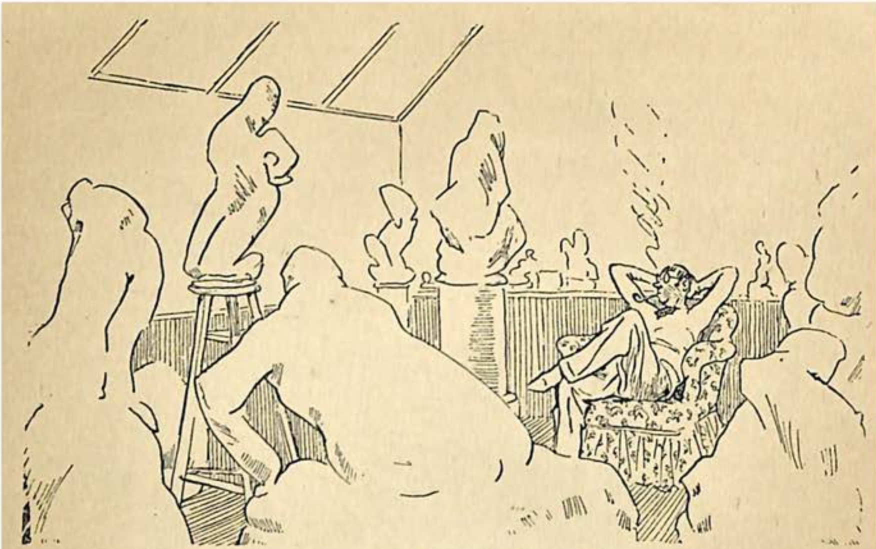
These honest lines, by way of warning,
Matilda, I submit,
In case, some fine September morning,
When once again I knit
This hand with yours, my peerless lady's,
And swear that August seemed like Hades,
You ask me why I look so beastly fit.

Evoe

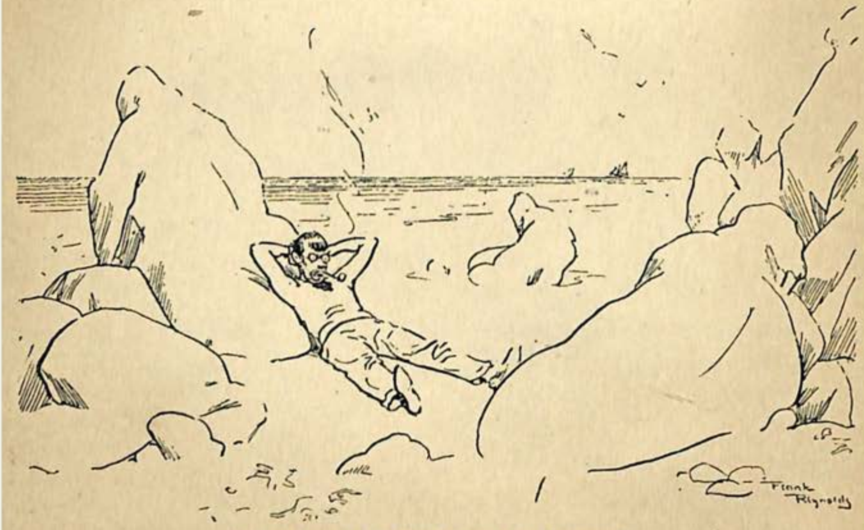


Commercial Candour

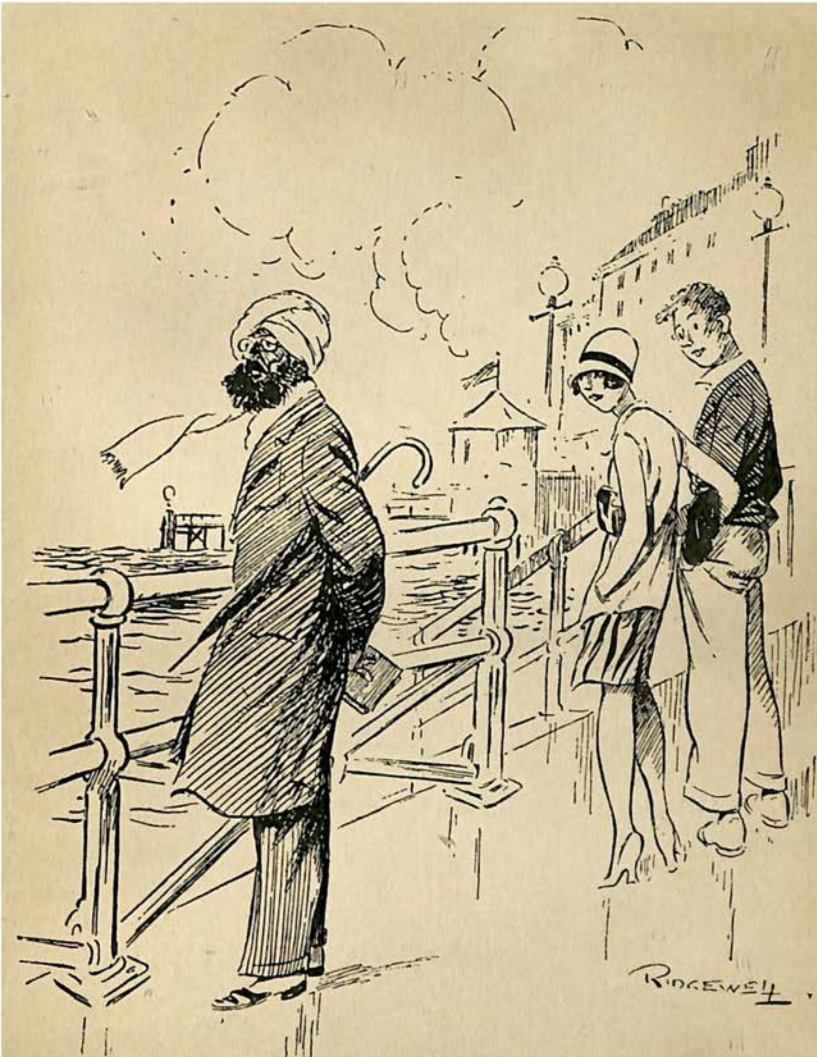
SEASIDE BOARDING-HOUSE KEEPER (*to new lodger*). "You'll find the air very strong here, Sir. You'll be hungry all day long."



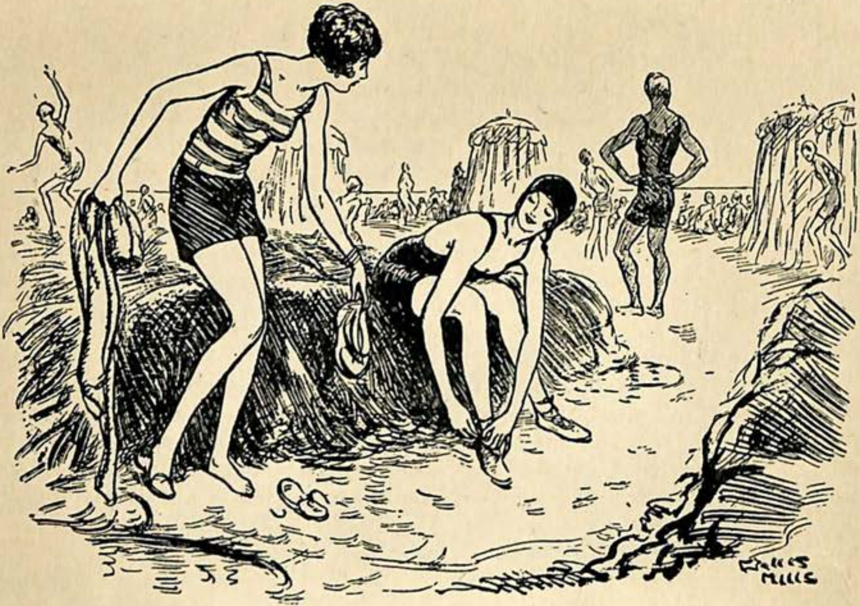
Our modern sculptor needed a change—


Frank Reynolds

So he decided to run down to Cornwall.



"Look, Bert! Comes from India, don't he? Isn't he interested in the sea? I dessay it's the first time he's ever seen it."



OUR EXPENSIVE DAUGHTERS

"I've completely fallen for your father. Such a nice figure, and I adore his grey hair."

"So glad, darling. The hair is my doing."

The Lake

"OH," said Francesca, " that hurt."

" I am sorry," I said, " I had to slap your face. There was a horse-fly feeding on your damask cheek."

" But you needn't have slapped so hard."

" Yes," I said, " I need. These Swiss horse-flies are desperate fellows. A mere handful of them can kill a cow. Francesca, I would not have you perish in your prime."

" But why," she said, " are you stopping again ? At this rate we shall never get to Lac Lioson. Come, pull yourself together. The children are far ahead out of sight."

" Let them," I said, " remain out of sight. They have no families, no husbands, no wives, no five-franc pieces, no heavy boots, no cares of any kind ; and they have Arthur with them. Arthur is the best of fellows. He will look after them."

" Get up," she said, " and let us press on."

"No," I said, "not yet. In two minutes we will resume our climb. It is the hard-boiled egg that is impeding me."

"Which one?" she said. "You ate three."

"The second," I said, "was the largest. I think it is the second. This will be a lesson to me never to eat more than the first and third."

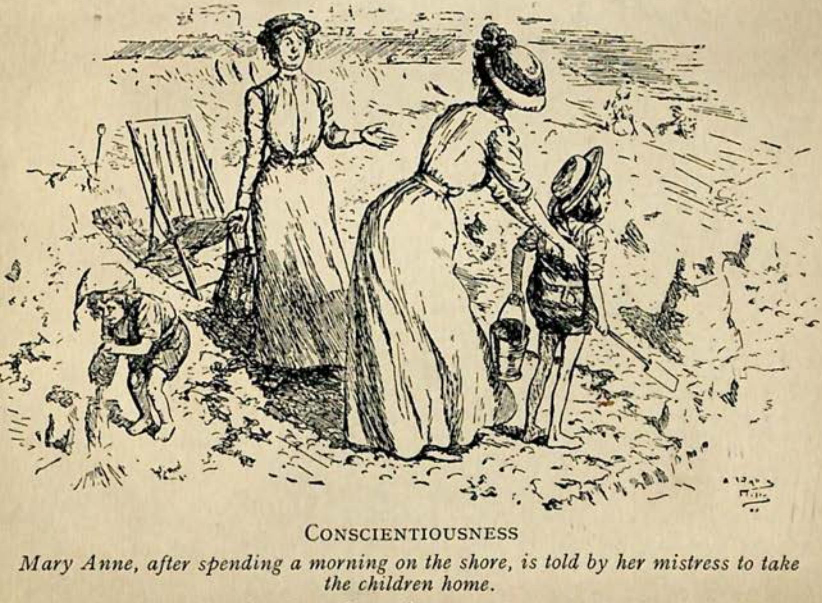
"There," she said, "Arthur's shouting back. He says it is just round the corner."

"I have learnt," I said, "to distrust Arthur. We have been climbing these precipitous ascents for more than an hour, and, according to Arthur, the lake has been round every corner. You must admit, Francesca, that the corners have been most deceptive."

"Are you going," she said, "to make me ashamed of having brought out a husband who cannot walk?"

"I will admit," I said, "that, if you wanted the husband who would walk to Lac Lioson in record time under a broiling sun, then you brought the wrong one. The one you have brought is an enjoyer of scenery, a smoker of occasional cigarettes, a taker of his ease, a despiser of the mad rush that is ruining human nature, a man, in fact, who, having rested, is willing to push on gently."

"Push along, then," she said.

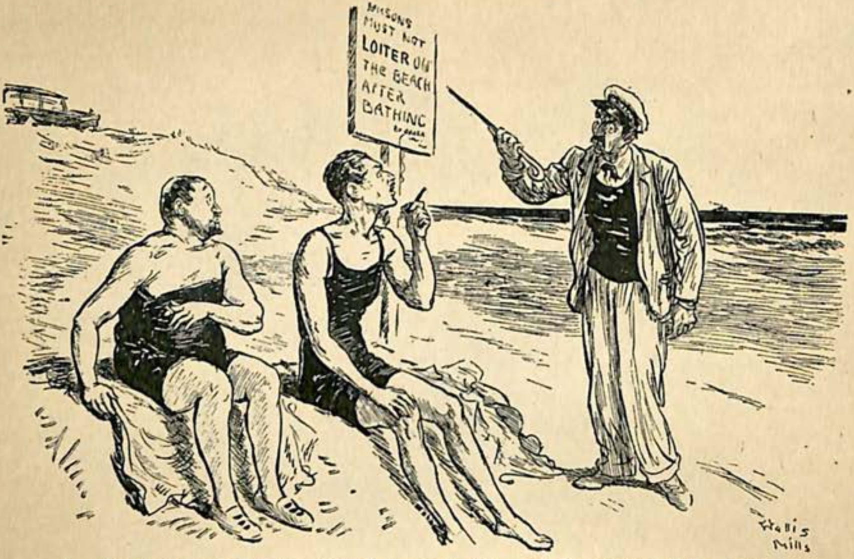


CONSCIENTIOUSNESS

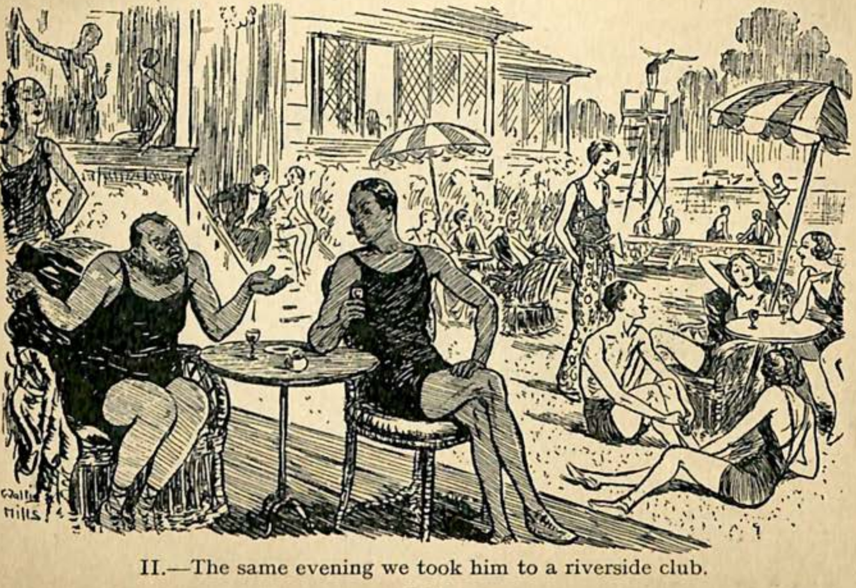
Mary Anne, after spending a morning on the shore, is told by her mistress to take the children home.

MARY ANNE. "Yes, 'm; but, please, 'm, must I tidy up the beach first?"

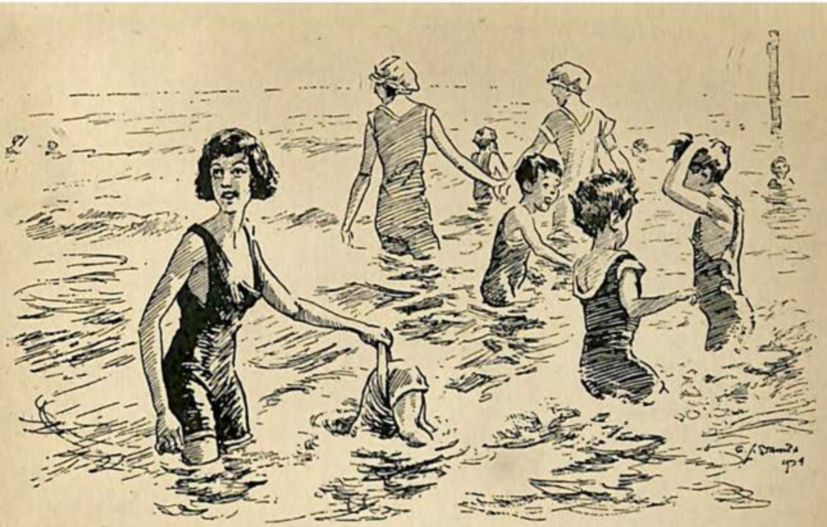
Topical Morality


PERSONS MUST NOT LOITER ON THE BEACH AFTER BATHING BY ORDER
Wallis Mills

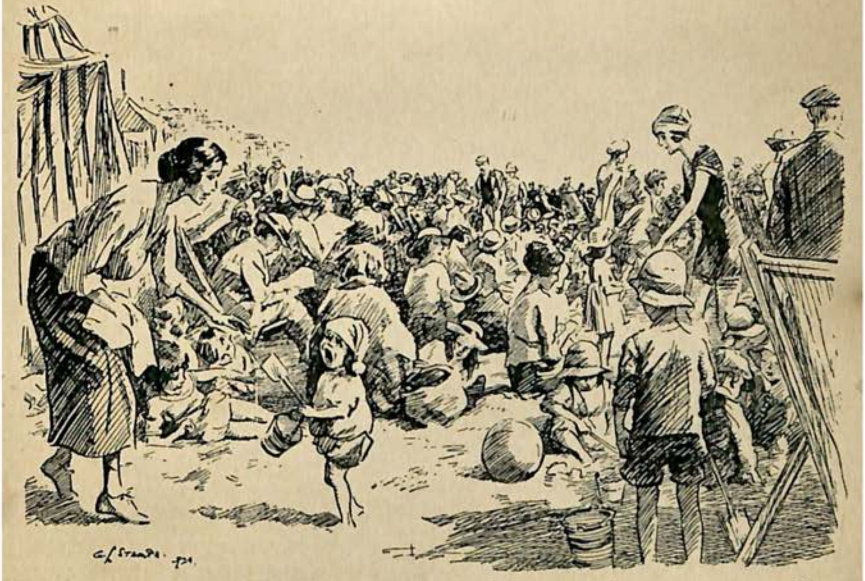
I.—We took our foreign friend down to Slowcombe-on-Sea for a bathe.


Wallis Mills

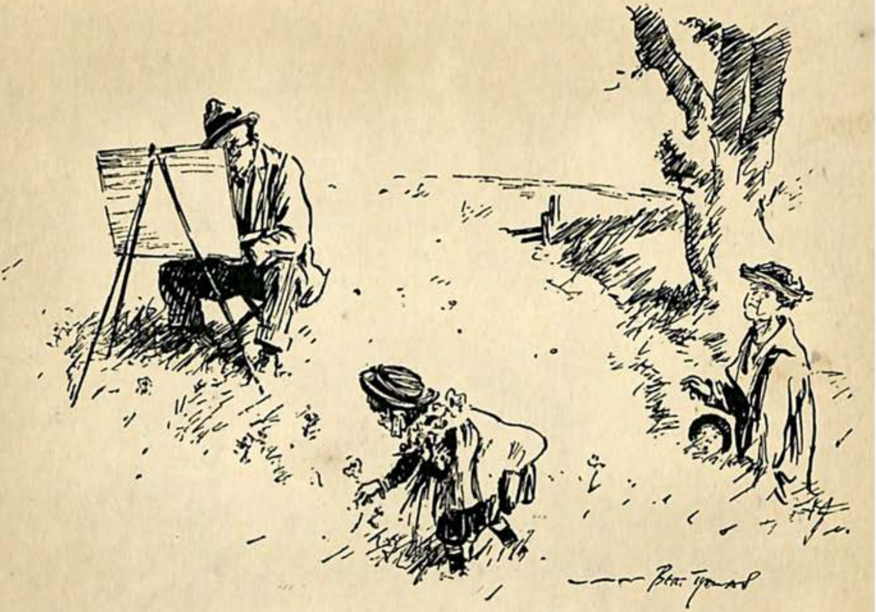
II.—The same evening we took him to a riverside club.



ELDER SISTER. "Look at baby Mother; she's taking to it like a duck to water."



KIND STRANGER. "What's the matter, dear? Have you lost your mummy?"
LITTLE ONE. "Boo-Hoo! I can't find the sea."



LONDON MOTHER. "Don't pick any more, dear. You'll spoil the gentleman's picshur."

"I am not sure," I said, "that 'push' was quite the right word."

"'Drag,'" she said, "would have been better."

"No, 'move' was what I wanted. I will now move on gently with you."

"We shall never catch them up," she said. "They're miles ahead."

"There you go, Francesca. Arthur says it is round the next corner, and you say it is miles away. I refuse to make any further concessions to this lake. From all I hear it is not a real lake at all. It is a mere tarn, a silly little sheet of water up in the mountains. We have plenty of tarns in England."

"But you're not in England," she said. "You're in Switzerland, and you've come out with your wife and family to see Lac Lioson, and if you hadn't sat down and rested about a hundred times you'd have been there by now. If only I had been a man——"

"That's just it," I interrupted. "If you had been a man you wouldn't have been so set on seeing this lake. You would have let me rest without worrying me. You wouldn't have made me carry all the girls' sweaters in case they should find it cold at the lake. In fact you wouldn't have wanted to see this ridiculous lake at all. But, being a woman, of course you're quite different."

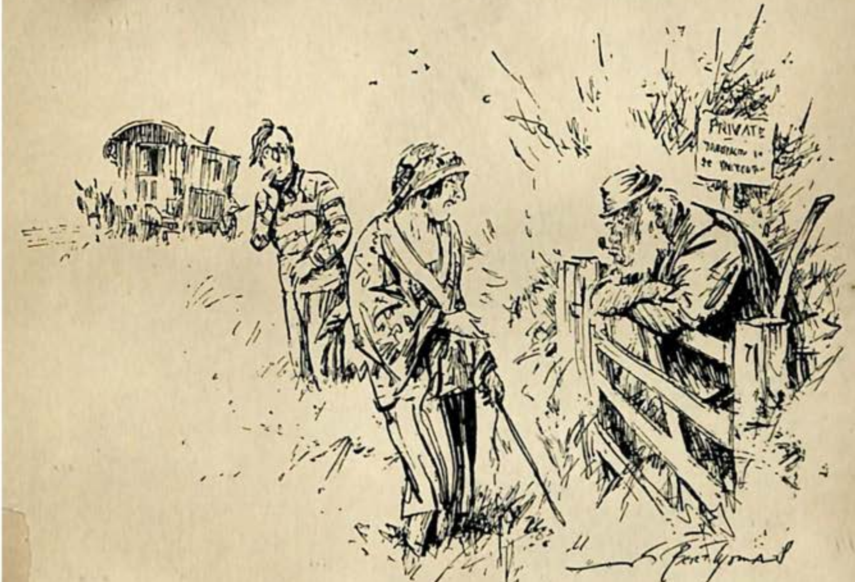
"At any rate," she said, "this is going to be your last rest. When once you get off that tree-stump you'll have to walk on till you get to the lake."

"Then I shan't get up," I said. "I shall stay here and let you go round all the remaining corners. Leave me, Francesca, and get on to the children. You will find my body here when you come back."

"I will never," she said, "desert Mr. Micawber. Up you get. That's it!"

"Francesca," I said, "for your sake I will put my least damaged foot forward. Let us get to this lake and throw stones at it. One more corner, and——"

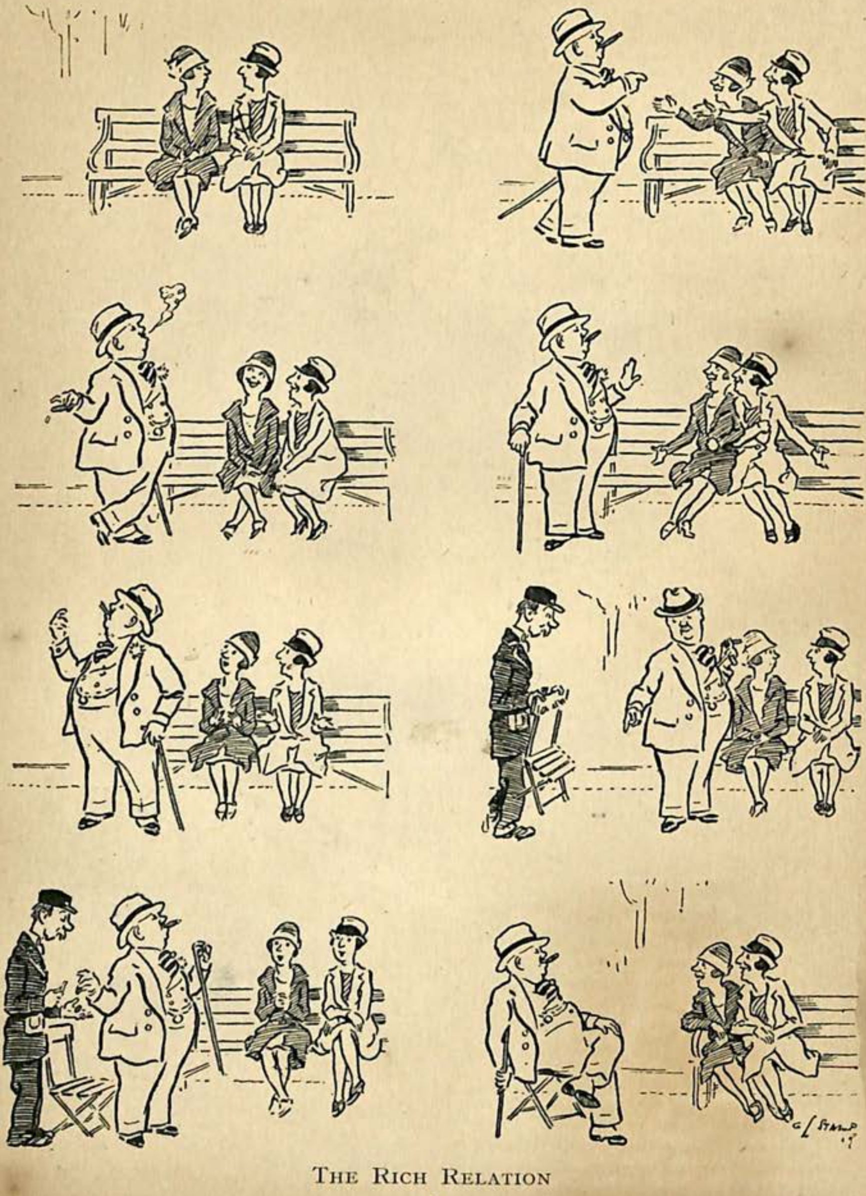
It really was the lake this time.



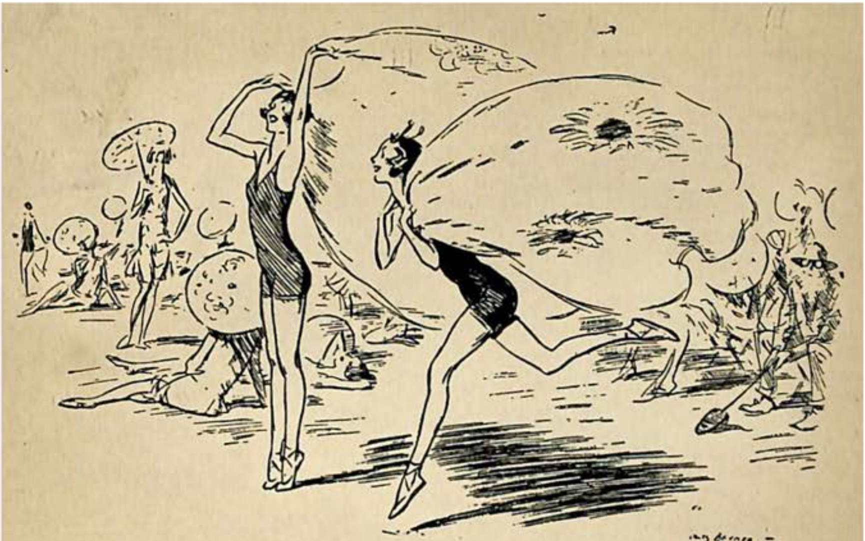
LADY OF THE CARAVAN. "Do you think your Squire would allow us to camp here?"
RUSTIC. "Noa; 'e be death on 'gyppos.'"

An exciting episode is reported from Brighton. It appears that several visitors were amusing themselves by seeing who could lean furthest over the pier, when suddenly one of them won.

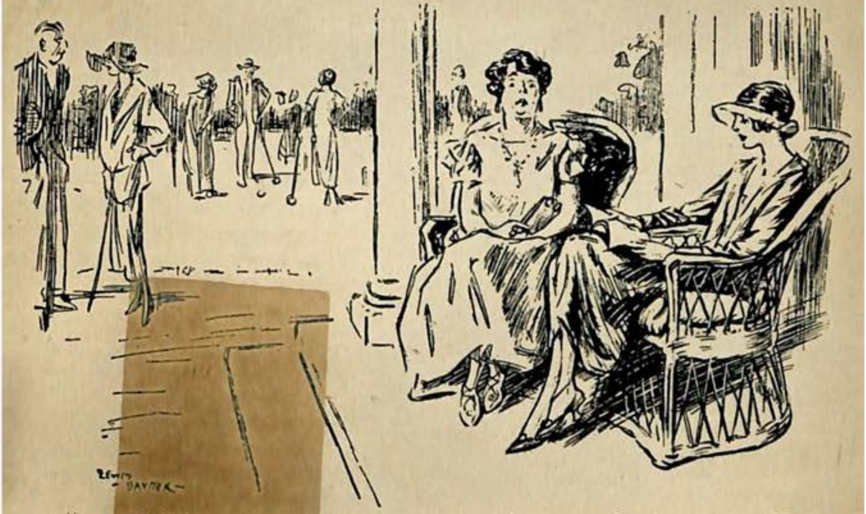
A newly invented microphone is so sensitive that it will pick up the sounds made by tiny insects. Take one on your next seaside holiday and while away the long night hours.



The Rich Relation

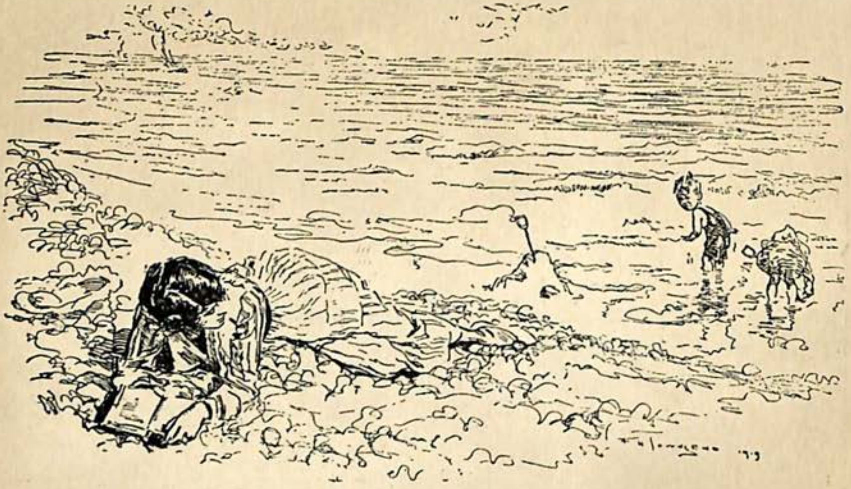


Flora and Fauna of the South Coast. A chance for collectors.



"LADY." "Hotel life is so intimate, one speaks to people that one wouldn't dream of having anything to do with in ordinary life."

LADY. "Oh, well, I don't suppose they mind much."



THE THREAT

"Nah then, Augustus, just you keep in yer depth there, else you'll 'ave the lifeboat after yer."

Hampstead Heath

WHELKS and cocoa-nuts,
  Paper-bags,
Sunburnt gipsies
  And tied-up nags;
Thousands of people
  In every part,
But never a donah
  Nor a donkey-cart.

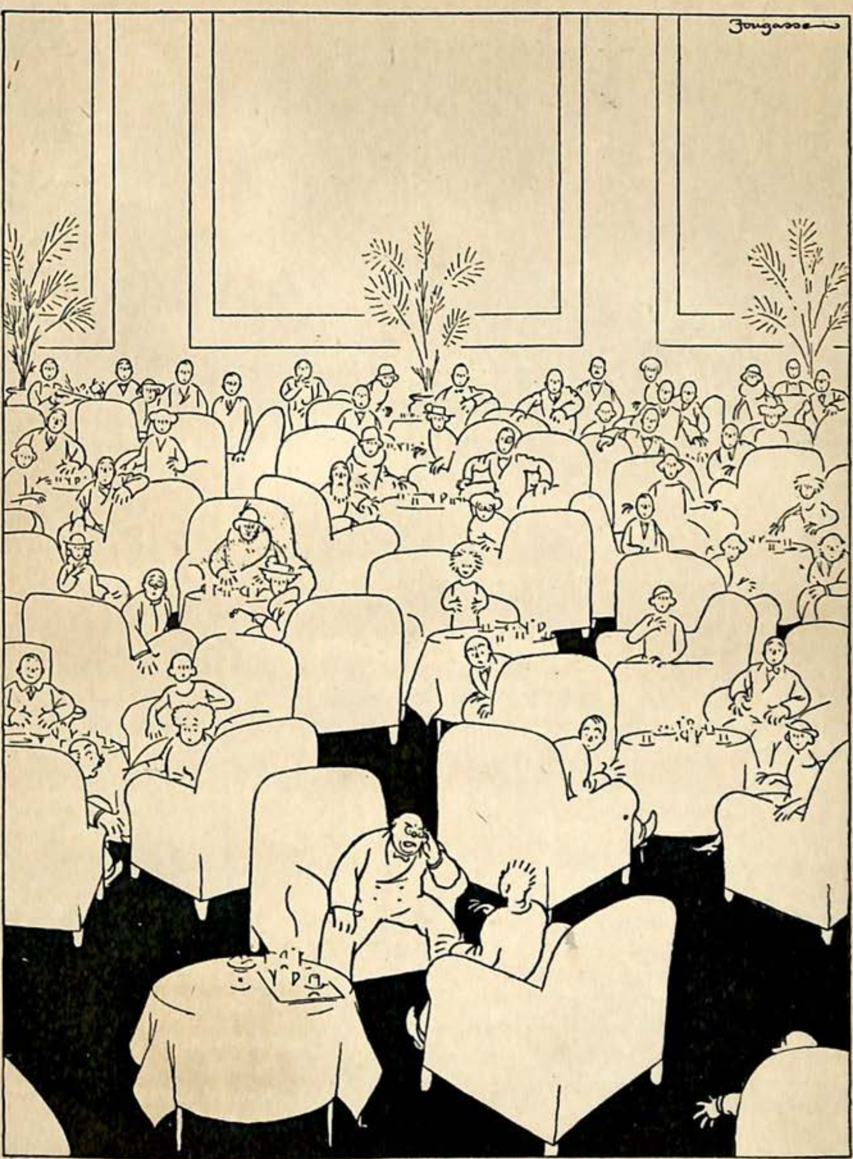
Greens and yellows
  And greys and duns,
Raspberry-vinegar,
  Oranges, buns—
But nobody dancing
  In the full sunlight,
No concertina,
  Nobody tight.

Georgette dresses
  And trilby hats,
Wiggle on woggles
  And slide on mats—
But where are the feathers
  And caps of youth,
And "Lumme, Eliza!"
  And "Garn!" and "Strewth!"?

Endless roundabouts,
  Ceaseless swings,
Shies for trinkets
  With balls and rings—
But no mouth-organs
  Nor pigs with squeaks,
And never a tiddler
  For powdered cheeks.

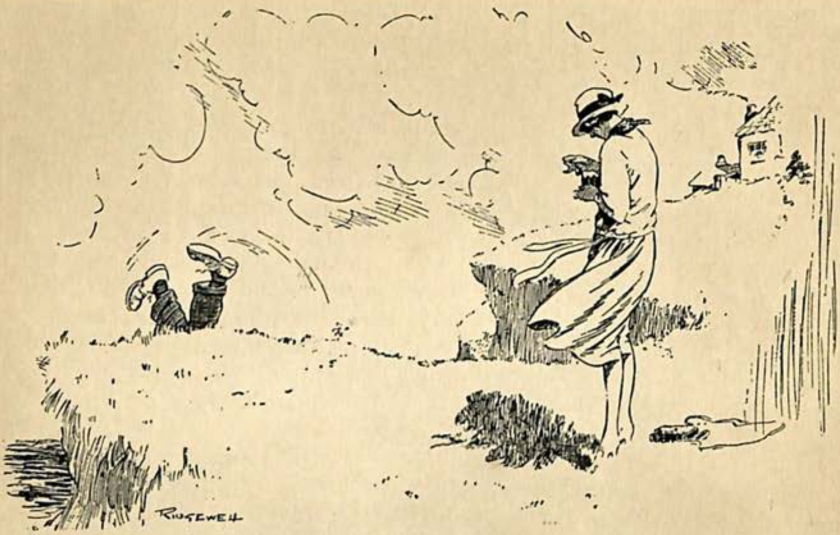
Seven-and-seventy
  Various dins
And a hundred thousand
  Banana-skins—
But where are the pearlies?
  Falls no tear
For the costermongers
  Of yesteryear?

EVOE



Delights of a Hotel Lounge

"And what was it you said you were suffering from?"



"It's no use, Cyril, I don't understand this camera. I can only see your feet."

The Bathing-Machine Man

"'AVE a nice bathe this morning, Sir? Very good, Sir. Better take No. 14—last but one on the line, Sir. Someone waiting for it? Oh yes, Sir—three parties—but they'll soon be in and out, bless you! They're only gents.

"You can 'ave No. 7 if you please, Sir, only one party waiting for that, as you say, but they're *females*. You'll stick to No. 14? Right you are, Sir—you're very wise.

"Busy? Well, yes—just keep goin'. Start at daybreak and finish at midnight, that's about the size of it. Golden 'arvest? Don't say too much about that, but we stand to make a bit this month. You forget the pore bathing man 'as got to live the rest of the year—we couldn't do it, Sir, if our wives wasn't in reg'lar work, that we couldn't.

"No, me little dear. Can't let you bathe for 1d., but you can go in along of yer mar for 2d. She *ain't* yer mar? Well, it ain't my fault, is it? 'Ere's yer towel; don't drop it in the sand.

"What's that the old gent's a-calling through 'is winder? Beg pardon, Sir? Costume too small, is it? Very sorry, Sir, but that comes the biggest size. You 'ave another try, Sir.

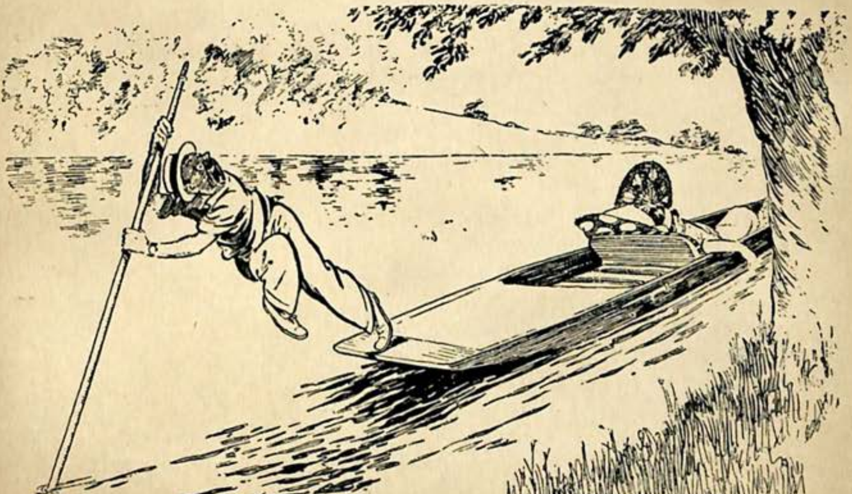
"No, Sir. The strikes don't affect us, not as far as yet. They can't turn the sea off. No, I shan't strike myself, not while you takes your bathing reg'lar, all of you. Shall I give you a dozen tickets, Sir ? Only down for the week-end ? Yes, you 'll want 'em all. Why, the gents is going in six times a day, and the ladies three. 'Urt 'em ? Not much ! with the sea at 68 and 70 in the shallers.

" Bathe, Missie ? Oh yes, it's quite safe, no tide and no rocks and no jallyfishes—you 'll be all right—yes, Missie. I 'll keep an eye on yer.

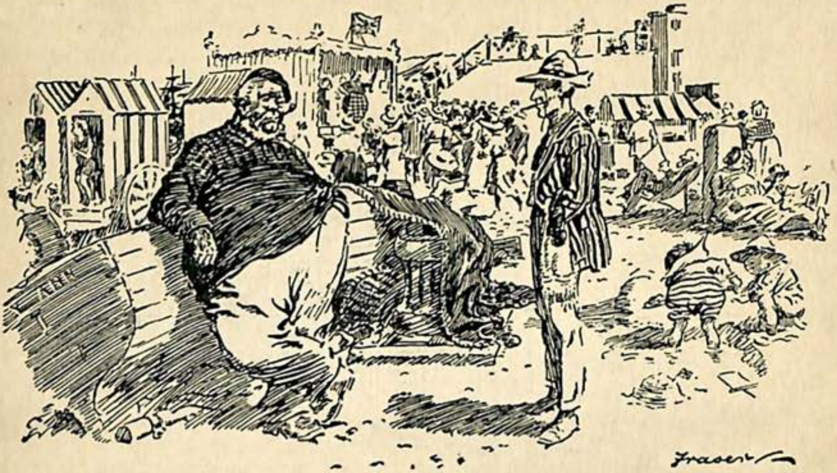
" Yes, Sir, you 're right. The female visitors look sweeter than ever this year, though there 's something wrong about the cut o' their clothes. Run a bit short o' material in the gounds—and pawned the petticoats. That 's 'ow I accounts for it. But, bless your life, Sir, though they ain't got much to put on, seemily, they take longer than ever dressing theirselves.

" Beg pardon, Mum ! Want me to go an' talk to the ladies in No. 3 ! Got in your machine, 'ave they ? Went in up the back, as you was waiting at the front, did they ? No, Mum, they certainly didn't ought to 'ave done that, certainly not ! Never mind, Mum, you take No. 3. Only one party waiting.

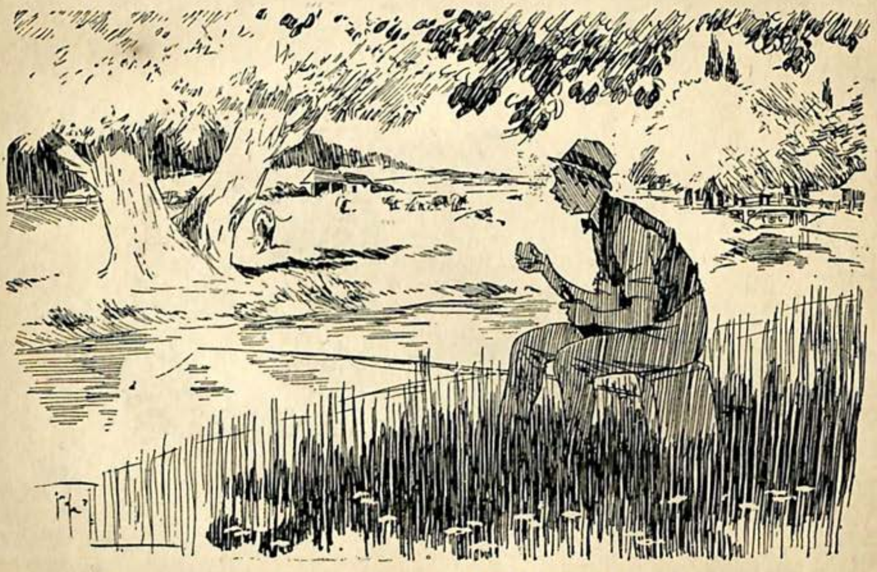
" What's this 'ere thin, bashful-looking gent a-wanderin' about in 'is costume for ? Been in too long by the looks of 'im. Lost your machine, 'ave you, Sir ? Been trying to find it for twenty minutes ? Dear, dear ! Put this 'ere towel round you, Sir. You look as if you 've been kep' on the ice for a month. Afraid of goin' in a lady's by mistake, are yer, Sir ? Don't you worry, I 'll come along with yer. They don't mind *me* ! Ger 'way, boys ! "



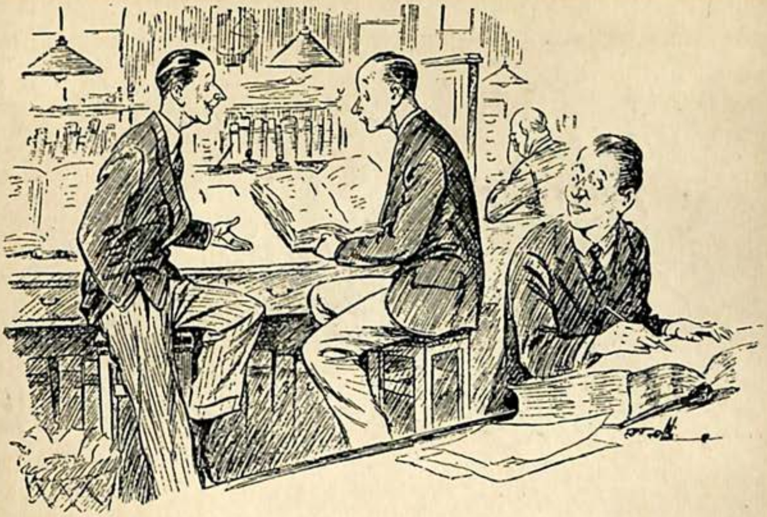
"Don't sing, George; I 'm feeling so delightfully drowsy."



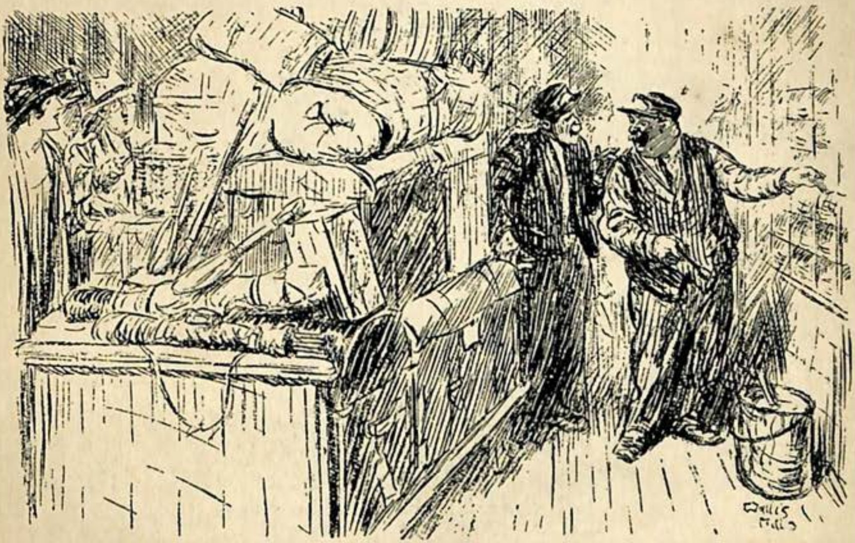
NATIVE. "To be sure, Sir, this place *'as* grown. Why, it seems only yesterday when it was only one nigger, two whelks stalls and a phrenologist."



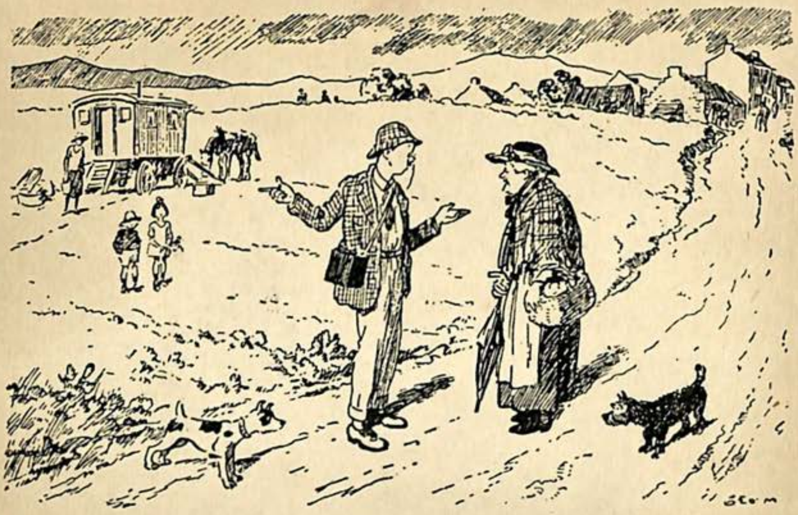
VOICE (*off*). "Cuc-koo! cuc-koo! ! cuc-koo! ! ! cuc-koo! ! ! !" (*ad lib.*).
FED-UP SPORTSMAN. "Or right—or right! 'Oo's arguin' about it?"



"What made you go to that dead-and-alive place for your holiday?"
"Well, I only had a week and I wanted it to seem like a month."



LABELLING PORTER. "Is that all, Bill?"
PORTER. "I 'm afraid so. In the 'urry o' the moment they quite forgot the 'ouse."



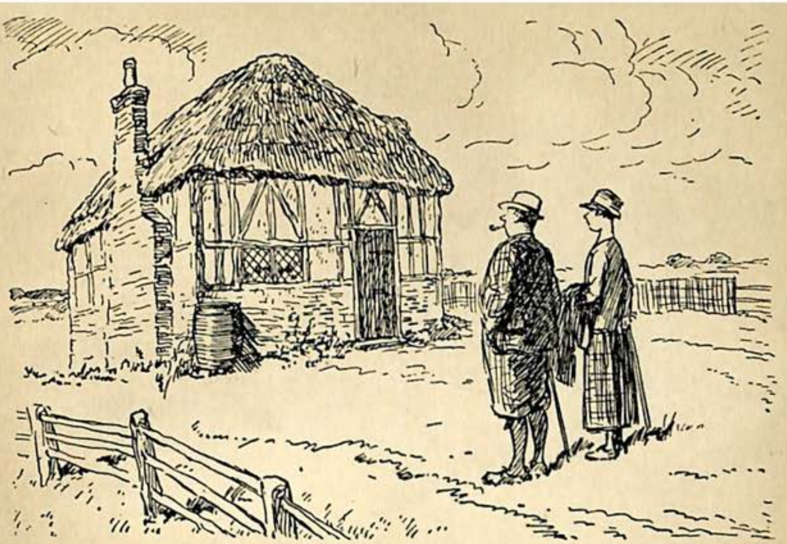
AN ATTEMPT TO FORESTALL CURIOSITY

THE VISITOR. "My good woman, do you live in this village?"
RESIDENT. "Ay, Sir."
VISITOR. "And I suppose you know everyone here?"
RESIDENT. "Ay, indeed."
VISITOR. "Well, you can just tell them my name is Frederick Smith, and that I come from London, where I am a solicitor. That lady there is my wife, and those are my two children, Thomas and Elizabeth. We are having a holiday and intend staying here a week. We have hired the caravan. Last week we stayed at Invercauldy."
RESIDENT. "Ay, Sir, I kent a' that frae ma daughter who lives in Invercauldy, but she was sairly disappointed because she couldna tell me whit yer wife's name was afore she was marrit."

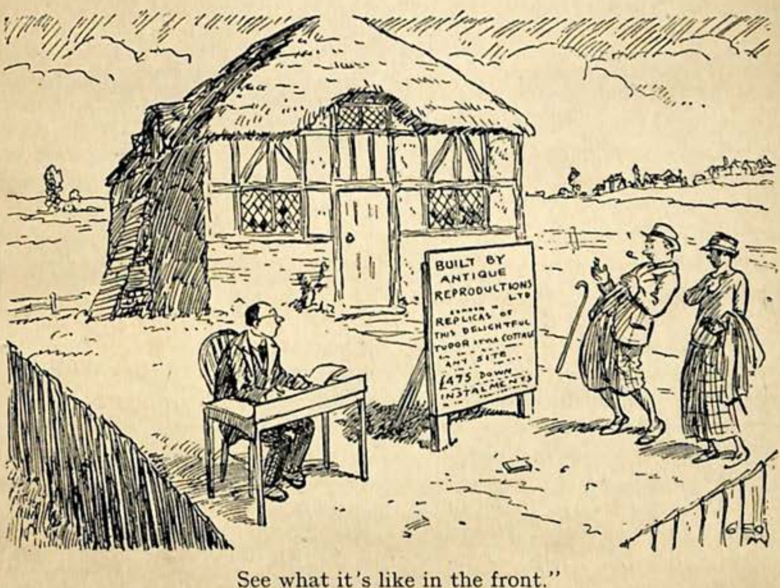
Small Classes

COWES is done and the big yachts gone
Off to the wet West Country races.
Now the little boats come to their own,
Creeping out from their mooring-places—
White-sailed dinghies and scudding "prams,"
Red-wings blown from the Island side,
Swinging in to the Lymington river,
Hurst and Beaulieu and up the river,
Up the river behind the tide.

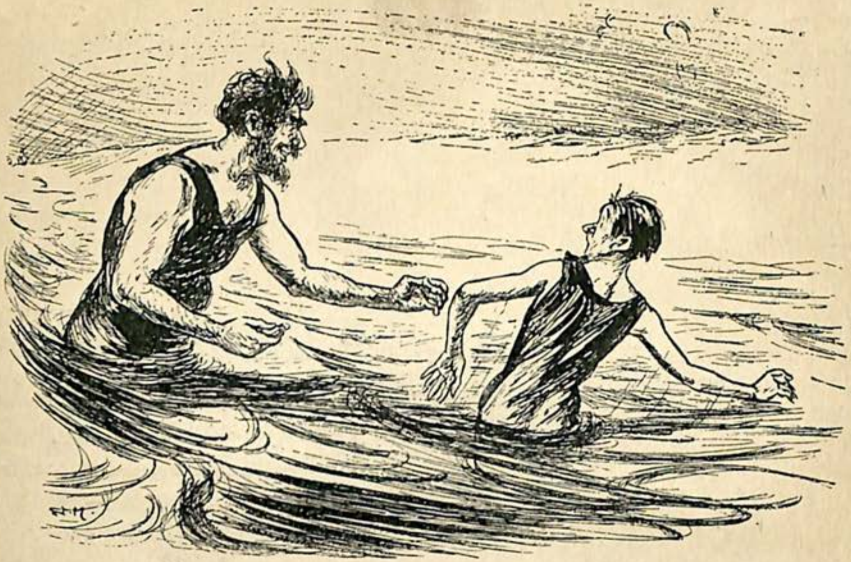
Out from the shore comes the Yarmouth packet—
Up and down in the wash we dip—
Shouts aboard of her, stir and racket :—
"Room, make room, for the Island ship!"
Round we go with a clapping sail ;
Solent beckons us, blue and wide ;
Down and out by the road of the river,
Little ships in a little river ;
Mind the marks where the rushes shiver !
Top of the holidays—top of the tide.



THE LADY. "What a delightful old Tudor Cottage! Let's go round and—


BUILT BY
ANTIQUE
REPRODUCTIONS
LTD
REPLICAS OF
THIS DELIGHTFUL
TUDOR STYLE COTTAGE
ANY SITE
£475 DOWN
INSTALMENTS
GEO M

See what it's like in the front."



WILD-LOOKING PERSON (*holding watch*). "I've got a theory that people can stay under water for much longer than is considered possible. Would you mind if I held you under while I timed you?"

A Holi-day Dream

IT is hard to believe that this time next week I shall be back in the dear old office again. How time flies, to be sure! A fortnight ago, when I went in to say good-bye to the manager and he asked me whether I did not know quite well that he was busy, it seemed a long time to have to wait before my next forty-nine weeks of work would begin. Yet almost before I know where I am I find myself within measurable distance of that to which I have been so eagerly looking forward.

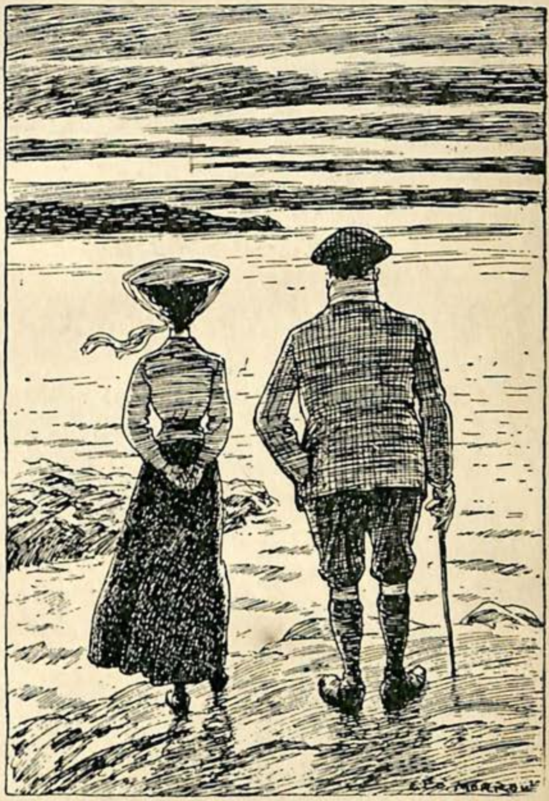
I wonder whether the place will have changed much. Will the commissionaire still be in his box in the vestibule making his selection of winners for the day? I don't mind betting that he will, and that the old fellow will hardly have altered at all. A tough old scout, if ever there was one.

And Blink—can he be there still? I hope so. The place would not seem the same without dear old Blink at his desk in the window, with his dear old head bending over his dear old papers and his dear old pen working away for as long as five minutes at a time without once stopping to take ink.

And Messit, the office-boy—that is to say, he was office-boy when I came away. I remember him well. I remember how he borrowed my raincoat one lunch-time back in July, and how angry I was when I discovered what he had done to it with his roll-and-butter. But all that is past, and I bear him no malice. I look forward to seeing Messit again, with his unruly locks at one end of him and his spats at the other.

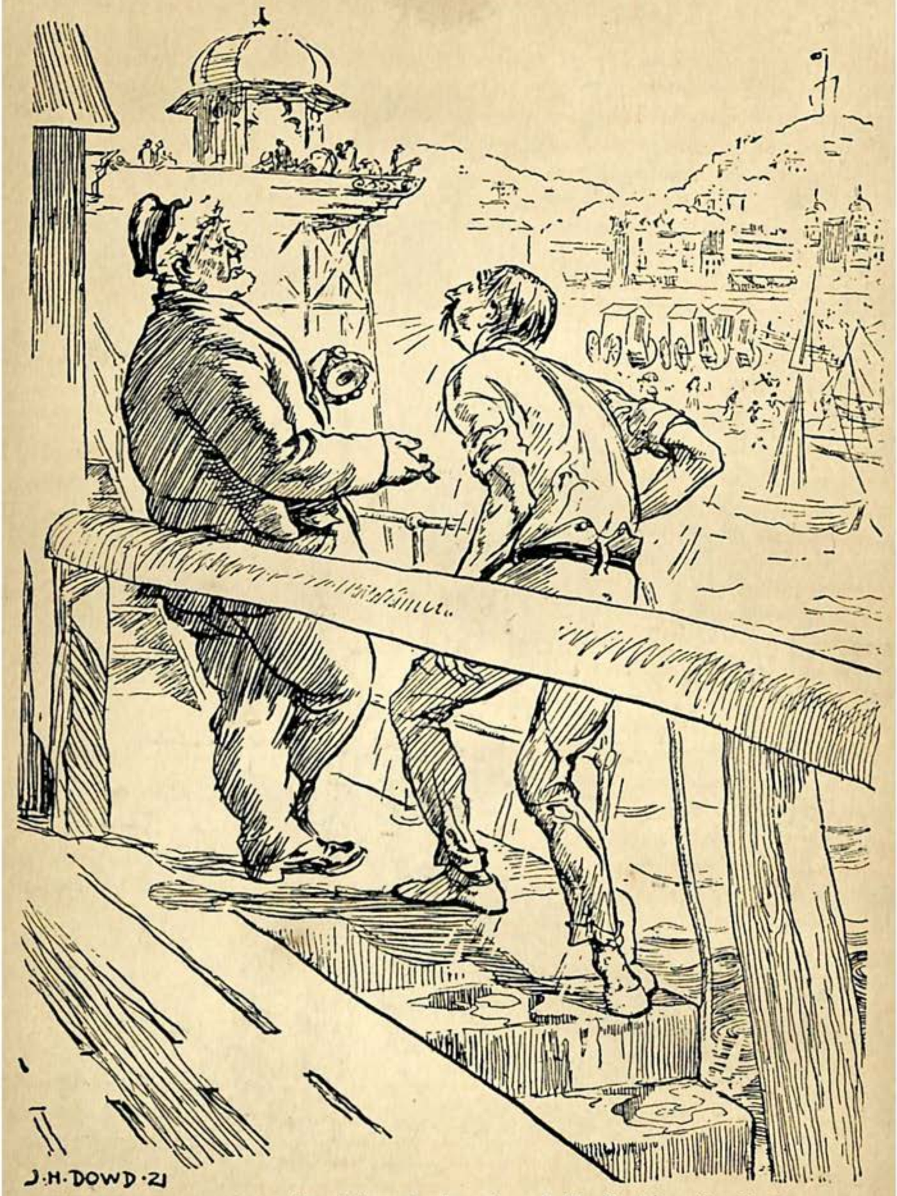
The instant I arrive I shall look out for the calendar of the United Universal Assurance Association, Limited, over the fireplace. I do hope they have not moved it. Each year since '18 I have looked for it, with its gracious figure of Benevolence handing out grape-fruit, greengages and other life-preserving sustenance to Youth, represented by a curly-headed child absolutely unclad.

Imagine how contentedly I shall sink down on to the old chair, first spreading a newspaper to prevent the exposed springs from gnawing my trousers; and my eyes will be moist as I look once more upon the three inkpots: one labelled Red, the second labelled Copying and the third labelled Black—the first two full of pins and the third full of pins and ink. I shall fill my lungs deeply with the aromatic atmosphere of the place and shall give a contented sigh of intense relief at the prospect of a respite for forty-nine weeks from the strain and stress and the great responsibility of the seaside; and I shall whisper, oh, so gently! so that only the tattered blotting-pad, perhaps, will hear, "Dear old office!" Then, seizing my pen, I shall plunge into its delights and lose myself, forgetting all corroding watering-place care in the merry whirl of its gaiety.

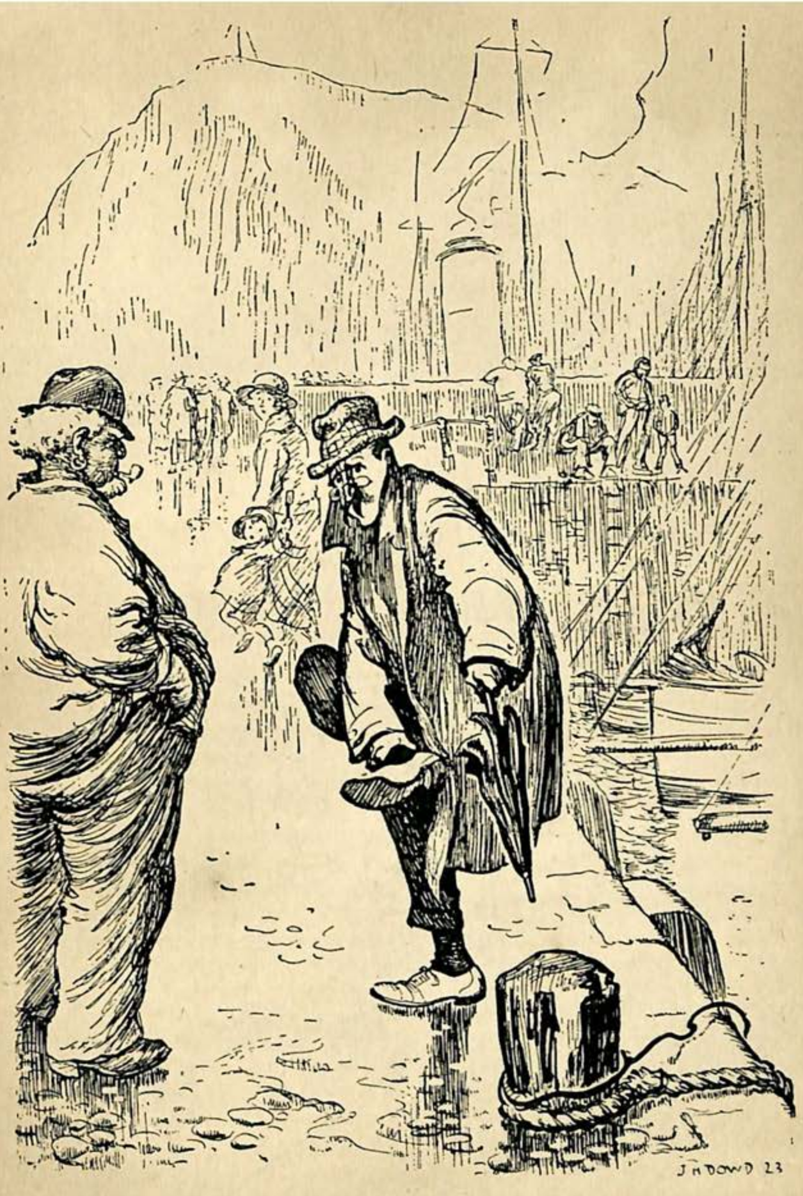


SHE. "What a magnificent sunset! How it lifts one's thoughts above the earth!"

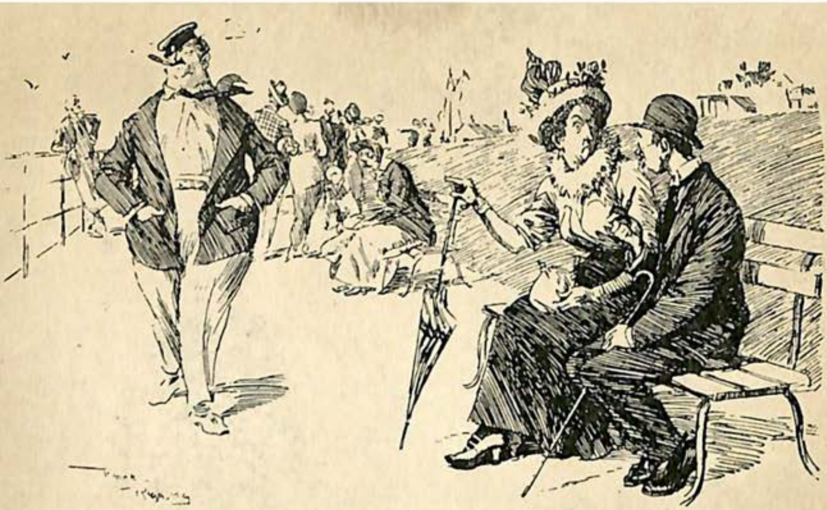
HE. "Ah, that reminds me. You must speak to the landlady about our bacon in the morning. Tell her I like it streaky."



PIER TOLL COLLECTOR (*to visitor who has struggled to the pier after his boat has capsized*). "That will be tuppence, Sir."



VISITOR (*having knocked his shin*). "Stupid idea putting those silly stumps just where one walks!"



THE WIFE (*triumphantly*). "There you are, George! Now you laughed at me when I told you to get yourself a nice yachtin' 'at!"

The Riddle of the Seaside

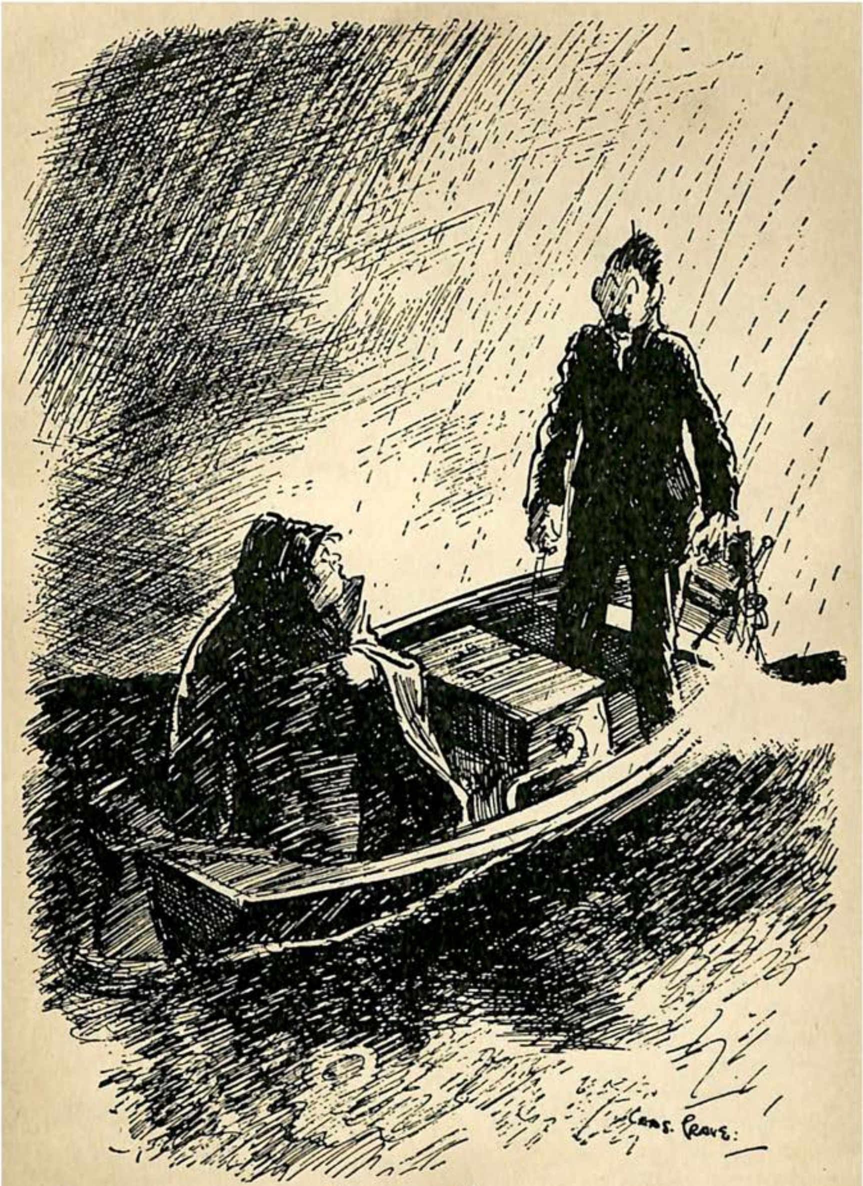
ALL shapes and hues and classes,
They stand and sit and lie
In dense perspiring masses
That make me wonder why
When I take my vacation
At Shrimpingham-on-Sea
The whole big British nation
Decides to come with me.

They have a flair for knowing
(By magic, one assumes)
Exactly when I'm going
And where I book my rooms;
Thus yearly on arrival
I find to my despair
Always these adjectival
Huge hordes of people there.

Millions of ocean-dippers
Are wallowing in the bay
As, trailing clouds of trippers,
I strive to force my way;
Their multitudes astound me
On promenade and street,
Pushing and pressing round me
And standing on my feet.

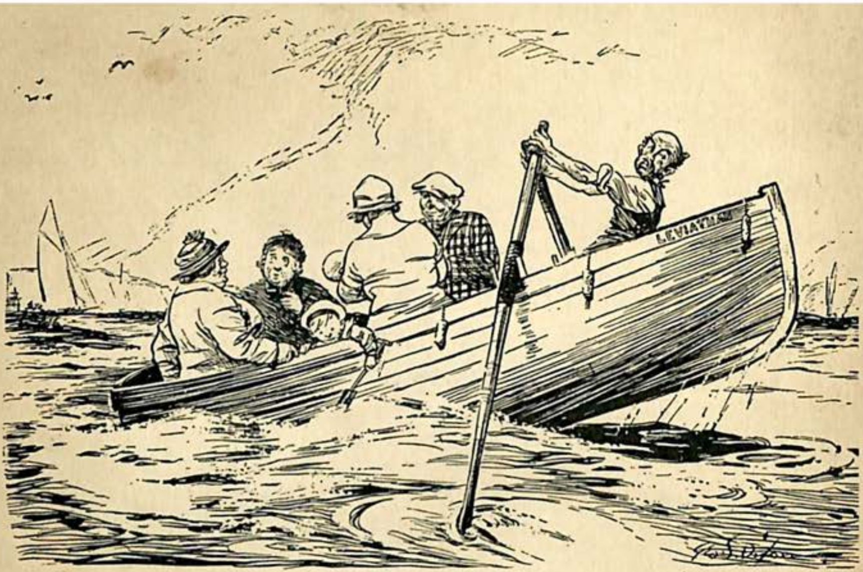
They make my sore ribs tingle,
They bellow in my ear,
They crush me on the shingle,
They squash me on the pier;
I dwell in stupefaction
And ask till I am hoarse
What *is* the wild attraction,
The bright magnetic force?

Some fellows, less retiring,
Who like to lead the crowd,
Would find the thing inspiring
And feel intensely proud;
Do I regard the frantic
Desire to dog me thus
As thrilling and romantic?
I don't. It makes me cuss.



FORCE OF HABIT

WIFE (*in broken-down motor-boat, as husband stands up*). "Ho! and where are you off to now?"



"Don't you think we're a bit of a load for your 'usband?"
"Not 'im—'e loves it. 'E always 'ad a weakness for rowin'."

Persuasion

"TAKE yer photo, lady ?" said the camera-man, advancing menacingly. I gazed out to sea and registered disapproval. "Not to-day, thanks."

"You'd look lovely sittin' there with the dog. Come on, Fido."

"Don't touch him ; he might bite."

"Dogs never bite people what likes 'em. I ain't afraid of dogs."

Here the bull-terrier growled and showed his teeth.

The camera-man removed his hand hastily. "Dogs never bites unless they've been treated crool," he remarked.

"This one does," I said.

"Only sixpence, lady—you an' the dog together."

"I haven't got sixpence."

"Never mind, lady ; pay me termorrer. You've got a honest face."

"In spite of being cruel to my dog ?"

"Would yer like to be took with that gentleman over there ? I'll ask 'im. Then you can pay 'alf each."

"No, thanks. Go and take him if you must take somebody."

"I've took 'im already. But if you'd oblige I'm sure 'e'd be took again."

" I can't be photographed with a total stranger, anyway."

" 'E's a very nice gentleman—name o' Brown. Keeps a fried-fish shop in London somewhere, so 'e tells me."

" You had better go up there and photograph the shop—and the fish as well."

" I'll be stayin' 'ere for the season," he announced.

" Shall you ? Well, that's a pity. Why don't you go and take that lady over there ? "

" Lady indeed ! She ain't no lady ! I've tried to snap 'er thirteen different times."

" Won't the camera function ? " I asked.

" She abserlootly refuses to 'ave it done—abserlootly."

" Well, so do I."

" Come, lady—you an' the dog together."

" But I don't want it done."

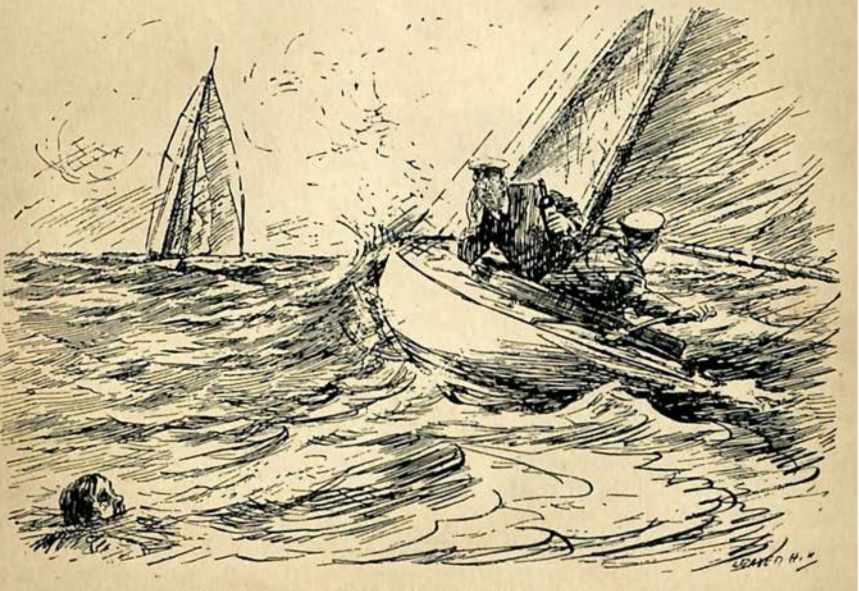
" Send it 'ome to yer sweet'eart ; 'e'll like it."

" I have a husband," I explained, " who dislikes snapshots as much as I do."

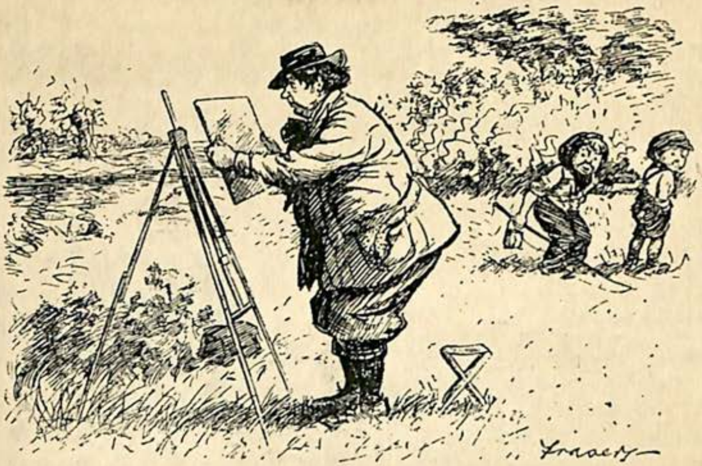
" Then 'ave it took to spite 'im, lady."

I gave way.

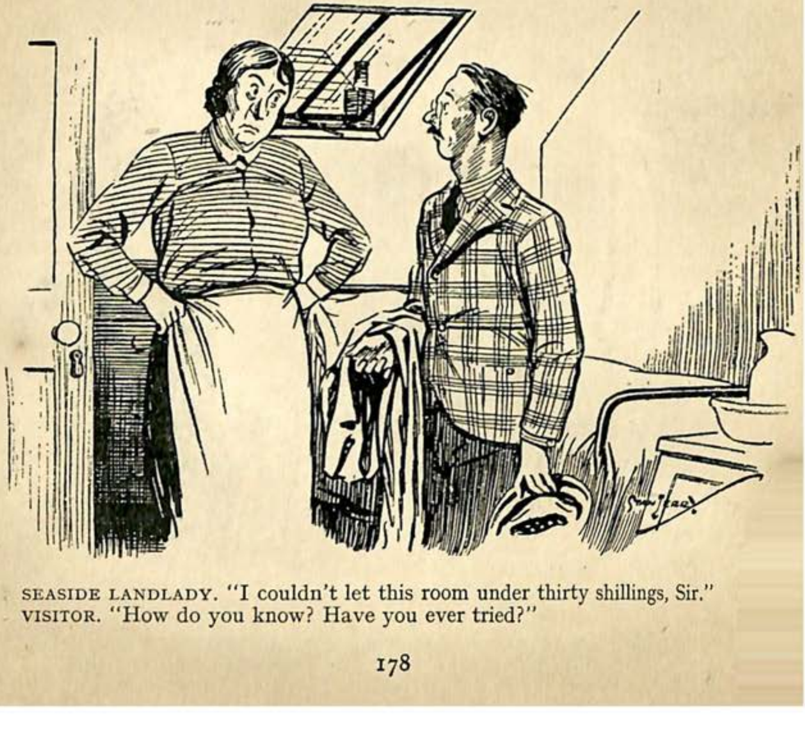
The result was quite good—of the dog.



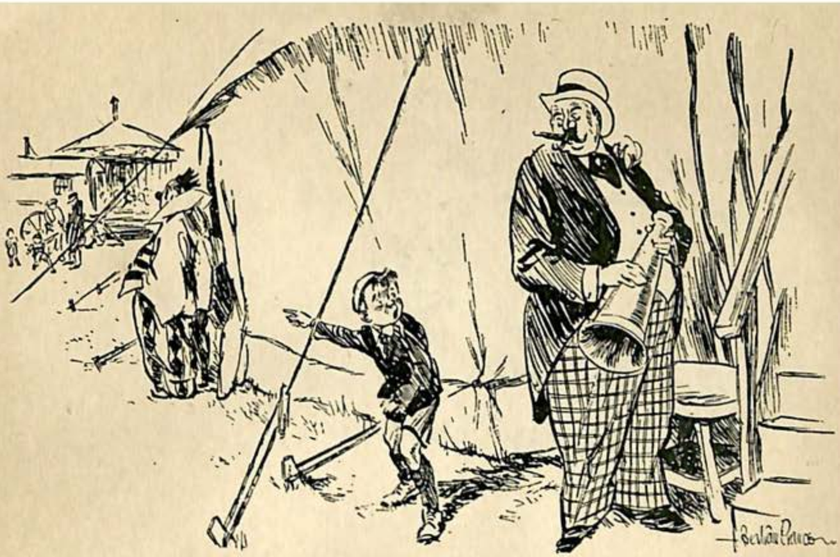
"Whatever you do, don't let go of the corkscrew!"



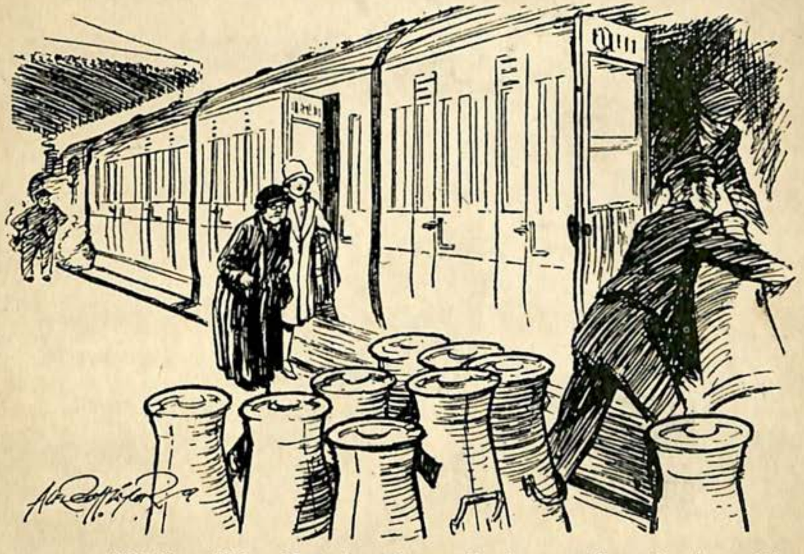
" 'Arf a mo, Chawley; let's wait an' see 'im sit down."



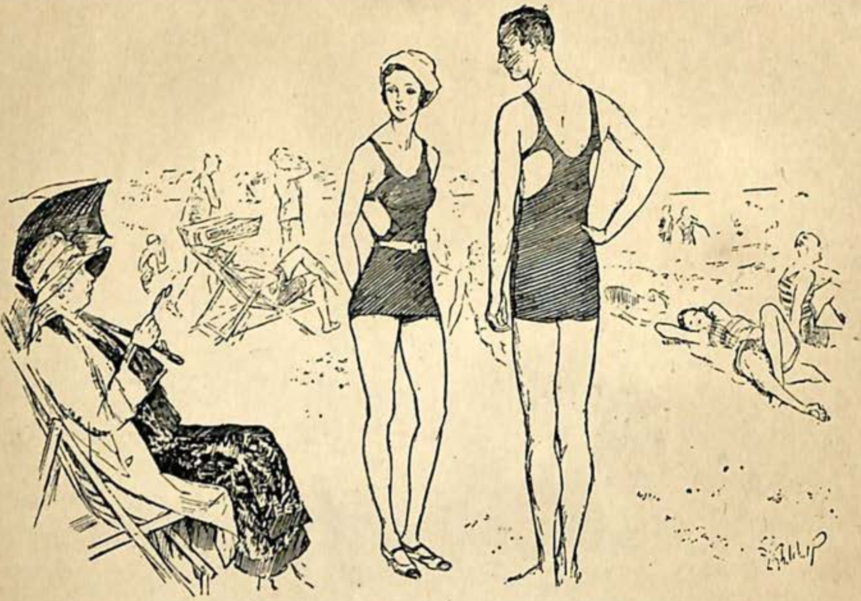
SEASIDE LANDLADY. "I couldn't let this room under thirty shillings, Sir."
VISITOR. "How do you know? Have you ever tried?"



BOY (*indicating clown, who has just popped out for a breather*). "Hi, Mister, yer clown's loose!"



OLD LADY. "Well, we 'll be able to have tea on the journey. I see they 're putting the milk in."



OLD LADY (*unacquainted with the latest sun-tan bathing-suit models*). "My dear children, haven't you noticed? The moth's got into your bathing-costumes terribly."

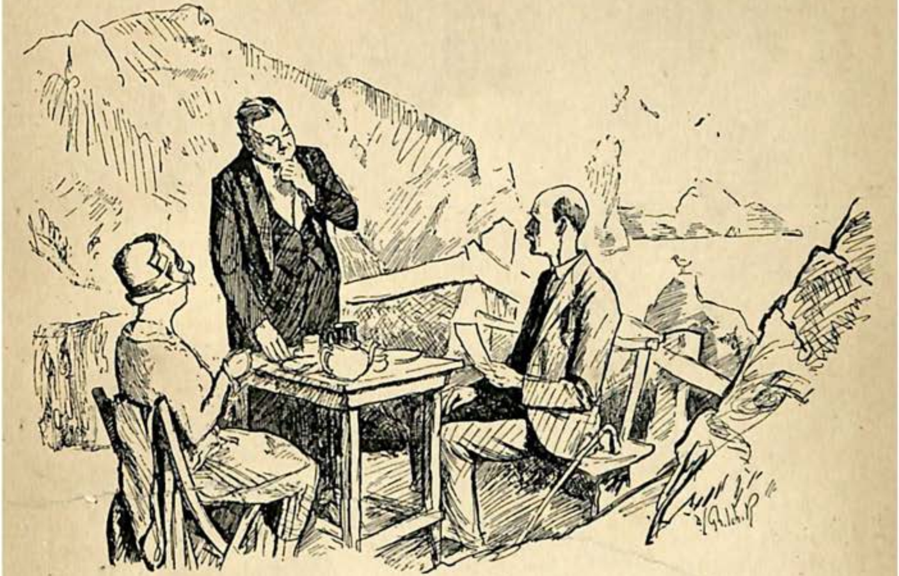
(*July 9, 1930*)

Elderly Sea-Thoughts

THEY that go down to the sea with ships
From the toy-shop on the quay,
With salty hair and sandy lips,
Care devil a jot for me;
They only think to themselves, "That fat
Flannelly man with the queer-shaped hat
Has got most awful cheek to lie
By our private bit of sea!"
They think the thoughts that I used to think
When strangers lounged by the water's brink,
But, whatever they think, it's hard to think
That the big fat man is I.
For the sand-shoes let the tide come through
And they smell of tar and rope,
Just the same as they used to do,
And the foam's like suds of soap;
And blue and bright are the cutting blades
Of the shiny yellow-handled spades.
I wish they'd let me dig a bit
But it's not much use to hope;
For they think the thoughts that I thought about
Elderly men who were much too stout,
But it's hard to know how I'm thought about
And to know how the thoughts all fit!

The nurses nag as they've always nagged,
And the same old tales are told—
" Didn't go deep : my trousers sagged ! "
And " The sea can't give you cold ! "
And, " It bled much more than your one bled ! "
(When knees are scarred and the cuts run red).

Nobody wants to see *my* scar
That is two-score summers old.
For the kind of thoughts that I thought myself
Of men whose chins made a double shelf
Are the thoughts that are thought about myself,
Though it's hard to think they are !



"Man, yer chair-r-ges for tea are verra high for a modest oot-of-the-way establishment like this."

"You see, Sir, this is a much-visited spot on account of the famous view."

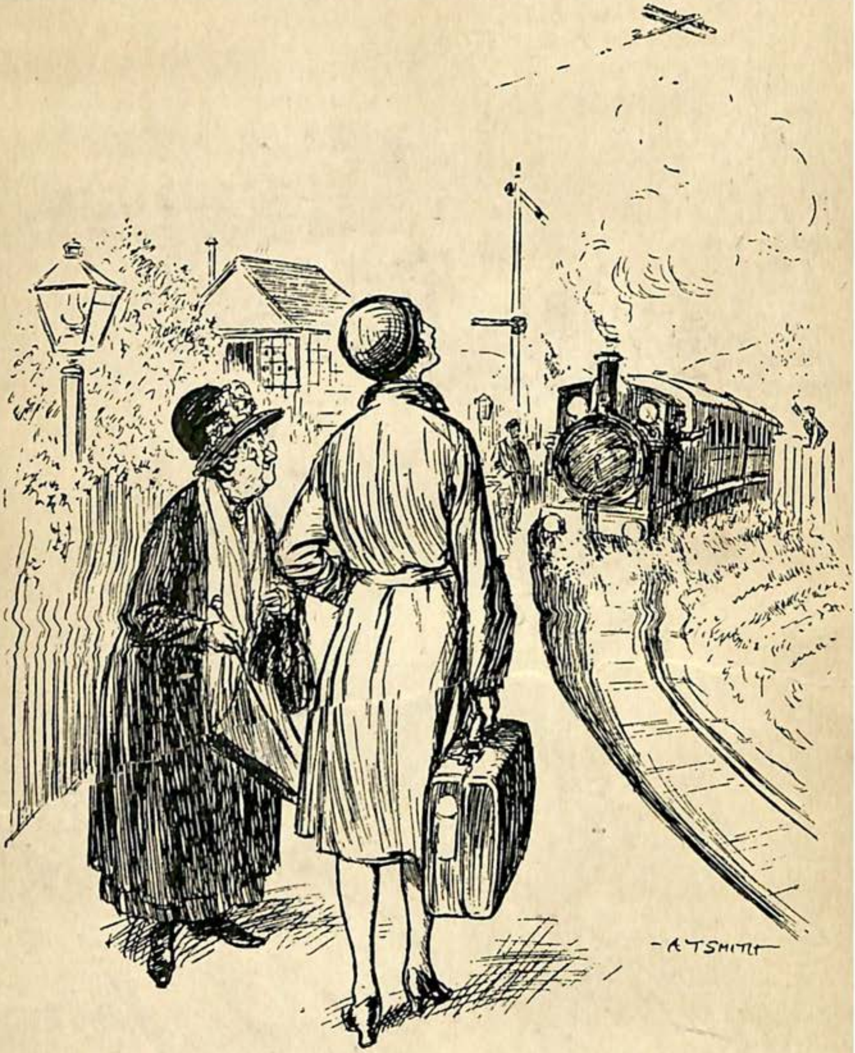
"Aweel, Ah've been sittin' with ma back to it, so Ah'll ask ye for a discount."

At very smart seaside resorts nowadays they have a second row of bathing huts, where bathers, before entering the water, can change their bathing costumes for something to swim in.

At Southend-on-Sea Police Court a fisherman was recently fined for selling unwholesome shell-fish. He pleaded that for ten years he had been in the habit of scraping mussels off a pier. No wonder we hear so much of the enfeebled condition of the aristocracy.

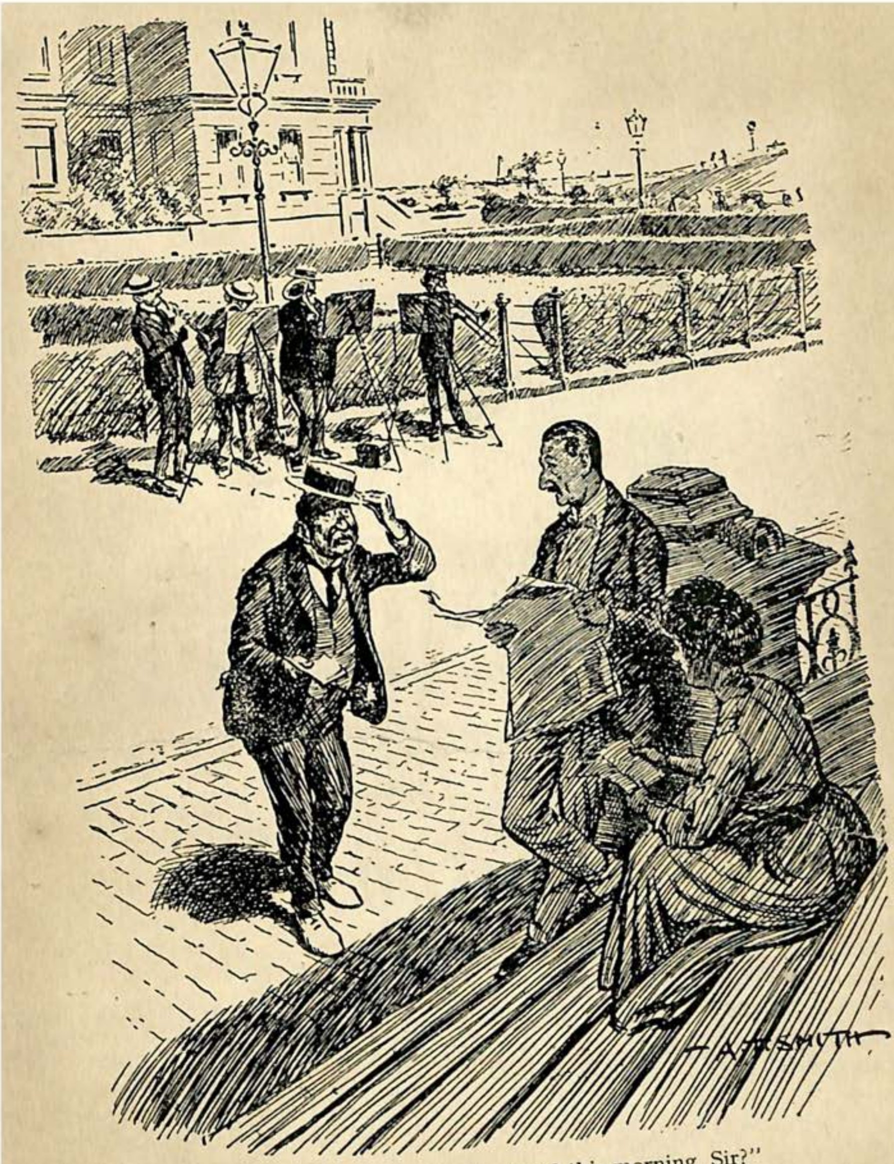
Quite a commotion was caused last week at a station on a well-known South Coast railway. A train arrived so punctually that a porter in his confusion was heard calling out the name of the previous station.

" A visitor to Margate," says a news item, " fell through the floor of an upper storey room into the room below." Other visitors are of the opinion that the landlady had just handed the unfortunate fellow his bill.

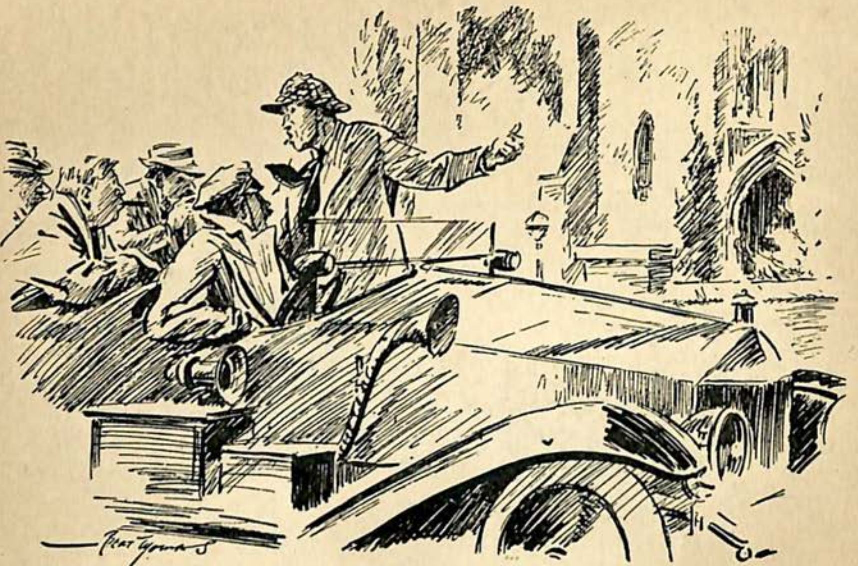


GRANDDAUGHTER. "Don't you wish you were going back by aeroplane, Grannie?"

GRANNIE. "No, my dear, certainly not. I don't hold with them. I always keep to the good old-fashioned railways, as nature intended us to, my dear."



"Would you recognise the band this morning, Sir?"
"No; is it one?"



Scene: Outside famous Cathedral.

"Say, you guys! Jest take a turn round and I'll pop inside and check off this show for you in five minutes."

Berserk

A scene somewhere by the sea. There are discovered ROBINSON *and* BROWN.

ROBINSON. It is now necessary to bathe.

BROWN. Why?

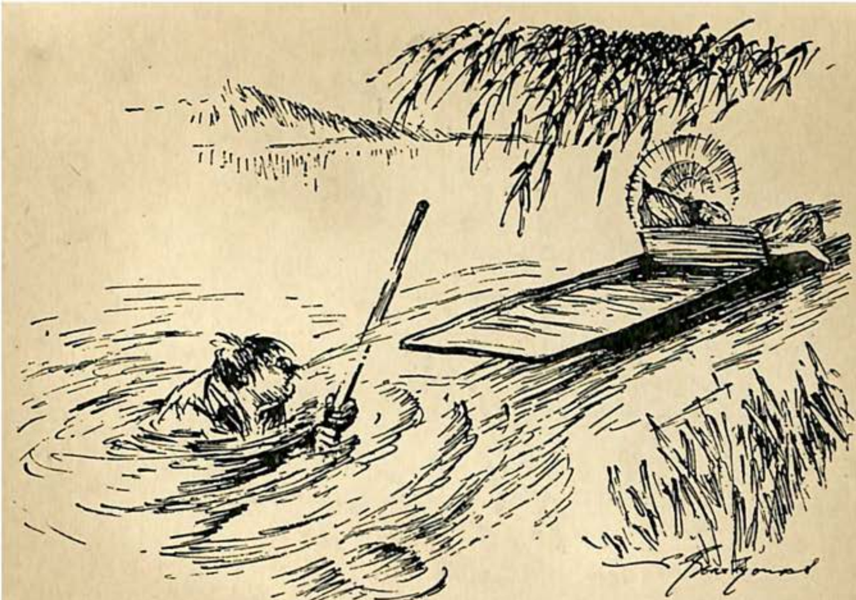
R. It is always done at the sea.

B. There are two seas. It is not necessary to bathe at a refined select sea with only two hotels and a golf-links. This is a crude, commonplace, democratic sea.

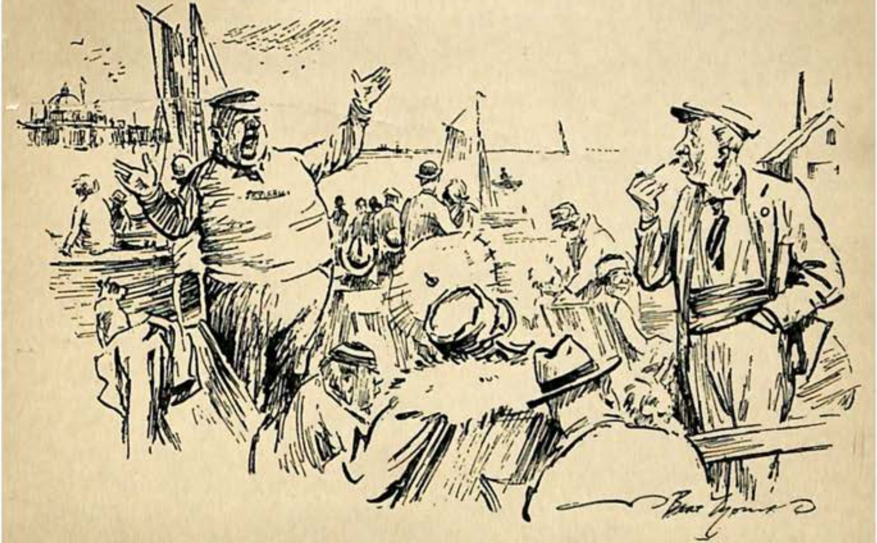
R. Stark, elemental. I'm feeling rather stark this morning. Aren't you?

B. (*with disgust*). You *look* stark. So does everyone here. All the beastly and barbarous impulses of the subconscious self seem to be released by this kind of sea. Practically speaking, this sort of sea is like cocaine and ought to be suppressed. It unhinges. There is a pagan desire to strip off as many clothes as possible. People who aren't going to bathe do it. Abominable people who are going to paddle.

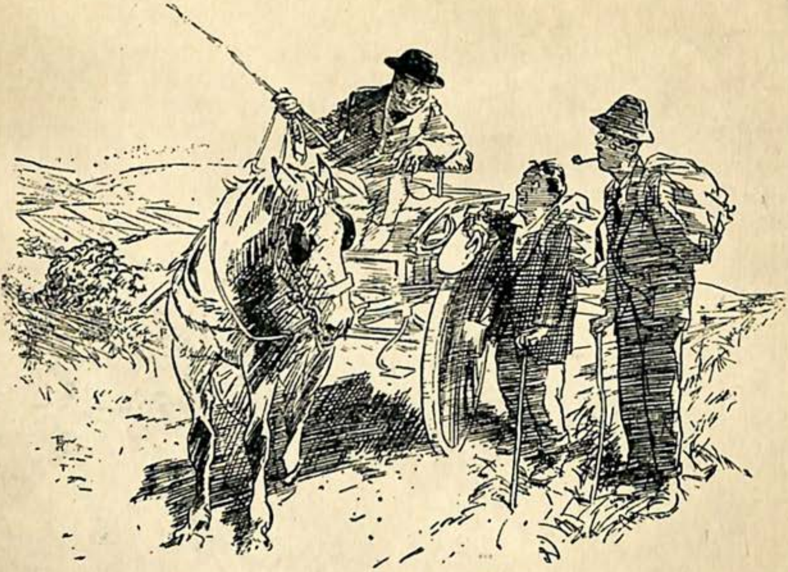
R. I admit that a lot of well-known paddling men and women seem to be



WIFE. "Don't say you've fallen in, Cyril."
HUSBAND. "I w-wasn't (*puff*) goin' to."



BOATMAN. "Any more for the 'Skylark'? A shillin'!"
SALEROOM-PORTER (*on holiday*). "One-an'-tuppence."



"Could you give us a bit of a lift?"
"Which way might you be going?"
"Oh, anywhere; we're on a walking tour."

down here for the season. That's because they've had to let their grouse-moors to Americans. But still——

B. Paddling's bad enough, but I've seen worse. Who do you think I saw actually eating greengages out of a bag in front of the garden railings of the Belvidere? A man who I happen to know is a churchwarden in private life.

R. Perhaps they don't have plates in his church. I should like to point out that the tide——

B. And look at this rubber-ball business again. Constant inhibitions have smothered the rubber-ball-throwing instinct in the mind of civilized man. If people in Kensington feel a secret passion sometimes for standing round their front-doorstep and half-way across the road and hurling brightly tinted pieces of rubber about with encouraging cries, they don't give way to it. They fight it down. At the sea, this kind of sea, the control goes. Women even. You see women who never flung a ball in their lives in London—except to a Pekingese, and then it went down the area railings—as active here as Woolley or Hobbs or——

R. Or Nausicaa.

B. Who?

R. She was the authoress of the "Odyssey."

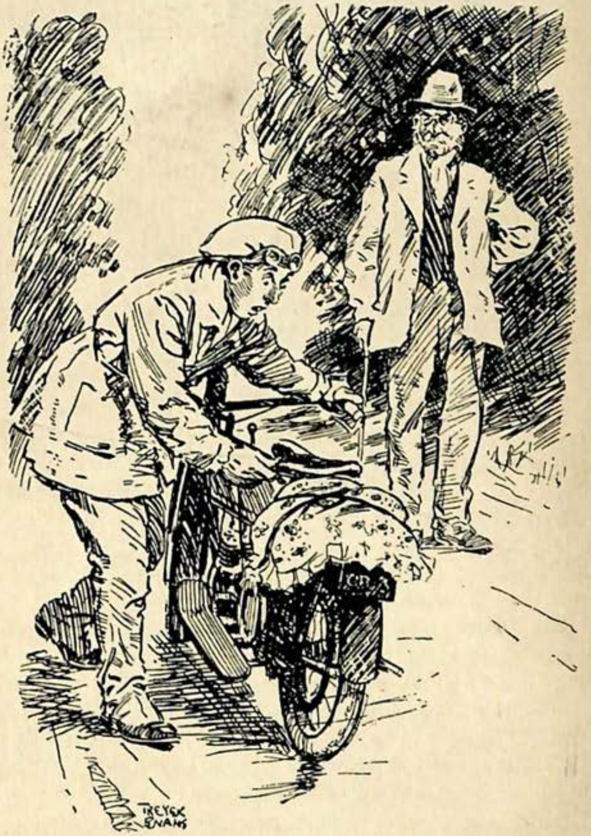
B. Oh, was she ? Well, all this leads up very terribly to cricket on the sands. That is the worst phase. Hundreds go down with it. Stout men who have never made a dozen runs in their life, but are suffering from concealed M.C.C. complexes inside, keep hitting sixes over the shingle and the pools, not to amuse the bally children, but themselves. Only the girls to run leg hits. First bounce out. No twisters to Rosemary. Bowl from the end to which the ball is first thrown in. Mother at mid-on. Bah !

R. (*sighing and looking at his watch*). Yes, that's all very painful, very painful indeed. But I think heaving boulders is worse still. Two or three days ago I saw a jolly family party doing that. They were shying at the top of one of those stout posts in the wooden groynes. They were very happy and kept making little bets on the next hit. After a while one of the elder boys said, " Wouldn't it have been funny if there had been somebody on the other side when we began ? " Aunt Hilda, I think it was, then went and looked over the groyne and found that there had been.

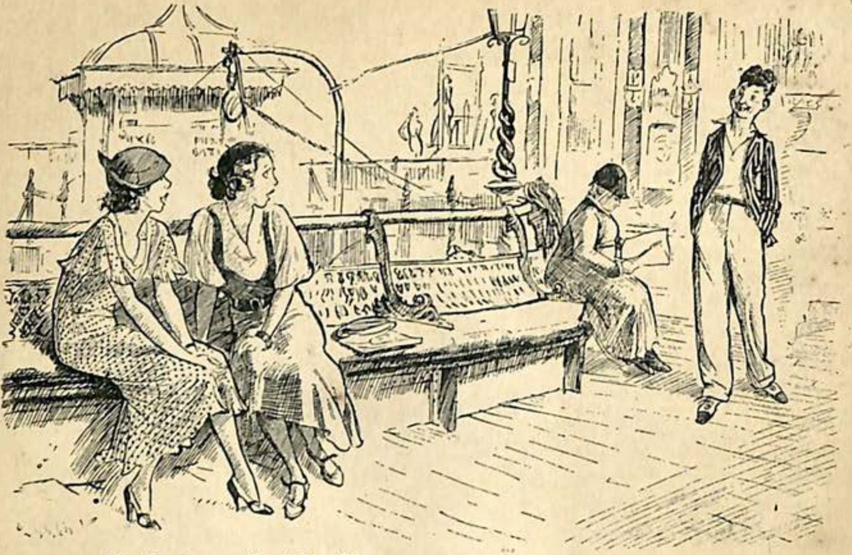
B. (*faintly interested*). Not really ?

R. Yes, a white-haired old lady with a sandwich-bag and a copy of " The Daily Telegraph." She had been hit by the first boulder, and died without a moan.

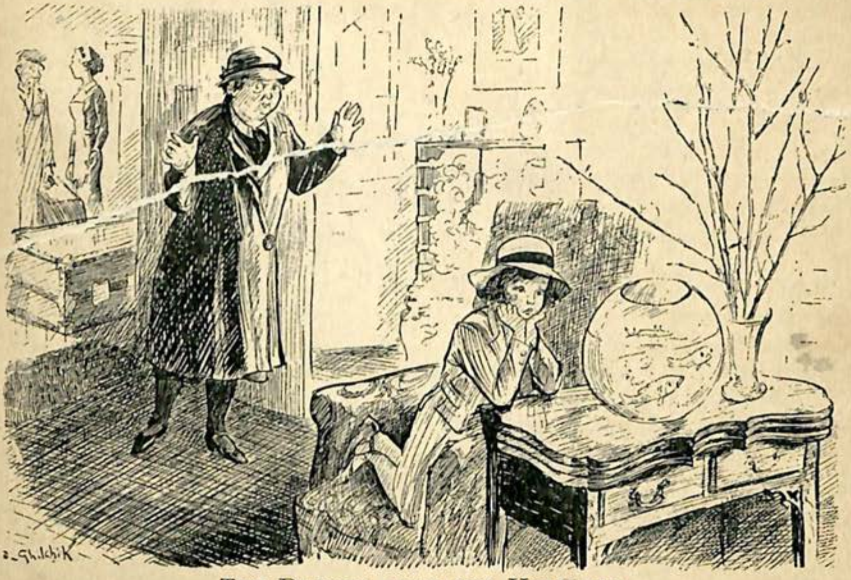
B. I wish you wouldn't get off your Grand Guignol rejections on me. I'll tell



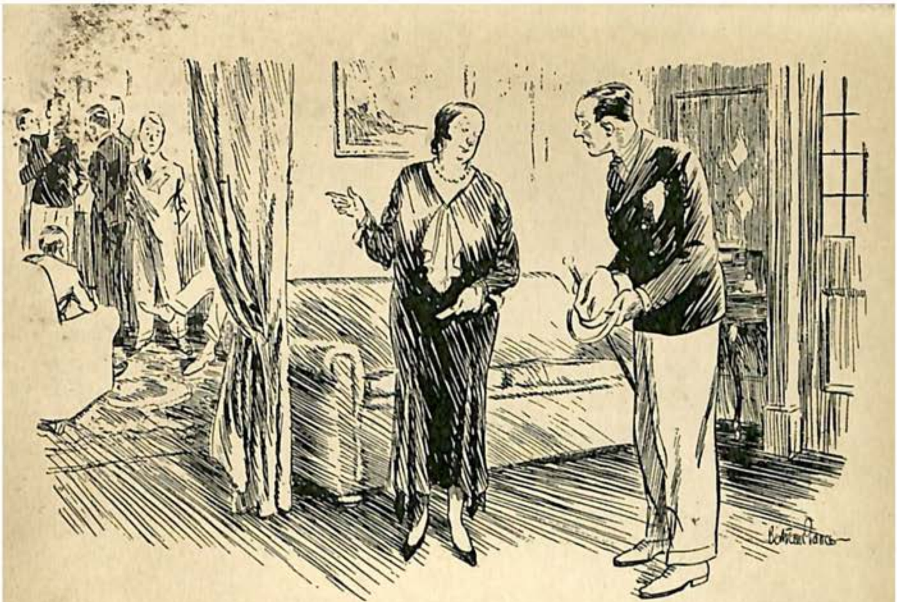
PEDESTRIAN. "Dropped anything, Mister?"
MOTORIST. "Yes."
PEDESTRIAN. "What is it?"
MOTORIST. "My girl."



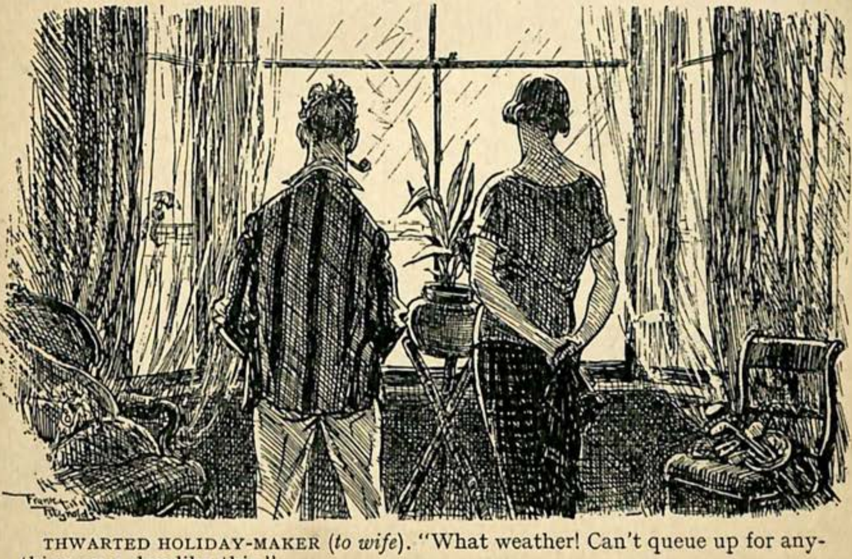
"Is that your best boy?"
"Not exactly; but he's the best I could find in a fortnight."



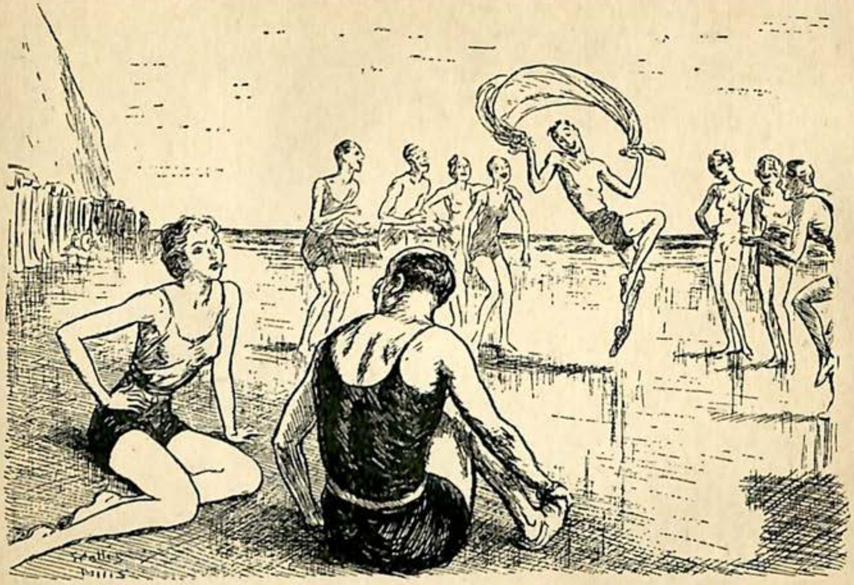
THE RETURN FROM THE HOLIDAYS
"Oh, Nanny! Nanny! I don't think the goldfish know me."



YOUNG MAN (*at seaside hotel*). "I had the pleasure of rescuing your daughter yesterday."
HER MOTHER. "Oh, yes; thanks. Will you just join the other young men?"



THWARTED HOLIDAY-MAKER (*to wife*). "What weather! Can't queue up for anything on a day like this."



ELDERLY PERSON (*after listening to praises of centre of group*). "Really! Looks half-baked to me."

GIRL. "Don't be so moribund, darling. Half-baked! Why, he's the silliest ass in our set."

you a true story now, and far sadder than that. I climbed over one of your wooden groynes yesterday morning a good way along the beach. There was only a small triangle of pebbles on the other side, for the tide was almost full, and a little further on the waves touched the cliff. There was a kind of blackboard fixed upon the groyne with a notice on it to say that it was dangerous to sit under the cliff because the top was likely to come off. All the same there were a man and woman sitting there with three small children gambolling around them. The children were mixing fallen lumps of the white chalk cliff with sea-water in their buckets and pouring the mixture every now and then over the laps of Papa and Mamma. The tide had washed up not only sea-weed, amidst which sandhoppers were jumping about, but portions of boots, pieces of tin, old matchboxes and fragments of glass.

It was raining fairly hard. The woman was knitting, and the man was reading under the shelter of his coat a newspaper article on the situation in the Near East. They all seemed perfectly happy. In fact, they were. Just as I put one leg over I heard the man say, " Nice to be out of the mob, isn't it ? " And the woman said, " Rather." I climbed back pretty quickly, and as I went another large lump of chalk crumbled off the cliff and fell quite close to the smallest child.

R. What do you suppose happened?

B. Oh, they couldn't have been drowned, the tide was just going to turn. But it's a thing to remember when people say that the English take their pleasures sadly. What they really do is to take sad pleasures with indomitable courage and pertinacity.

R. Such as bathing. Do come along.

B. Well, if the normal decent barriers of a well-regulated mind which prevent a man from trotting nearly naked over a lot of nasty sharp stones on a cold and windy day into a lot of boisterous bubbles are to be swept aside, swept aside let them be. I hope you understand cramp.

R. Perfectly. One keeps the fellow's head under water and kicks him in the wind.

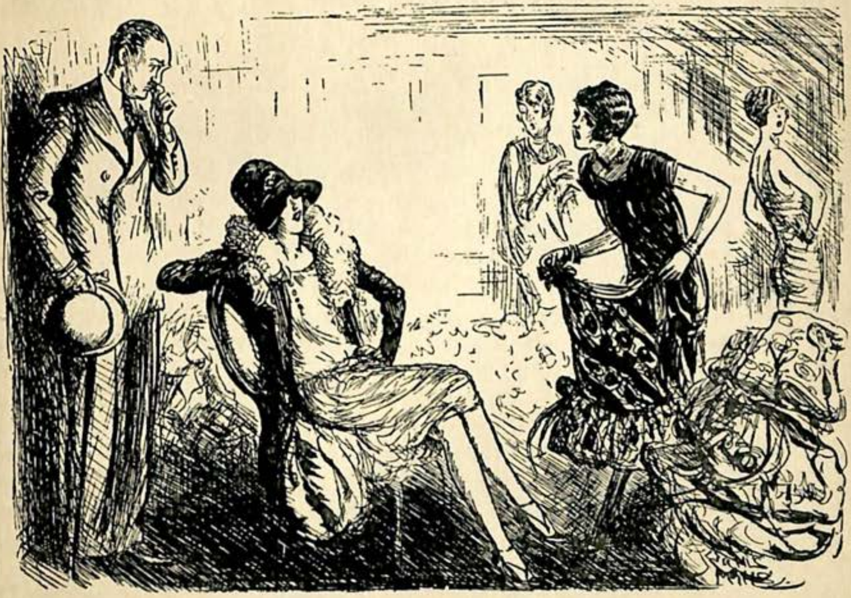
[*They go down to the sea.*]

A little later.

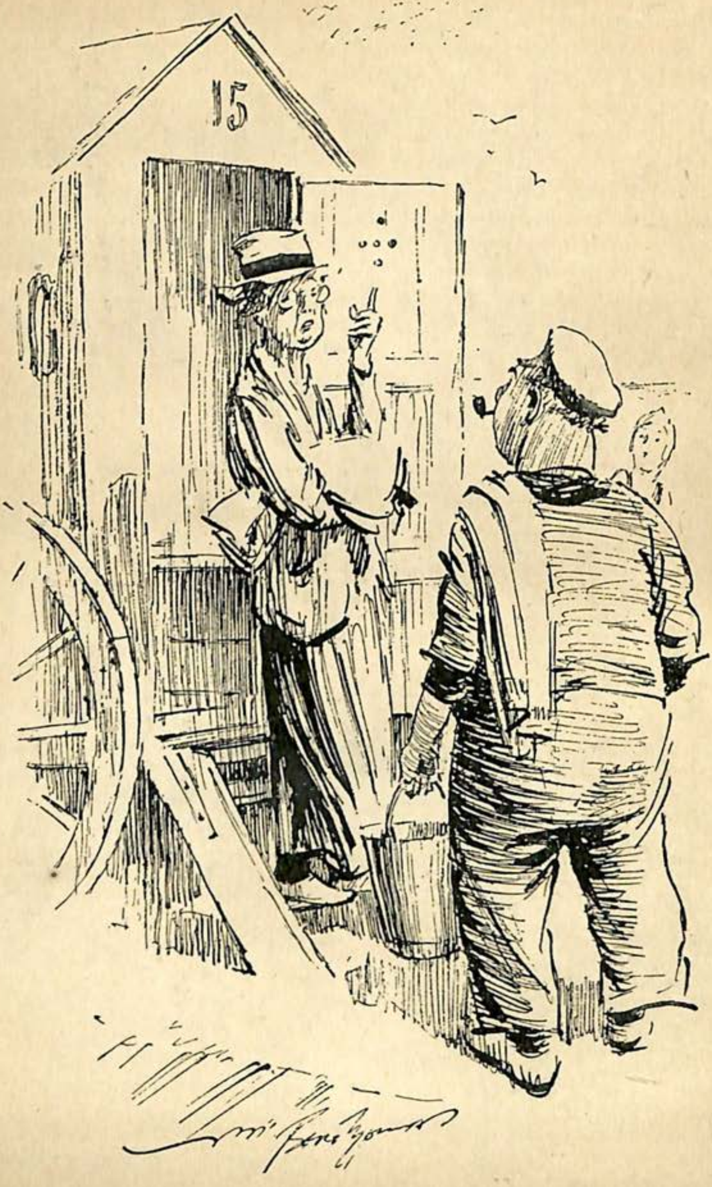
B. Pff. Isn't this gorgeous? I wish we had a rubber ball.

R. Pff. There's one in the tent. [*Gets it.*]

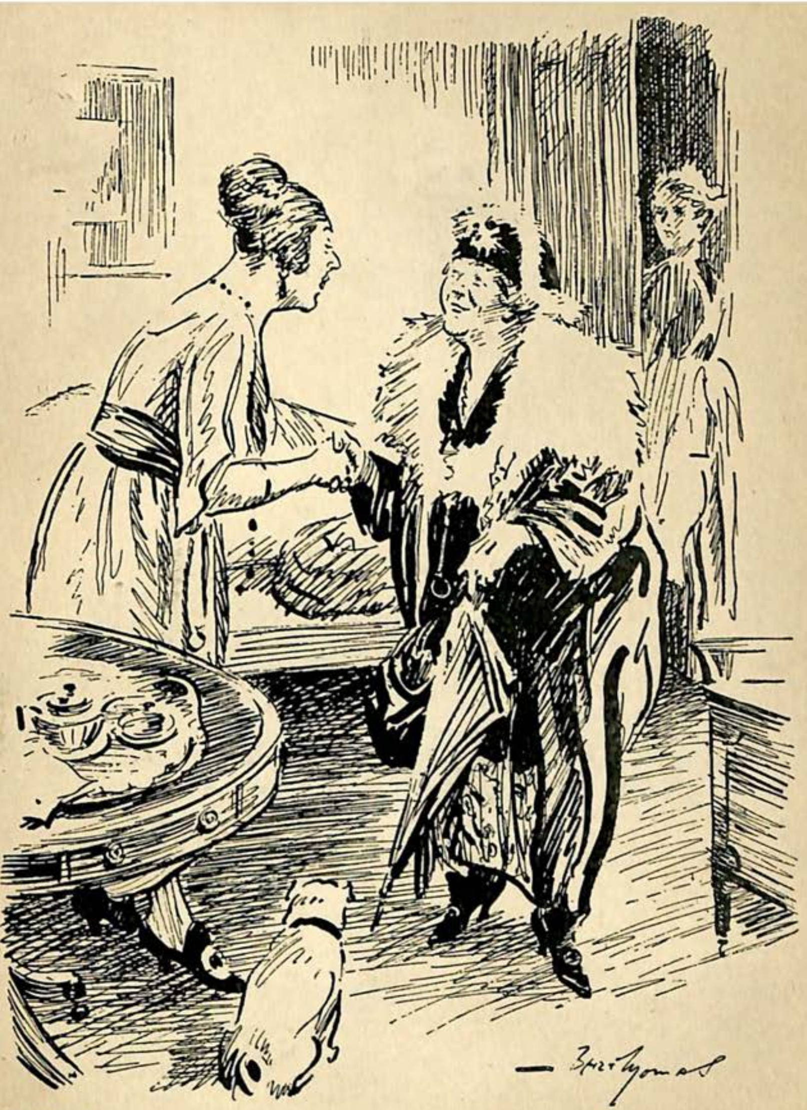
EVOE



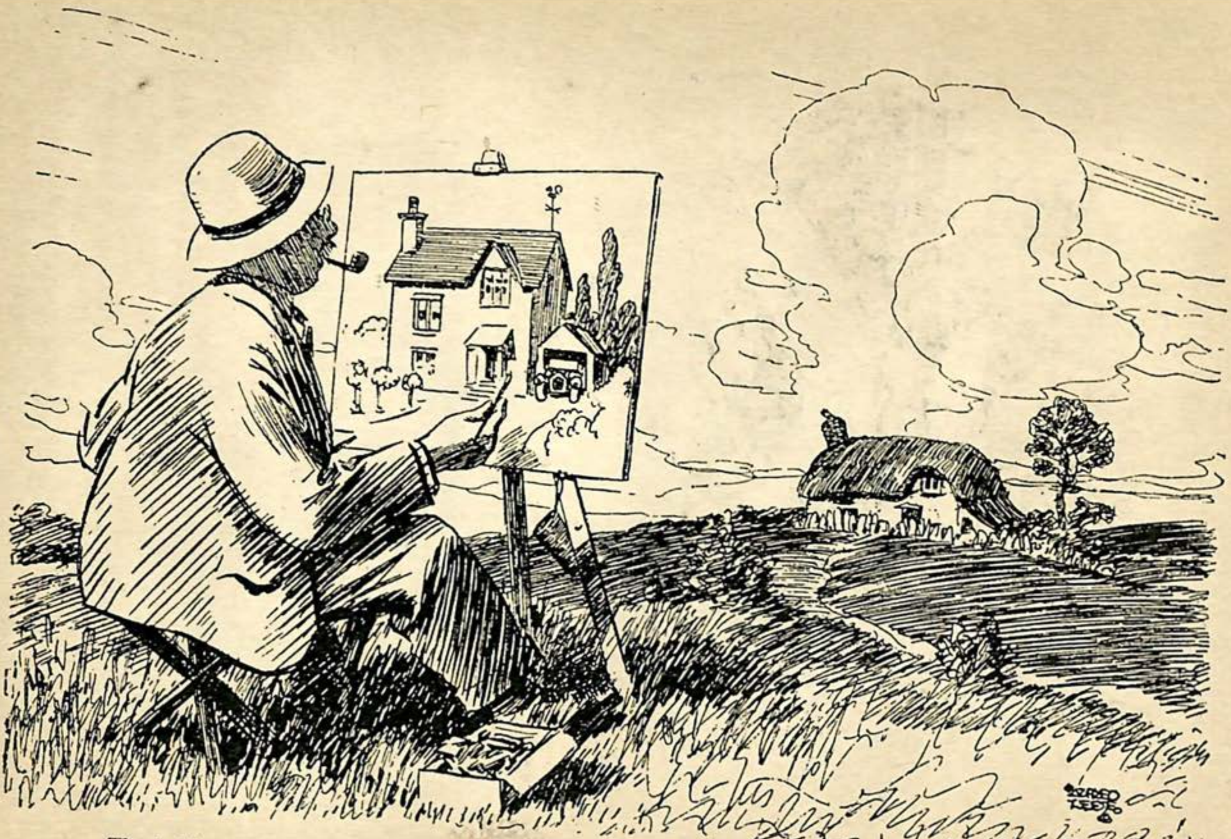
LADY (*choosing bathing-dress*). "They're all marvellous, but not quite deafening enough for Deauville."



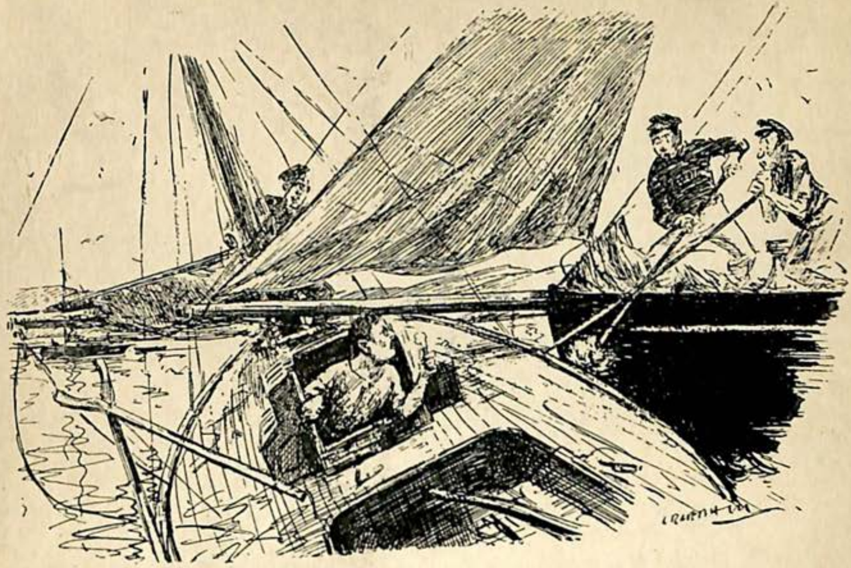
MISS PRIM. "Where's the blind for these?"



"Well, dear, and did you have a nice holiday?"
"Oh, yes—delightful! We stayed away a week longer than the Smiths next door."


ALFRED LEETE

The hobby of Mr. Binks, the house-agent, is sketching from Nature. It is curious to note how his business influences it.



OWNER. "I say! You really ought not to do this sort of thing when a man's shaving."

Holiday Husbandry

(Lines to a City Clerk carrying home a new garden spade
on the evening of Friday before Bank Holiday)

WHILE eager crowds on pleasure bent
Their devious week-end ways are wending,
For you that garden implement
Forebodes a dreadful fate impending.

Of course I know "*Quot homines*"
Tot every kind of recreation;
But do you number amongst these
The ungentle art of excavation?

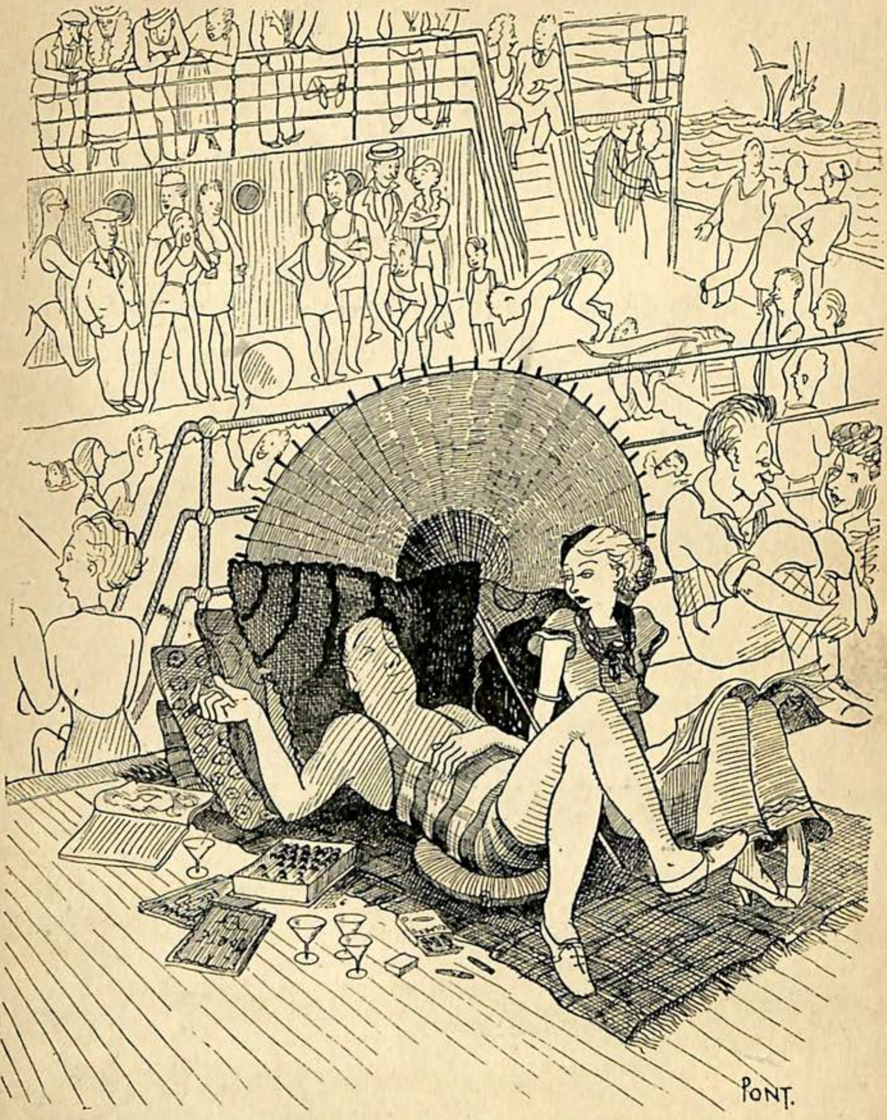
Golf, Cricket, Tennis find me not,
Their claims on my exertions shirking,
But digging in a garden plot
Appears to me too much like working.

When noonday's fiercest rays attack
And blistered fingers make you wince, it
Will solace not your aching back
To know that "*Labor omnia vincit.*"

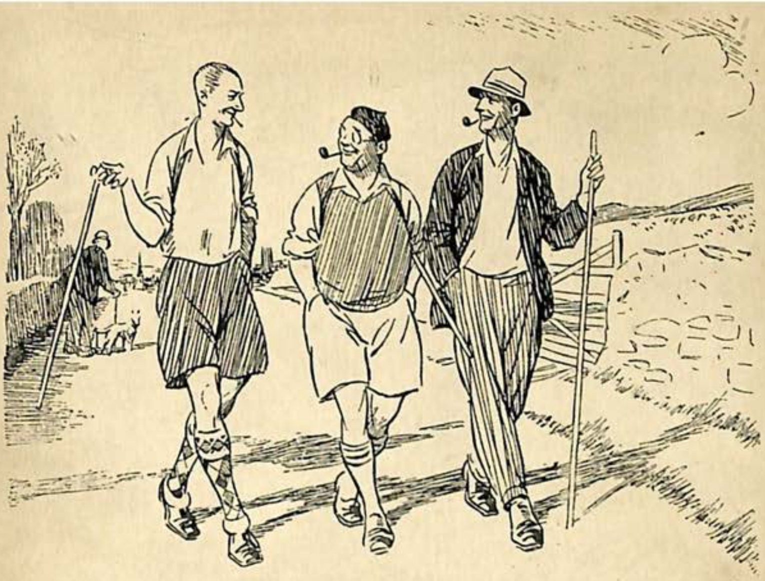
But was this plan your own free choice?
Or did you, scenting trouble brewing,
Yield to your wife's insistent voice
Declaring something "wanted doing"?

If so, you have my sympathy;
And, when on some shore gently shelving
I dream beside the summer sea,
I'll pray for you at Tooting, delving.

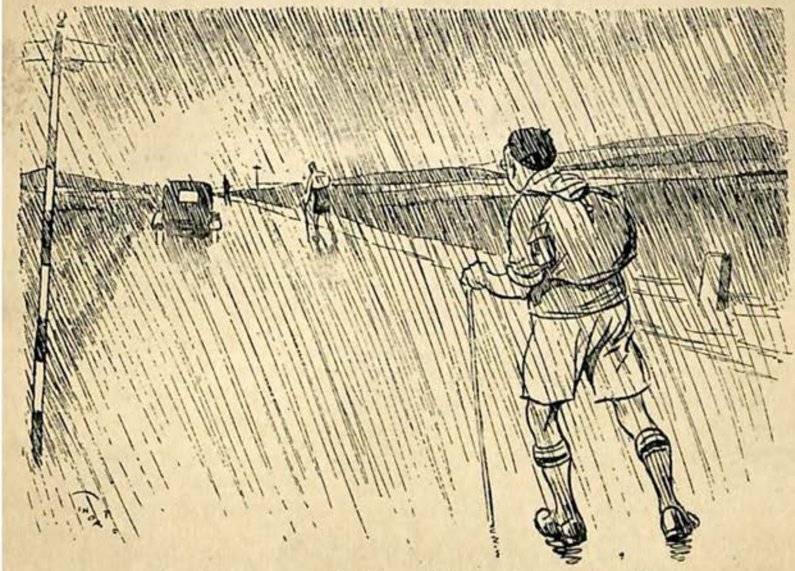
For, when the evening shadows fall,
I, by a like imperious order,
Obedient to one clear call,
Must water our herbaceous border.



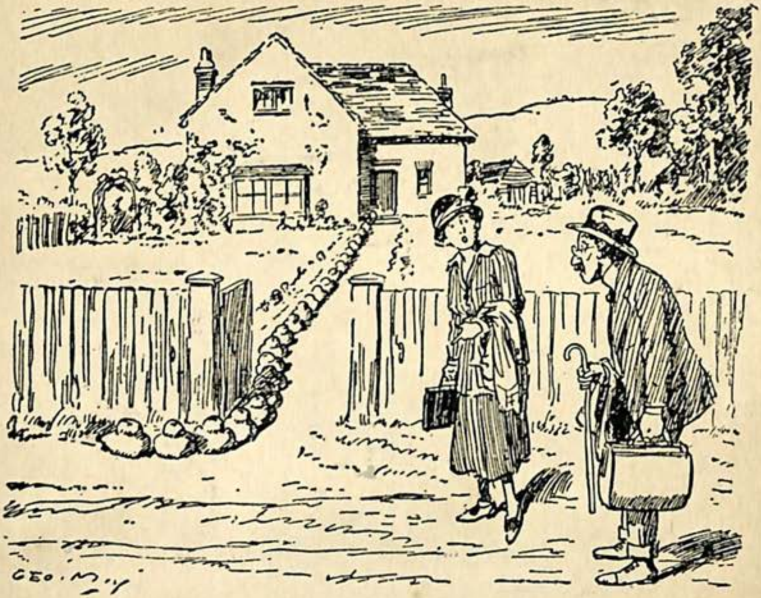
"I always wish I'd gone into the Navy. I just revel in the life at sea."



The genial camaraderie of the first day of a hiking tour—



is not always perfectly maintained on the fourth.



THE RETURN FROM THE HOLIDAY

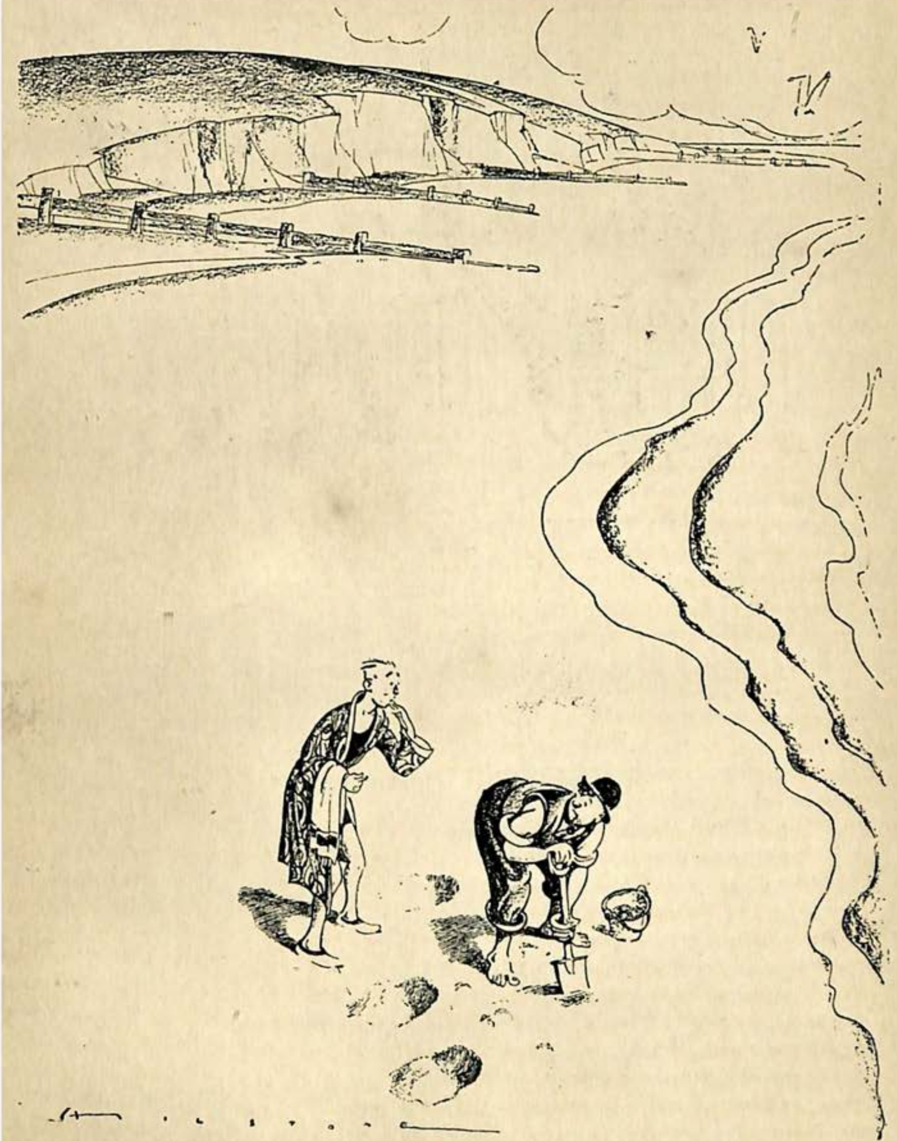
"Oh, Harold, we forgot to tell the baker we were going away, and that boy of his is *so* unimaginative."

My Indelible Bathing-Dress

WHAT I like about Bobby Ingoldsbie is that he sees the point; some day (soon unfortunately) he will go to school and learn how to beat about the bush like Charles and Mildred and the rest of his family; in the meantime he seems to me invariably to get to the heart of the matter. It was so over the question of my bathing-dress.

It is a curious thing, but wherever I go with the Ingoldsbies I forget to take a bathing-dress; and wherever I go with the Ingoldsbies they make me buy one; consequently I possess what is, I suppose—I say it in all humility—one of the most remarkable collections of bathing-dresses in the world—blue ones from Brighton, red ones from Scarborough, little black-and-white striped ones (primitive, early Bognorian); and a (probably unique) grey specimen with a slight stripe in it from St. Ebba's-on-Sea (1910). I had at one time an unused " Channel Islands " in a very rare pink, but I swapped it for a yellow Weston-super-Mare (1921).

Such a collection is of course impressive; at the same time the mania for



"Can you tell me, please, if this is the right part of the beach for mixed bathing?"

it, I find, diminishes in intensity with advancing years, and when this summer I joined the Ingoldsbies on the shores of the Lago di Garda I was reluctant to add yet another (Italian) specimen to my collection.

"Besides," I said when Charles raised the inevitable question, "I don't know the Italian for a bathing-dress. So I can't buy one, can I?"

The family eyed me scornfully.

"When we bade you a tender *au revoir* at Victoria," said Mildred, "did we or did we not press into your hand a little book of phrases called 'All You Require in Italy'?"

I admitted that this was so, but explained that I had inadvertently left all I required in Italy in an hotel bedroom at Milan.

Mildred sighed. "There," she said, "take mine;" and she handed me all *she* required in Italy.

"These pencils are very beautiful," I read as I turned over the pages. "Waiter, I do not like this soup. Send for the proprietor. Oh, you may go now, cabman."

"Nothing about bathing-dresses, you see," I concluded; "evidently one does not require bathing-dresses in Italy."

"These bathing-dresses are very beautiful," extemporised Mrs. Ingoldsbie. "Send for the cashier. Oh, you may stop selling me a bathing-dress now, shopman."

But Charles and Mildred were inexorable. I could gesticulate, they said.

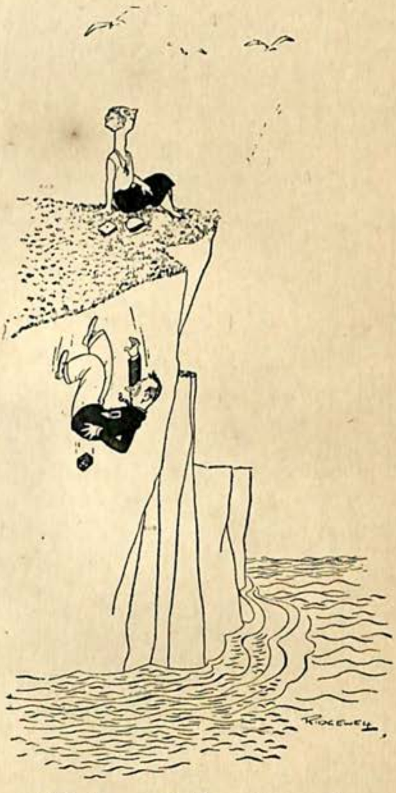
So Mrs. Ingoldsbie and I went in search of a shop in which I could gesticulate—rather a wide sort of shop, we thought, would be the thing.

We selected one over the door of which was written: "COSTALOTTI."

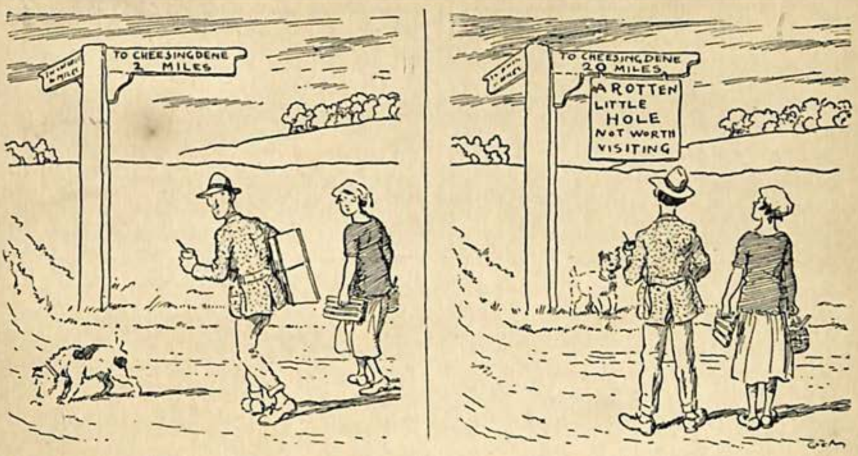
"After all," I said as we entered, "it can't mean what it looks as if it ought to mean, and it may be the Italian for bathing-dresses."

"Costalotti?" I queried as I approached the counter.

Signor Costalotti bowed. Evidently he was not the Italian for bathing-dresses. So I went through the evolutions of swimming, starting with a quiet breast-stroke in the direction of Costalotti. Poor

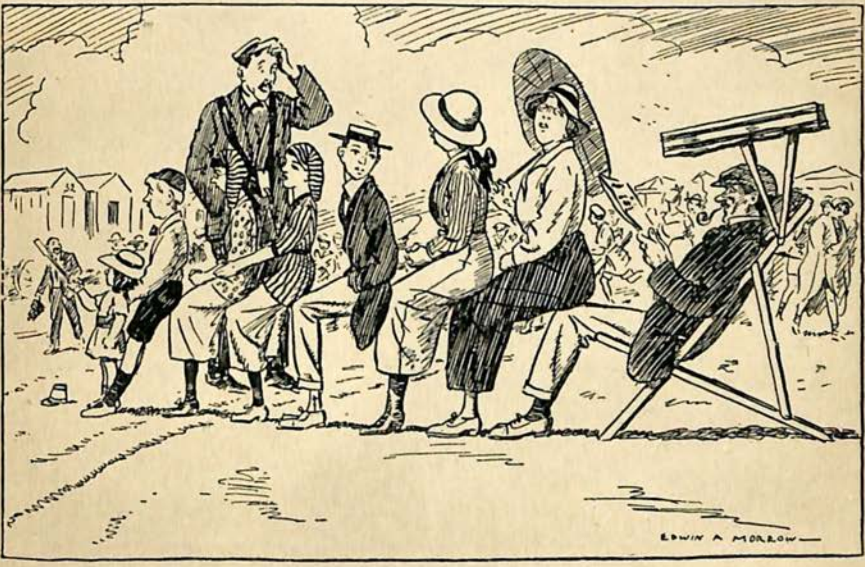


"Cyril, aren't there times when you quite envy the seagulls?"


TO CHEESINGDENE
2 MILES
TO CHEESINGDENE
20 MILES
A ROTTEN
LITTLE
HOLE
NOT WORTH
VISITING

How Mr. and Mrs. Jones, who have taken a cottage in a retired village,

Did their best to discourage other visitors.


EDWIN A MORROW

FINANCIAL STRINGENCY AT THE SEASIDE; A GOOD PENNYWORTH man, I fancy he thought I had a stammer and was beginning with a few breathing exercises.

My side-stroke promised better, for Costalotti's brow lightened a little; it would, I believe, have been a success in the end had not Mrs. Ingoldsbie interrupted.

"These pencils are very beautiful," she ejaculated suddenly in Italian from behind me. (The silent suspense, she explained to me afterwards, was becoming unbearable.)

"Hush!" I begged her, "please . . . you'll put him off the scent."

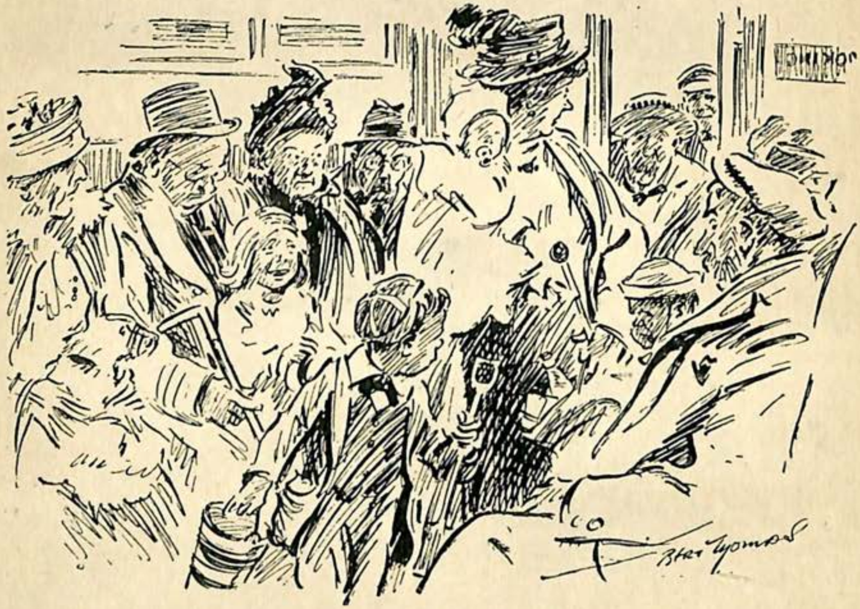
It put him off it altogether, and with the opening of my more vigorous overhand stroke he simply turned and bolted. On thinking it over I believe that he suspected me of suffering from some dangerous mental disorder—hydrophobia perhaps.

His place was rapidly taken by Costalotti junior, who also bowed.

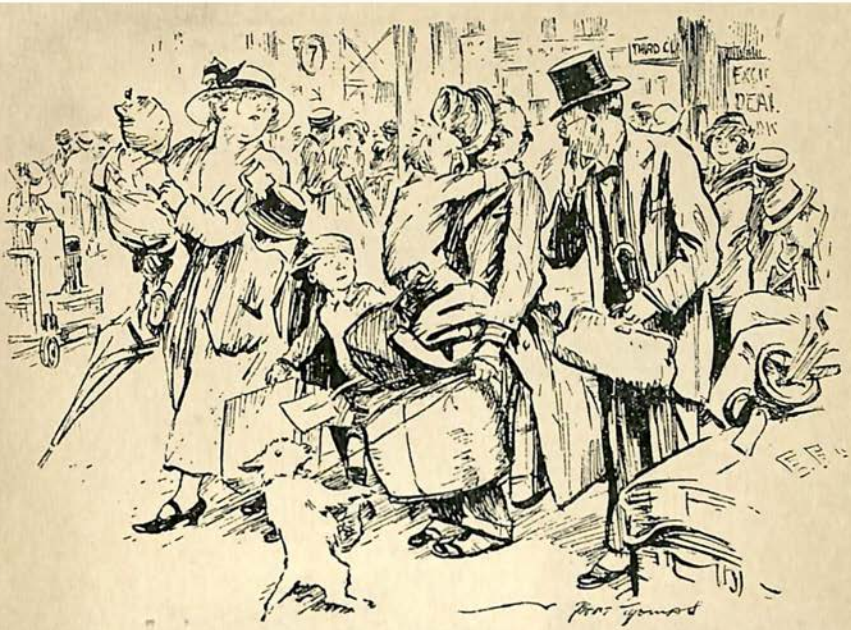
"What can I do for you, Sir?" he said in English.

* * * * * * *

Armed with a bath-towel I retired behind a rock to dry and dress myself. Having removed my bathing-dress from my shoulders I saw immediately that



HARASSED MOTHER (*having distributed half of her offspring on laps of passengers*). "Come on, 'Enery. Squeeze in somewhere. 'Tain't exac'ly 'ow I loikes to travel, but s'pose we'll 'ave to put up with it."



SYMPATHETIC PERSON. "Never mind, Sir—a holiday's soon over."

a remarkable thing had happened. For a moment I thought that it was too good to be true; then, having reassured myself, I peered over the edge of my rock.

"I say!" I shouted. Ingoldsbie heads appeared from the rocks about me. "I say, you'll never guess what's happened. The colour has come off my bathing-dress and half of me is dyed blue——"

There was a shout of derisive laughter.

"Blue," they repeated; "but how perfectly wonderful; he's half blue."

"I feel like an Ancient Briton," I said.

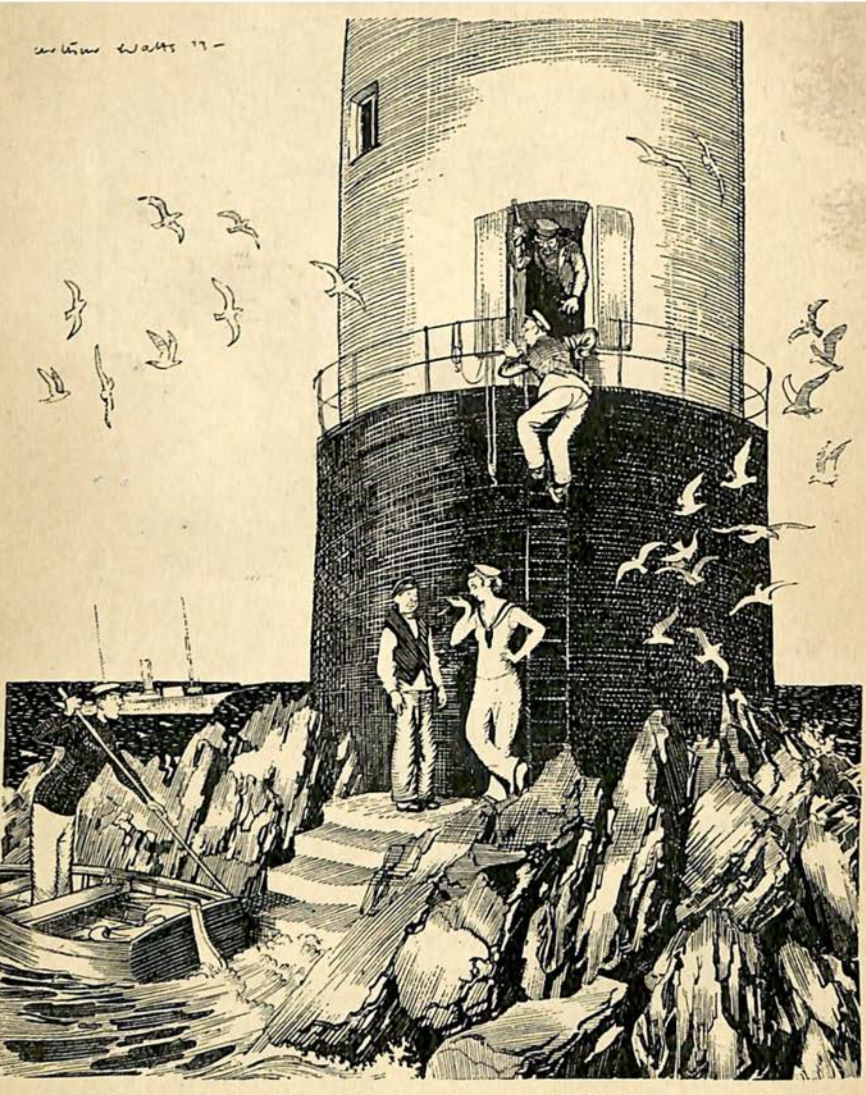
"Boadicea's bodyguard," suggested the Colonel (grossly, I thought).

"I suppose you'll go about saying you're a half-blue for swimming now," said Charles.

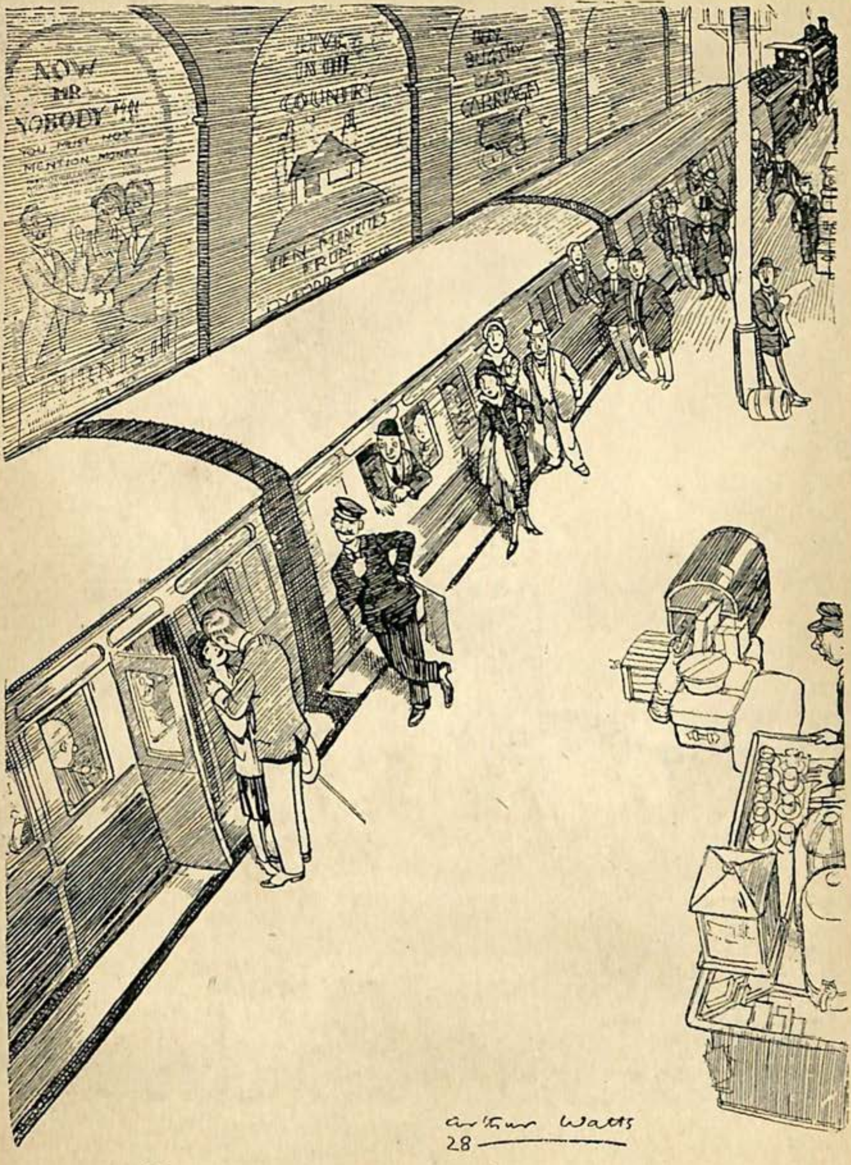
But it required the wisdom of the suckling to see the real significance of the episode.

"Well, anyway," called Bobby, "you'll never have to buy another bathing-dress, 'cos you'll always sort of have one on underneath."

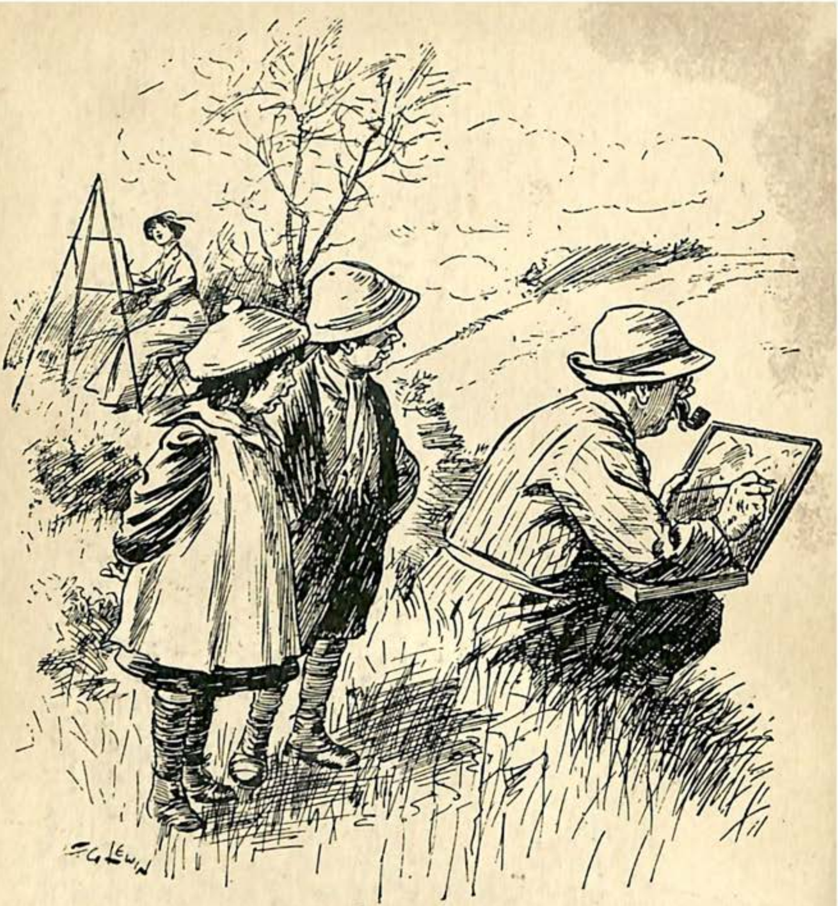
It is a comforting thought. I shall never have to buy another bathing-dress. I shall always sort of have one on underneath.


arthur watts 33 -

"Of course if *I* lived here I'd have the sweetest little Rock-garden."


NOW MR NOBODY
YOU MUST NOT MENTION MONEY
ON THE COUNTRY
TEN MINUTES FROM
CARRIAGE
Arthur Watts
28

THE GUARD WHO'D JUST GOT ENGAGED HIMSELF



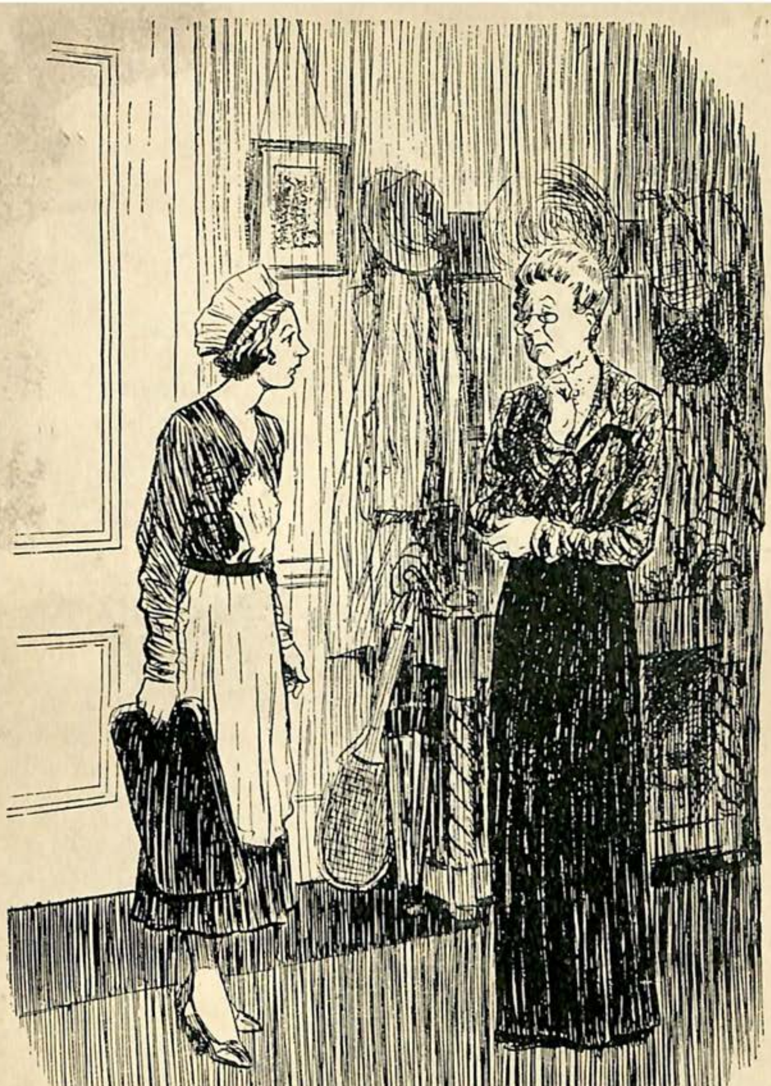
LOCAL CRITIC. " 'Tain't 'arf as good as wot the lidy's doing on stilts."

Fairies by the Sea

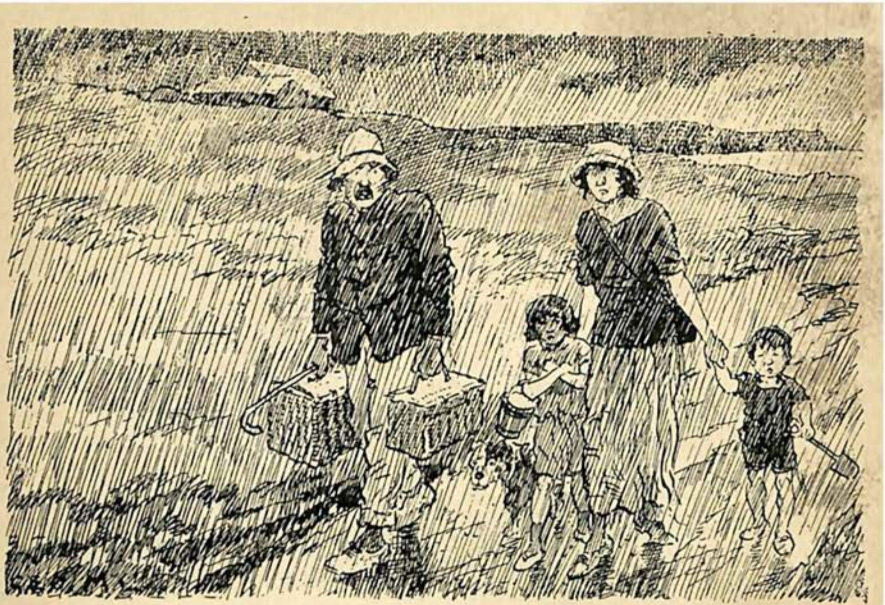
CROWDS of them and crowds of them
All among the tide,
On big waves and little waves
Having such a ride!
Creeping up the crinkly sand,
Dancing on the rocks,
Crowds of them and crowds of them
In creamy curly frocks.

Rows of them and rows of them,
Fifty thousand score,
Glittering and twinkling
All along the shore;
Sands to dig I knew there were,
Shrimps to catch for tea;
No one told me I should find
Fairies by the sea.

R. F.



LANDLADY OF SEASIDE BOARDING-HOUSE. "Complaints again? They're always finding something fresh to complain about."
MAID. "No, Ma'am; it's the eggs again."



THE RETURN FROM THE PICNIC

UNHAPPY HOLIDAY-MAKER (*bitterly*). "And to think how we snigger when we see this kind of thing in the comic papers!"

Our Surprise Visit

"GOOD lad!" beamed Sam effusively as I alighted.

"No fawning," I said sternly. "Tell me in the plain English which your telegram so deplorably lacked why I have been dragged from the mellow September gaiety of the seaside to this one-eyed resort of anglers and other low forms of animal life. I take it that Jane is indicated?"

"Of course. Jane and—er—some others, including that comparatively well-favoured girl friend of hers, Dora——"

"Dora Postle! Is it possible, Sam, that something has begun to stir in the primitive slime of your cerebellum? Speak on. Where are they?"

"With a party on the Broads. Houseboat 'White Swan.' Only about three miles from here by water."

"And are they sending a merry catamaran or something to meet us?"

"No, you ass; they don't know we're here. We're going to hire a sailing dinghy and pay them a surprise visit."

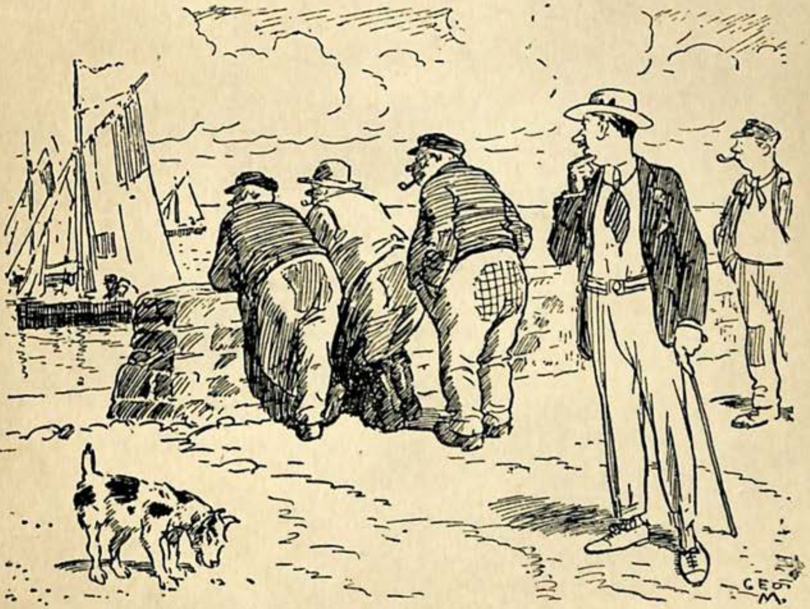
"I might have guessed as much, Sam. After a momentary tremor your intellect has gone and died on you. All I know about a sailing-boat is that it requires to be sailed. When have you or I ever sailed a sailing-boat ? "

" Easy as A B C," proclaimed Sam, patting a handbook which protruded from his pocket.

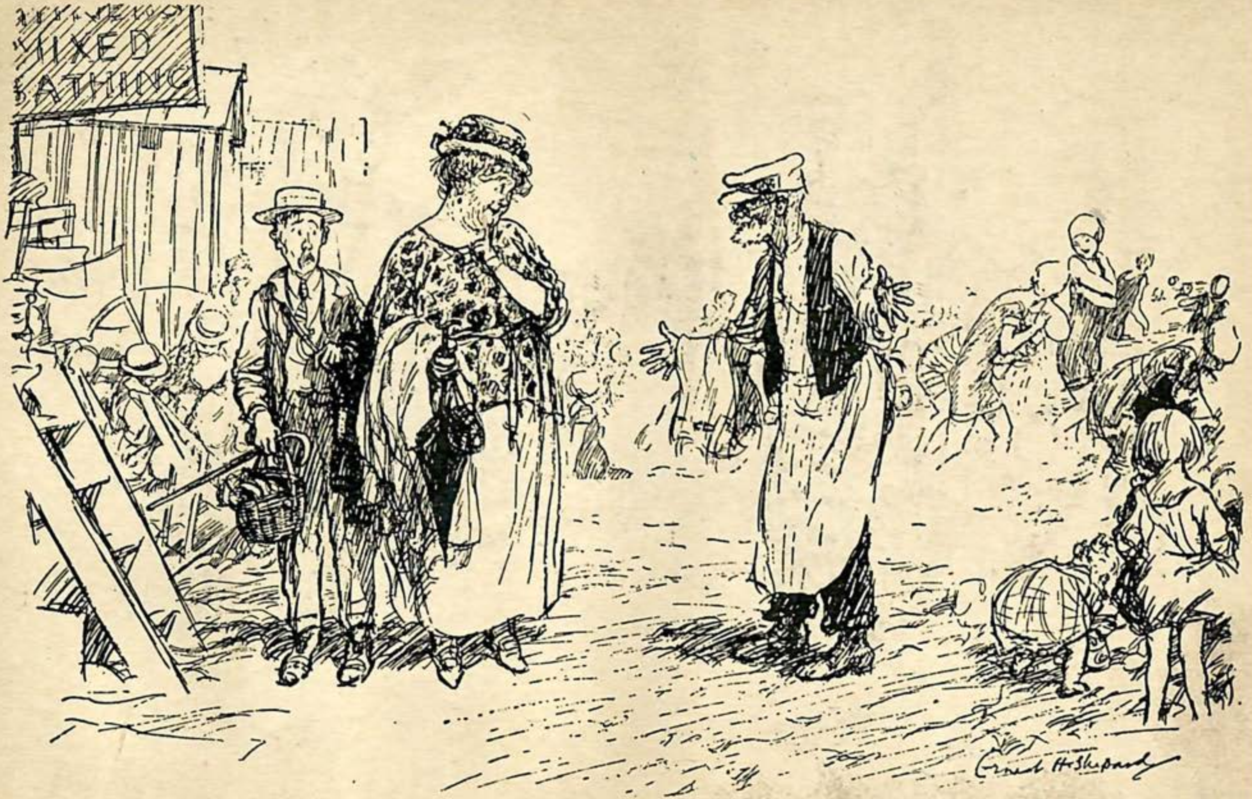
During lunch he demonstrated with the help of the bread-basket, a fork, a pocket-handkerchief and a piece of string how easy it was to sail a boat without upsetting more than two glasses of beer. After which we adjourned to the waterside where we acquired a lease of the " Merry Maggie " at the current local rate of exploitation plus a deposit, charitably calculated, in the event of the worst happening, to console the bereaved owner and his family for many healing years.

Sam said I had better paddle a bit while he sorted out the sail. After twenty minutes or so I inquired whether the " Merry Maggie " really *was* a sailing-boat or whether the mass of canvas he was toying with was merely an awning. I gathered from Sam's muffled remarks that the something sail was unlike any sail described in the something handbook, and further that it appeared to be a very old and valuable sail and had probably not been used since the gallant little vessel returned from fighting the Armada.

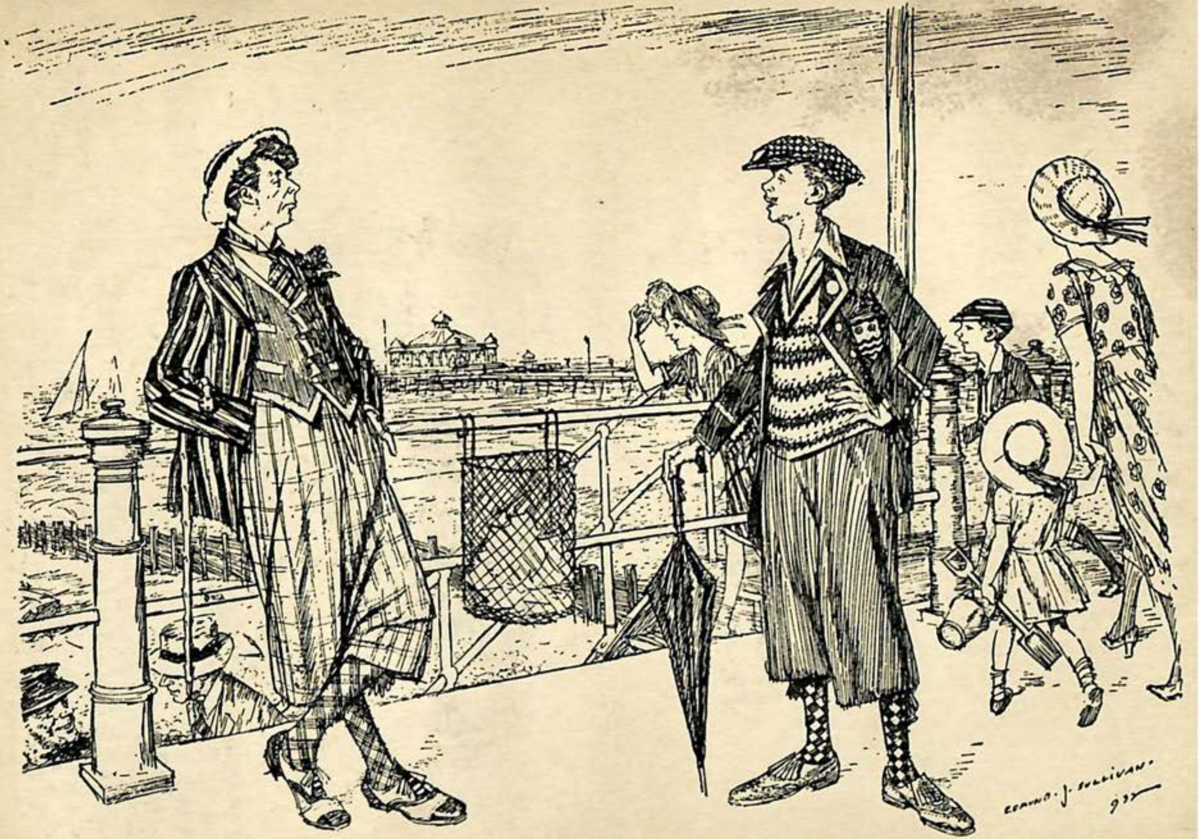
The Broad was very peaceful, so I shipped the oars and dozed pleasantly



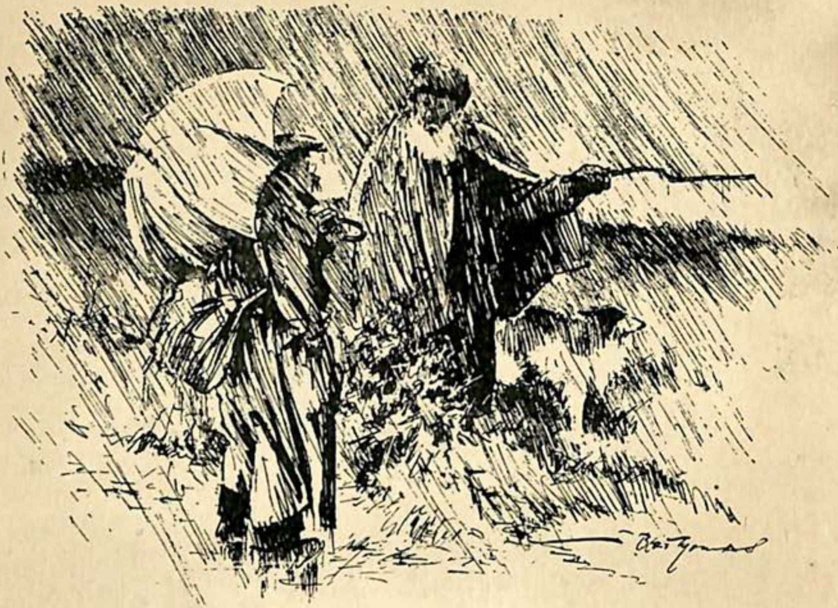
TAILOR (*on a visit to seaside town*). "By Jove! what an opening here for an invisible mending shop."


MIXED BATHING

THE TEMPTER. "Swim, lady? Lor' bless yer—all you 'ave to do is to wave yer arms an' legs. The gentleman could 'old yer up."


EDMUND · J · SULLIVAN ·

"Strictly between you and I, why do they call 'em plus-fours?"



SHEPHERD (*to tourist in search of lodgings*). "Keep richt alang the road till it's no there, then ye'll see a hoose across the moor. If ye can get tae it, mebbe the owner will pit ye up, if he doesna tak' a dislike tae ye."

enough to the sound of Sam's muted prattle until I was aroused by the tiller prodding me rudely in the stomach and saw that Sam actually had got the sail up somehow and that we were homeward bound for the landing-stage.

" Wake up, you lazy lout, and put her over ! " yelled Sam nautically.

I imagine that in pushing the tiller away from the present whereabouts of my recent lunch I did what he wanted me to do, for the " Merry Maggie " turned round very prettily and Sam sat down suddenly in the dirty water at the bottom of the boat. The Broad was spacious, so no great harm was done by Sam's trying to work the sail with one hand whilst with the other he interfered with my steering.

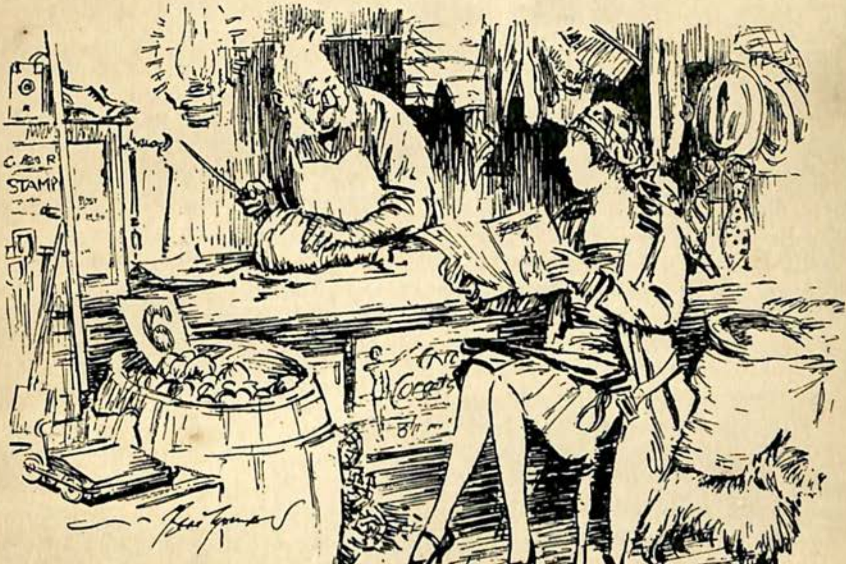
Sam said we must tack up the Cut, so, since he was sitting in the dirty water well out of the danger zone, I let him do it whilst I concentrated on ducking my head in the interests of the insurance company. The Cut had fishing-boats anchored on either side and wherries and motor-launches going up and down the middle, and we had words with most of them ; in many cases the same words. The wind was one of those winds that seems unable to make up its mind. Finally, after trying to blow all ways at once, it lay down and went to sleep. In the next Broad it woke up apologetically and did its best to mend matters by blowing dead astern at about thirty knots an hour. Sam was for close-hauling, but the wind blew the book overboard before he could look up the term in the glossary, so we trusted to luck.

" There's the 'White Swan,' " shouted Sam, " over there with the flag. Let's surprise them in style ! "

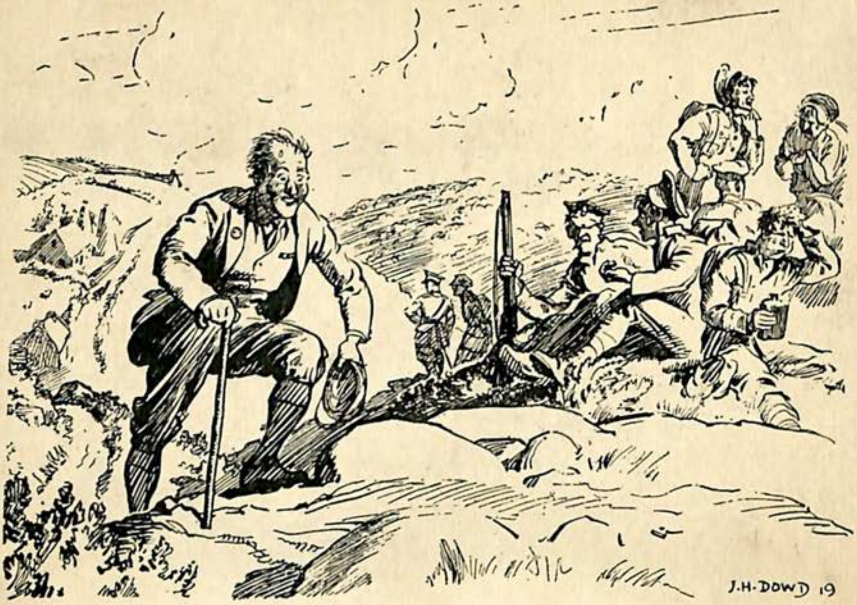
There would have been nothing wrong with our style if the tackle had not jammed when Sam tried to take in sail and given way altogether when we were about thirty yards from the " White Swan." Mercifully shrouded by acres of sail, Sam and I heard the crash of window-glass and the falling of what we calculated to be a few hundred pots of geraniums.

" Must say they're taking it very sportingly," muttered Sam. " Darn good jest—what ? "

Encouraged by the merry laughter of Jane and her friends, we fought our way to daylight and the open air. The " White Swan " party were certainly taking our surprise visit very sportingly indeed. Much better, in fact, than the people on the houseboat into which the " Merry Maggie " had swerved during those last few hectic seconds. D. C.



GENERAL DEALER (*serving ham to holiday visitor*). "Anything else, Mum, in the way o' shoes, 'ats or camiknickers?"



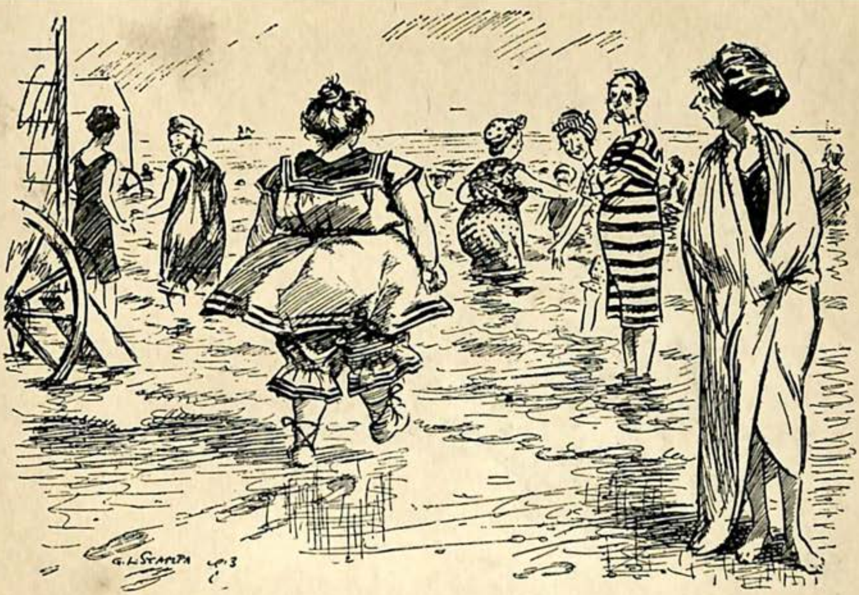
SOLDIER. "Look at that silly bloke climbing abaht 'ere voluntary—an' bin in the army too!"

The Complex Life

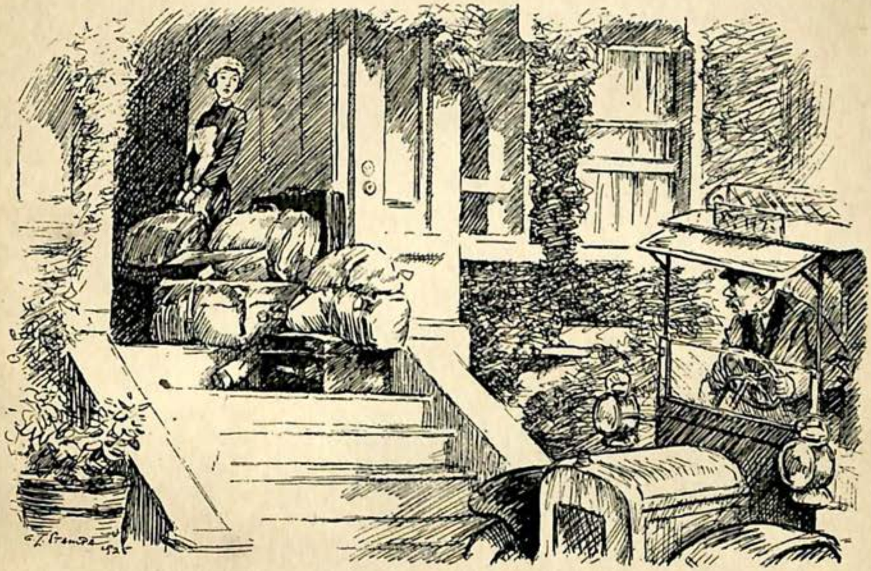
'TWAS just a month ago I found
That, though I seemed so stout,
The daily task, the common round
Had simply worn me out;
And how a week or two wherein one stagnates
And leaves the working mind a restful blank
Were quite essential for us merchant magnates—
But that was only swank.

No complicated business deal,
No contest for the swag,
Had actually made me feel
The least bit like a rag;
I merely wanted, like my friends and neighbours,
When Summer beckoned me, to haste away
Thither where people cease from other labours
And simply eat and play.

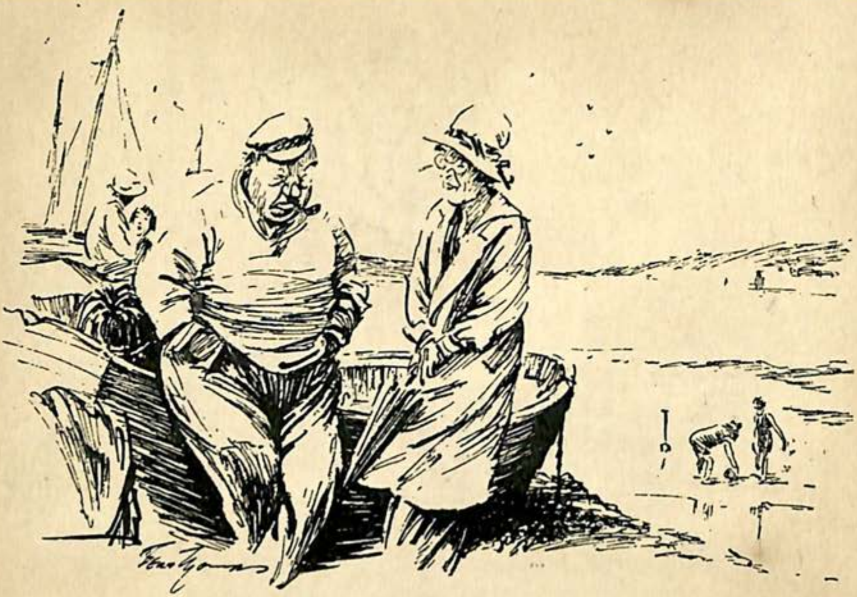
But now a really torpid brain
Proclaims as overdue
A respite from the grievous strain
That I've been passing through;
My haggard features and the weight I'm losing
Show that my constitution needs support,
Being wrecked and broken with the task of choosing
My holiday resort.



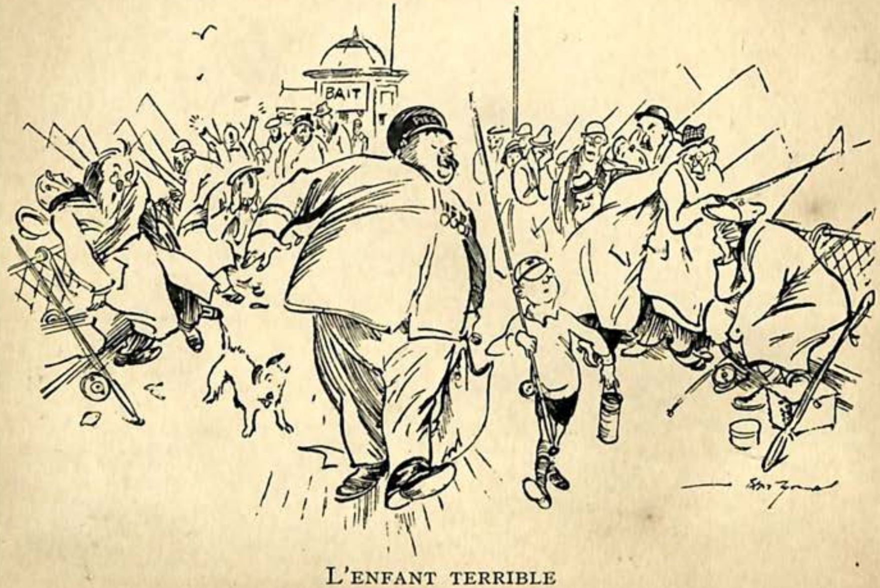
"Sea-bathing doesn't suit everybody."—"Medical Opinion."
(*August 6, 1913*)



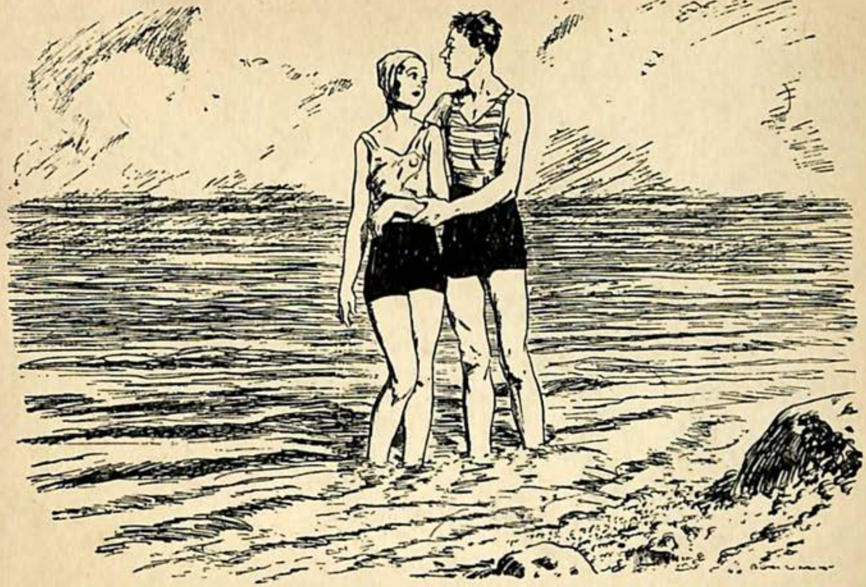
TAXI-DRIVER. "Lumme! Wot d' yer take me for? Paddington cloak-room?"



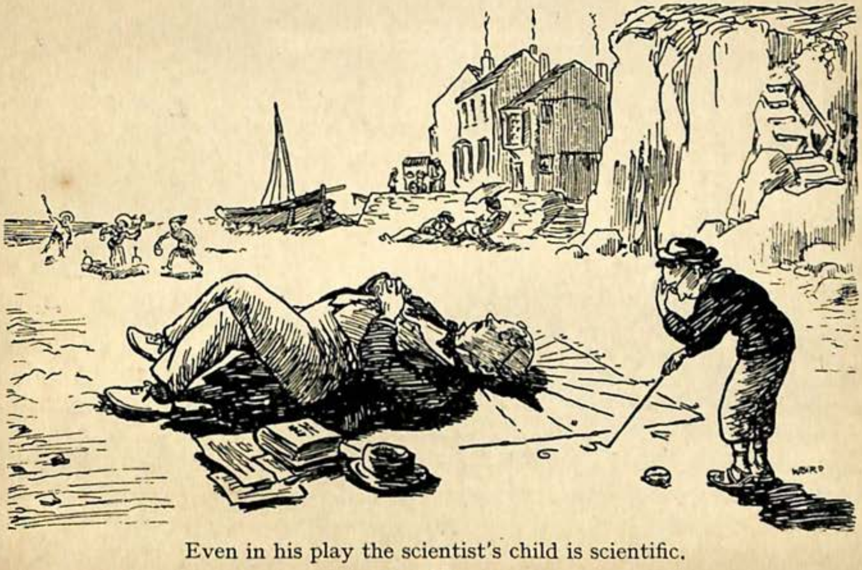
"Is it true that rats always desert a sinking ship?"
"Dunno, Mum; I never waited to see."



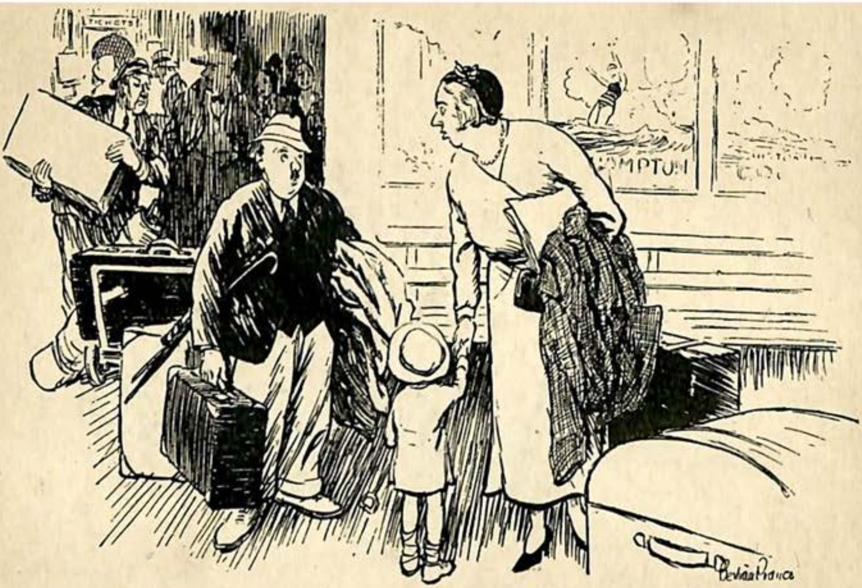
L'ENFANT TERRIBLE



YOUTH (*who has rescued girl from drowning*). "Just in time—what?"
GIRL. "Only just. I'm going home to-morrow."



Even in his play the scientist's child is scientific.



WIFE. "What! You haven't got the tickets yet?"
HUSBAND. "No. The fact is I've never been told where we're going."

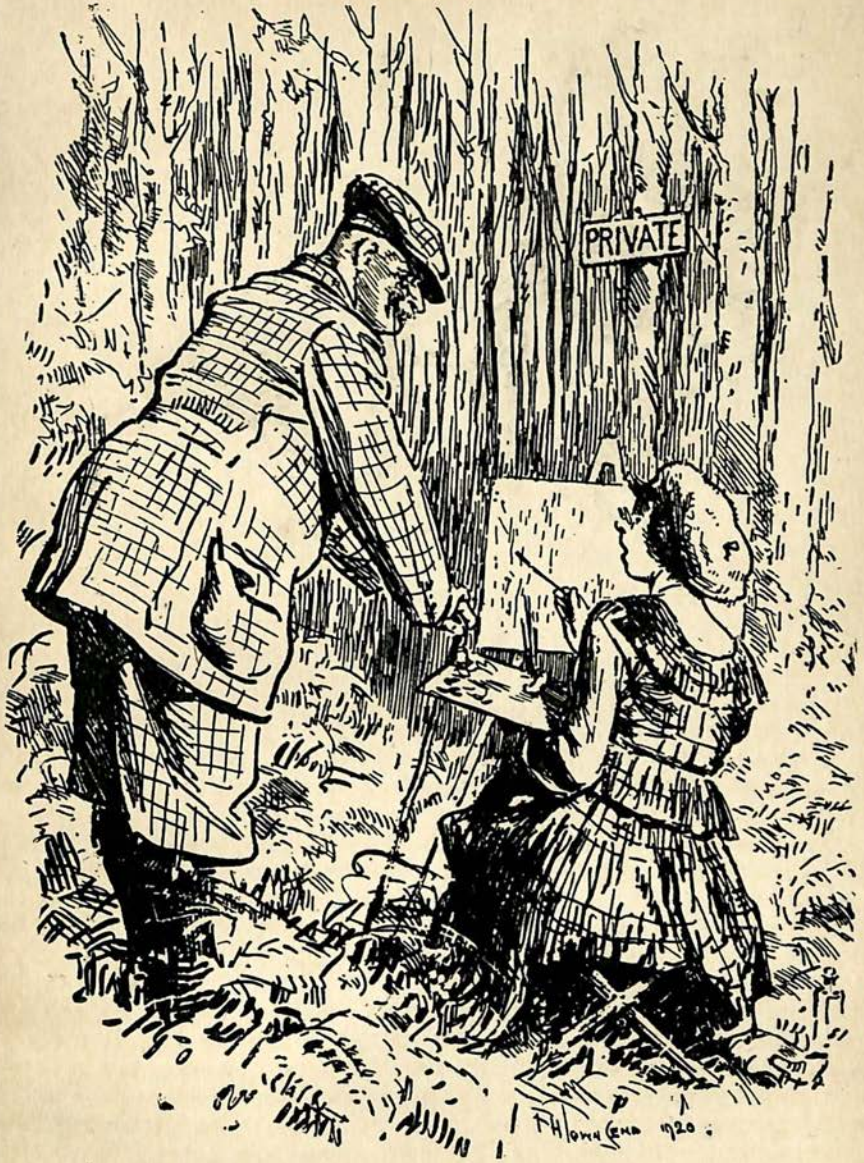
Enjoying the Country

"THE old 'Blue Lion'!" exclaimed my aunt as I helped her out of my two-seater. "Such a quiet little place. So old-world. It doesn't seem to have changed since I came here with my dear parents forty years ago."

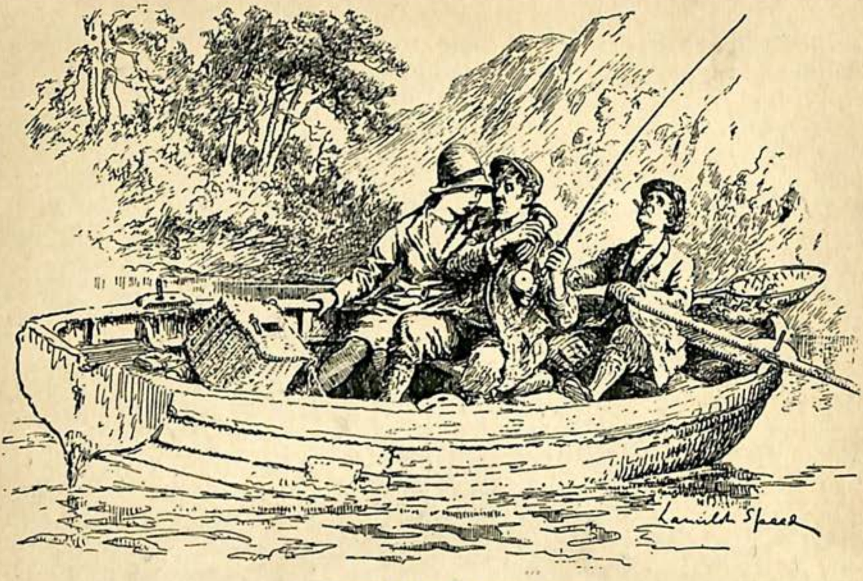
She drew my attention to the thatched roof, the creeper-covered walls and the painted sign hanging from the branch of the elm-tree on the green before the door. We went in, and the landlord suggested that we should have lunch in the parlour upstairs. He was expecting rather a large party who would be accommodated at long tables set out in the garden. We gathered that it was a staff outing from some factory.

"How lovely for them!" said my aunt feelingly when he had left us. "Just think of those poor things, shut up all day with the terrible grinding roar of machinery and the dreadful noise of the traffic, coming to this peaceful spot, bathing their jaded souls in the healing silence of the woods and hills."

We had nearly finished our meal when the "poor things" arrived in two motor-coaches. They looked hot but happy. Two had brought cornets and a third a saxophone, and someone else discovered a penny-in-the-slot machine that emitted fragmentary renderings of "Annie Laurie" and "The Lost


PRIVATE
F. H. Townsend 1920.

FED-UP OWNER (*to holiday artist*). "Charming, my dear young lady—charming—with one important omission. You've forgotten to put in the notice on the tree."



A HIGHLAND HONEYMOON

THE BRIDE. "But surely, Cuthbert darling, there must be *some* way of actually catching fish!"

Chord." The cornet-players, ignoring their mechanical rival, proceeded to give faithful imitations of demented motorists hooting their way through a fog, while the owner of the saxophone in a series of blasts betrayed a slight acquaintance with the melody and rhythm of "Ole Man River." The remaining members of the party indulged in a little community singing while waiting for their meal to be served.

After our luncheon we left them and went for a stroll through the woods. My aunt wanted to show me a field she remembered that sloped down to a little stream. We found it and sat on the grass under a tree. Some people were picnicking not far away, but they showed no trace of the exuberant high spirits of the merrymakers at the inn.

"Our own class," murmured my aunt. "They enjoy this as we do. Of course with the others one cannot expect——"

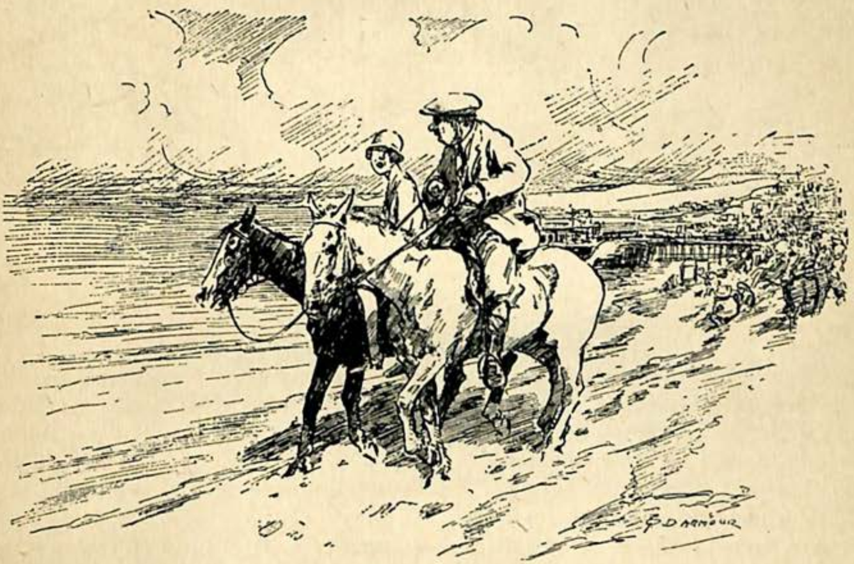
But even as she was speaking one of the party stooped over a brown leather case half hidden in the lush grass. Instantly a cultured but slightly husky voice informed us that the song we had just heard was "Mon cœur s'ouvre à ta voix," from the opera of "Samson and Delilah," by Saint-Saëns, and that someone whose name I did not catch would now give us a talk on the value of hypophosphates.

We fled from that field as we had fled from the inn and returned to my car. Our friends at the "Blue Lion" had finished their meal and were climbing back into their motor-coaches. Apparently the supply of coppers had been exhausted, for the mechanical piano was silent, but the three instrumentalists were still rending the air. I spoke to one member of the party.

"Had a good time?"

He beamed. "That's right. We thought at first it might be a bit dull, but Erb and Bill and Charlie they've made things go." He turned to my aunt; "Nothing like music," he told her. "You need it in a place like this."

A terrific blast from the saxophone drowned her answer. Perhaps it was as well.



THIS MECHANICAL AGE

THE WOMAN. "Oh, 'Enery, I can't steer, and it's runnin' away with me into the sea!"

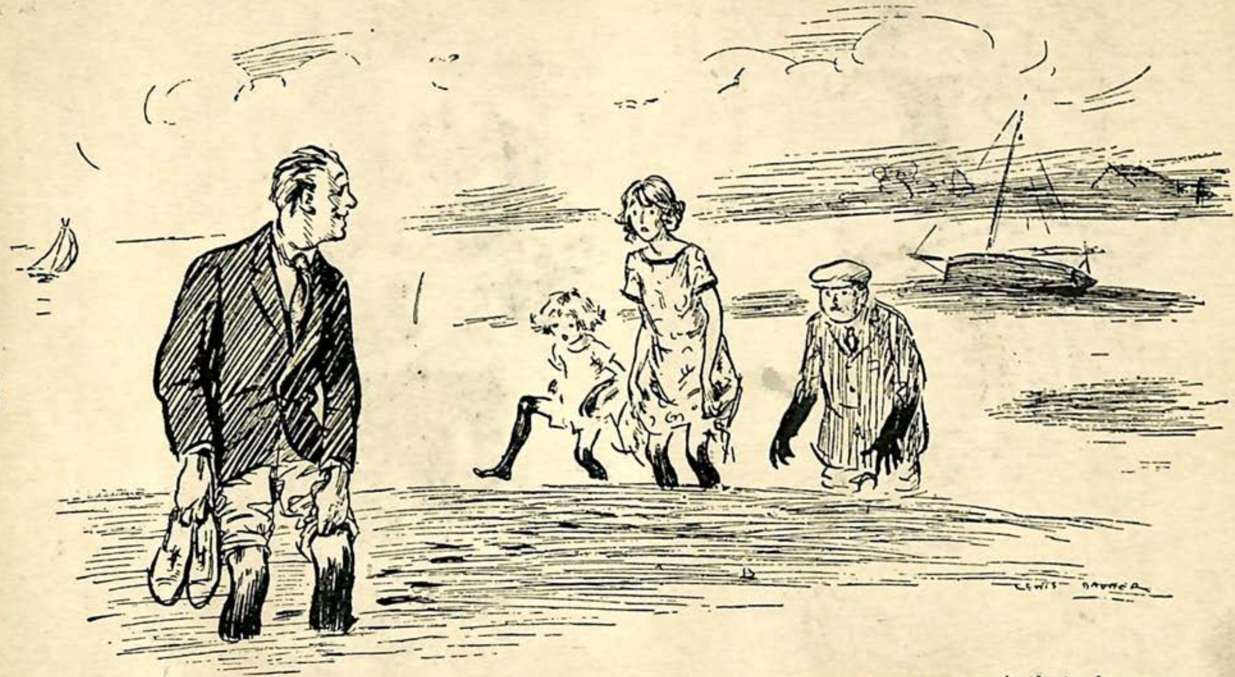
THE MAN. "Use your left strap, same as a 'andle-bar."

A new road to the sea is to cost Southend forty-seven thousand pounds. It seems remarkably cheap for the distance.

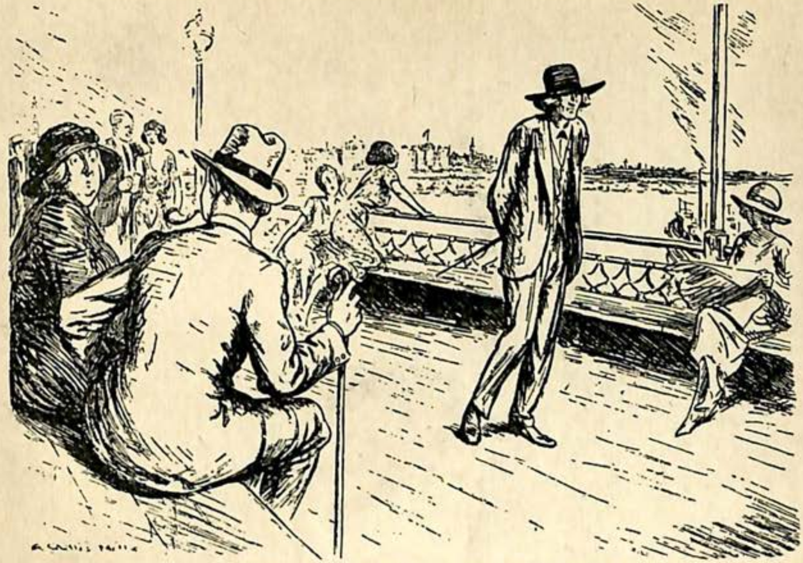
Sea-anglers are reported to be enjoying good sport on the coast. Not, as you might expect, on the Serpentine.

Certain hotels advertise that they have special rooms for reducing figures. We shall take our bill into one of these rooms before we pay it.

"Twenty-seven Years on One Train," says a newspaper headline. We hope there was a luncheon-car attached.



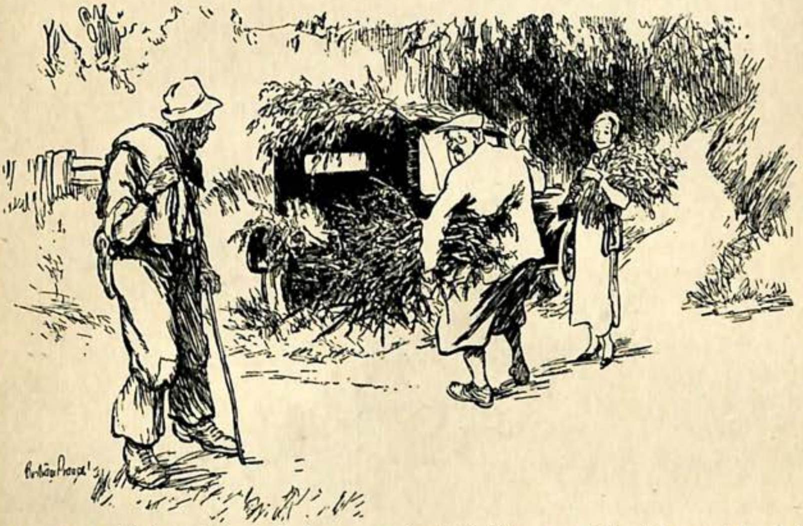
ENTHUSIASTIC YACHTSMAN. "I always think the great charm of this estuary sailing is that whatever happens one can always be sure of getting home."



COMPLETE STRANGER. "Could you tell me who that old fellow is? I've noticed him on the pier a goodish bit."

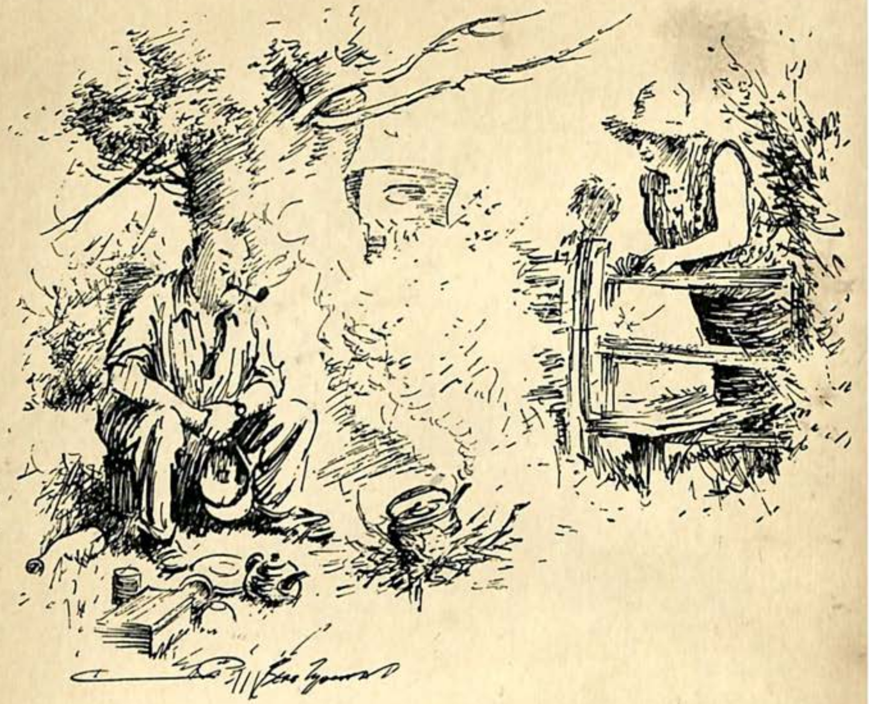
OLD LADY. "Well, he has the air of an actor or a poet."

C. S. "'Air! Oh, you can't go by *that*. They often cut it nowadays."



MOTORIST (*laden with spoils from countryside*). "Can we take this road back to London?"

NATIVE. "Might as well while yer at it."



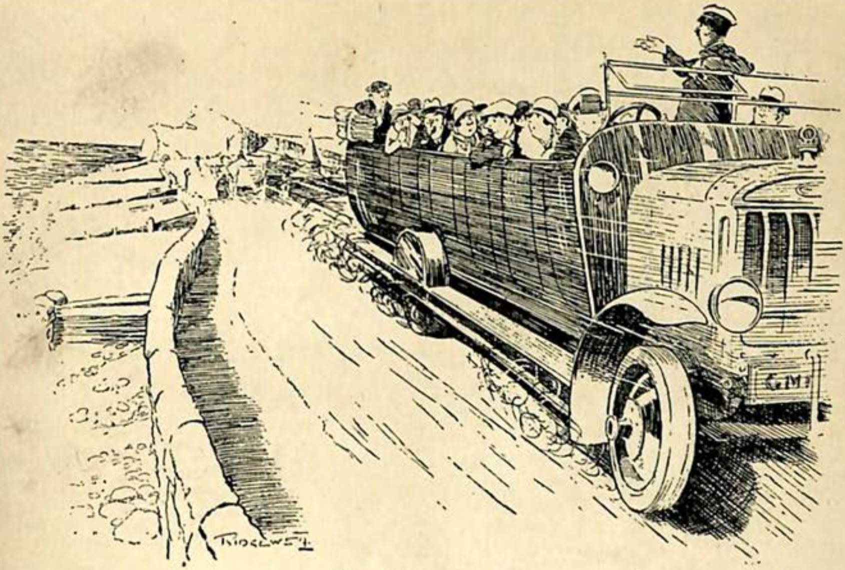
WIFE. "Ah! the kettle's boiling."
HUSBAND. "Too late. I've made the beastly tea."

The Vacant Seats

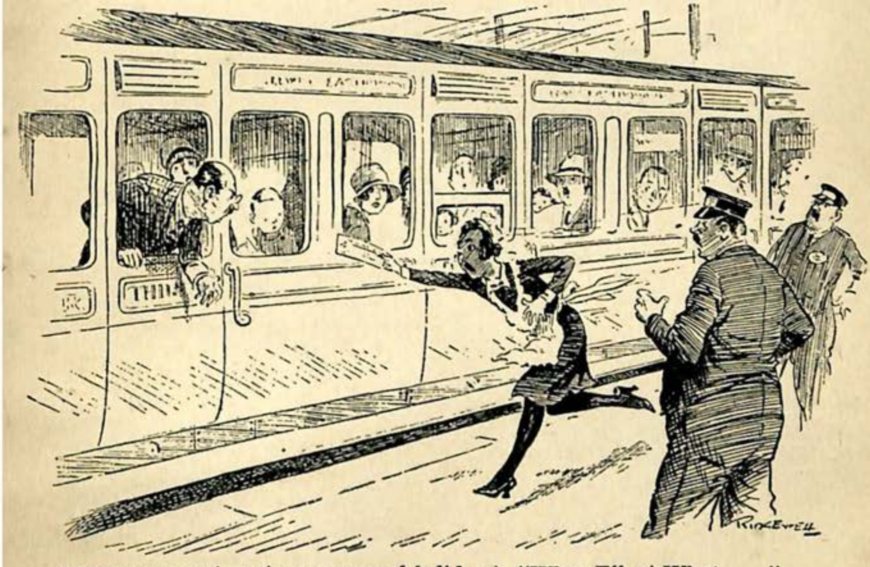
WHERE are those familiar faces?
Where the forms that graced the scene
In the old accustomed places
Daily on the 9.15?
Gone the matutinal cackle;
All have vanished like the wind
With their various sporting tackle;
I alone am left behind.

Jones, who simply dotes on Surrey,
Tries no more to score off me;
"Gardener" Brown has gone to worry
Someone else at X-on-Sea;
Smith, the lad they used to sit on
For his views upon the Ruhr,
Now is busy sampling Britain
On a hectic motor tour.

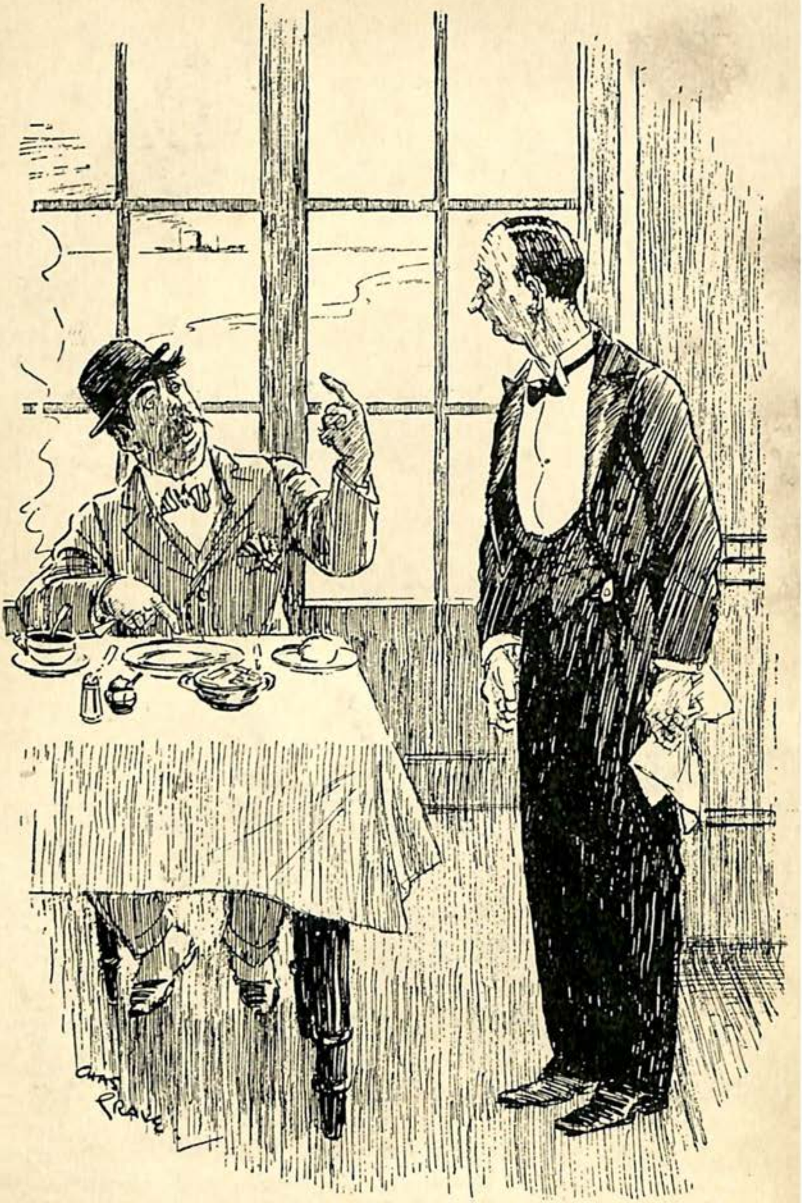
So I settle on my cushion
In that silent City train
And so long as it will push on
Neither murmur nor complain;
Conscious rather in the matter
Of a merciful release—
That I can digest the patter
Of my morning sheet in peace.



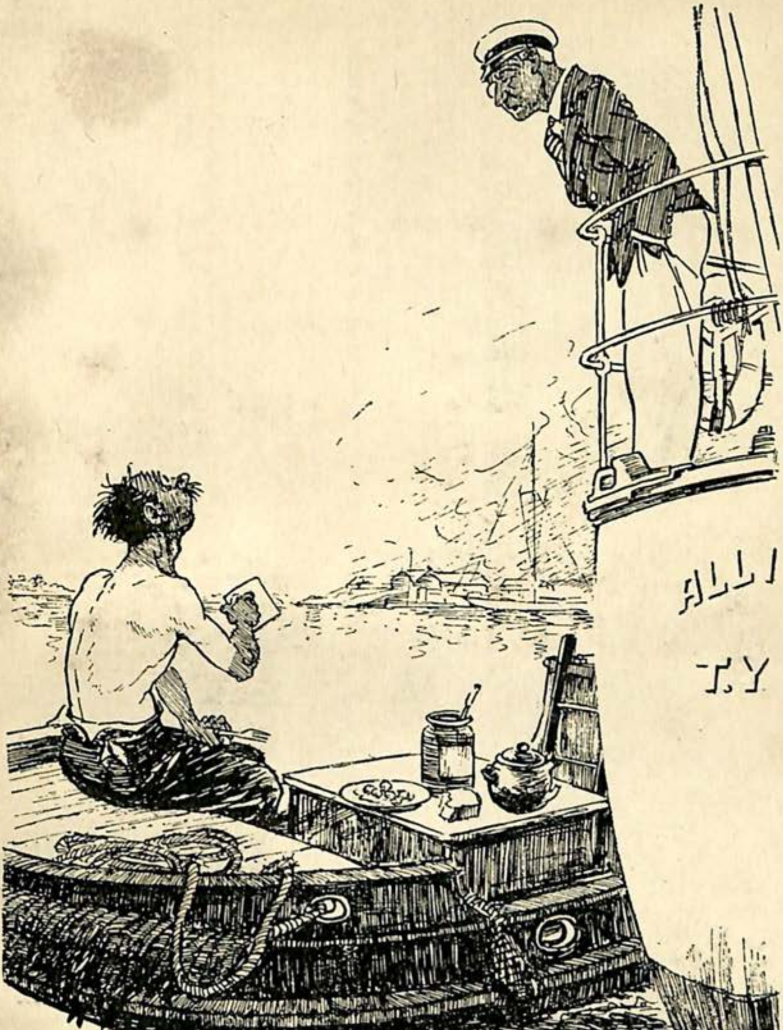
CONSCIENTIOUS CONDUCTOR. "Ladies and gentlemen, we 'ave just passed by, on our left, a small village or 'amlet. On our right we 'ave the sea."



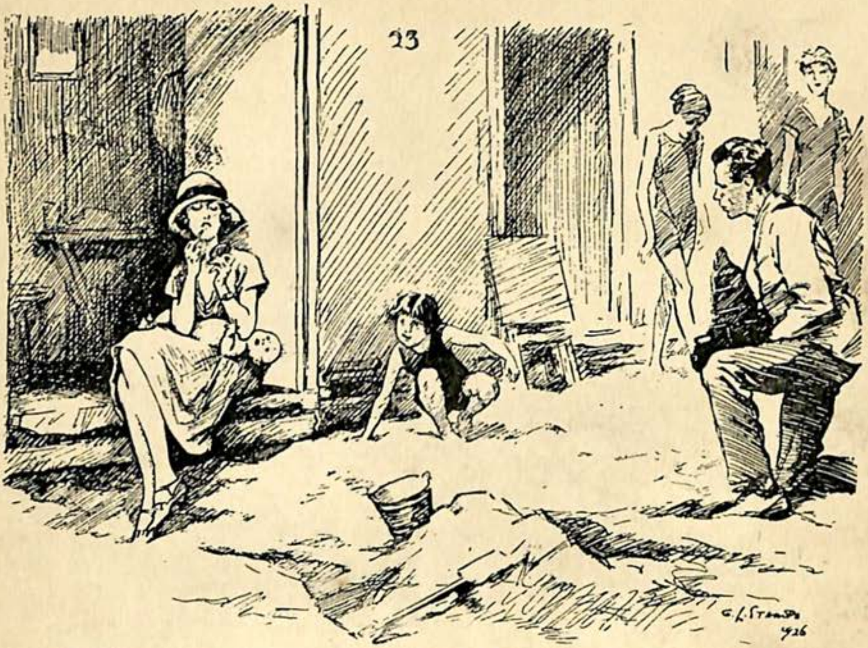
HOUSEHOLDER (*starting on annual holidays*). "Why, Ellen! What——"
FAITHFUL MAID (*just in time*). "Came—just after—you started—think—somethin' do with—your—income-tax, Sir!"



TRIPPER. " 'Ere, waiter, bring a bit of sauce. This fish tastes of fish."


ALL
T.Y
CHAS. CRAV

FASTIDIOUS YACHTSMAN. "Can't you find some other part of the river on which to practise your horrible cult of nudism and pickled onions?"



Auntie, left in charge, poses Baby for his Photograph

A Holiday

I DO not hold with them that go
  On holiday intent,
Who look on every hour as slow
  And call each day mis-spent
That does not meet the noble aim
In Britons worthy of the name
Of taking back a mind and frame
  More tired than when they went.

When wiser men are still asleep
  They leave an easy bed
For an inhospitable deep
  That turns them blue and red,
A thing more comfortably done
Between the hours of twelve and one,
But only when a good fat sun
  Is blazing overhead.

Proud of their deed, they hasten out
  With a defiant glee
To join the golf-enduring rout
  For two long rounds (or three),
And, having toiled on stubborn pins
Through leagues of heather, bent and whins
(I too have done it for my sins),
  They feel they've earned their tea.

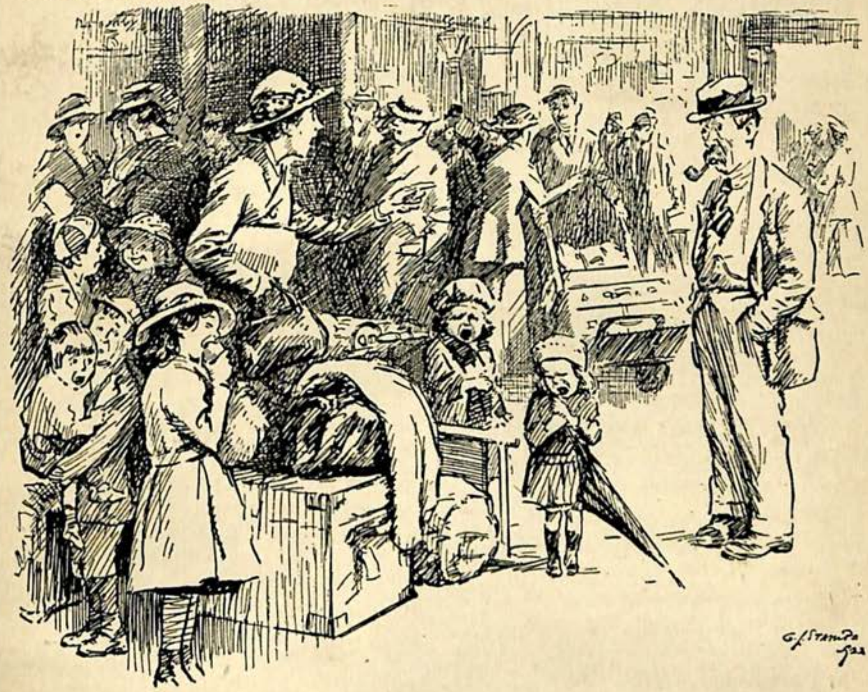
This done, as holidays are short,
  They pass without delay
To tennis, an exacting sport
  Though pleasant, one may say;
While after dinner they enhance
These mild amusements with a dance
That keeps them up, with half a chance,
  Till the ensuing day.

Myself, I will not be as these;
  Rather to me appeals
A prospect of unfettered ease
  And kicking of the heels—
A time when one may firmly shirk
Pursuits in which too often lurk
The dark and hidden seeds of work,
  And concentrate on meals.

"Early to bed and late to rise"
  Shall shape my placid lot;
I shall take little exercise
  And I will not get hot;
If others choose to hear the call
That bids them beat a foolish ball,
Then let them do it; once for all
  I say that I shall not.

To wander in an idle dell,
  On a cliff's edge to sit
Admiring the surprising yell
  The active gulls emit,
With such delights, unless I'm wrong,
One should go moderately strong;
Nor might it hurt to take along
  My clubs and tennis-kit.

DUM-DUM

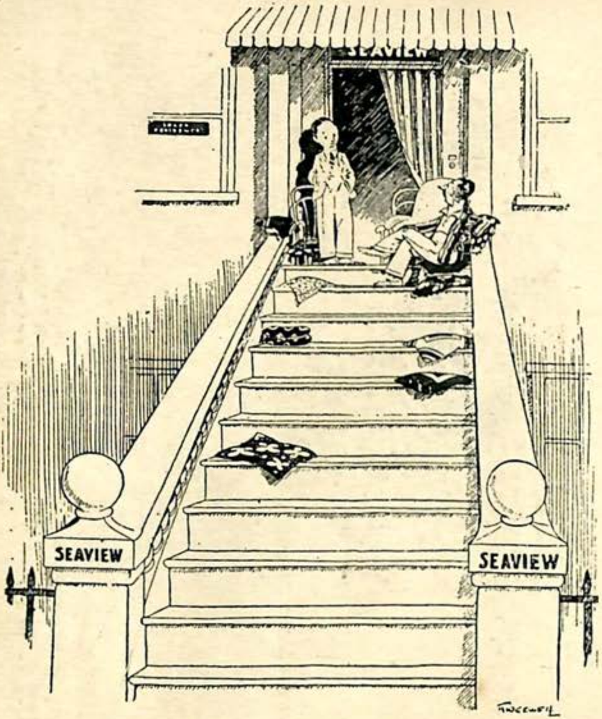


MOTHER. "Train's just goin' and I've got everythink but Alf. Where's Alf?"

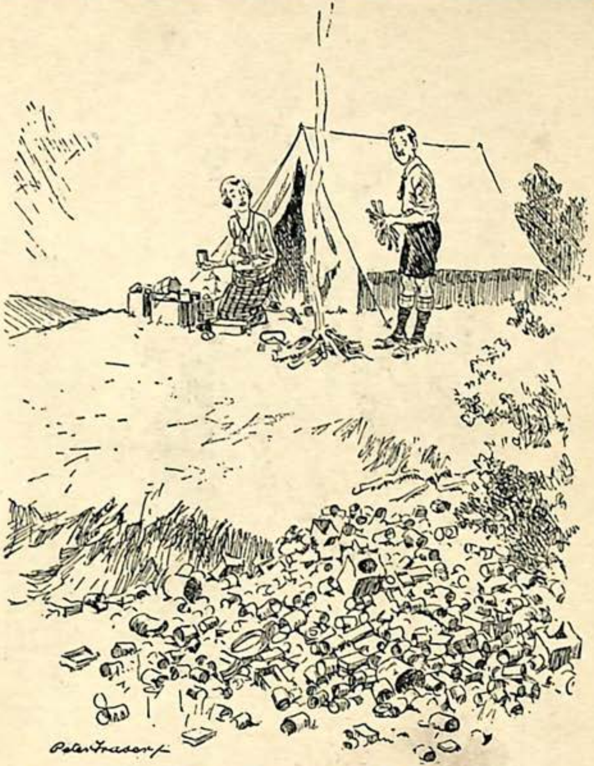
FATHER. "Oh, lumme! *Was* there a Alf?"

A leading Brighton resident has publicly protested that the town is not so black as it is painted. Nothing was said about red.

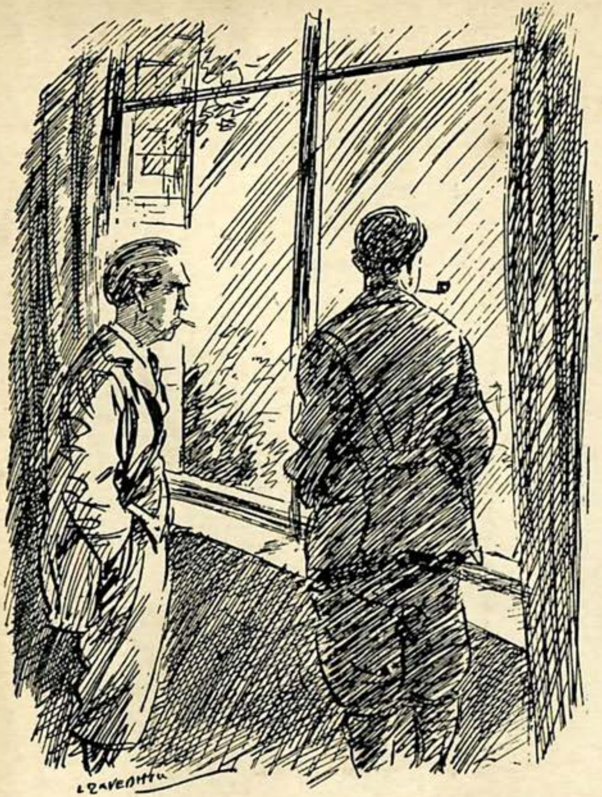
One swallow does not make a summer, we are told. In that case it is as well for those birds that we don't know which swallow it was that didn't this year.



. NEW ARRIVAL. "What sort of a show is this, old man?"
SECOND WEEKER. "Well, I can't honestly say the grub is up to much, but these are perfectly topping steps."

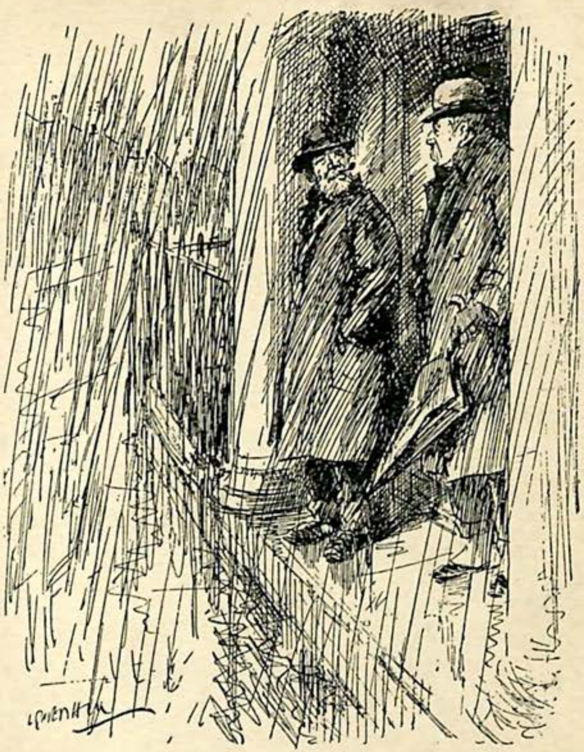


WIFE (*arriving at camping-ground*). "Oh, by the way, George, just look amongst those tins and see if you can find the name of that delicious soup we had last year."



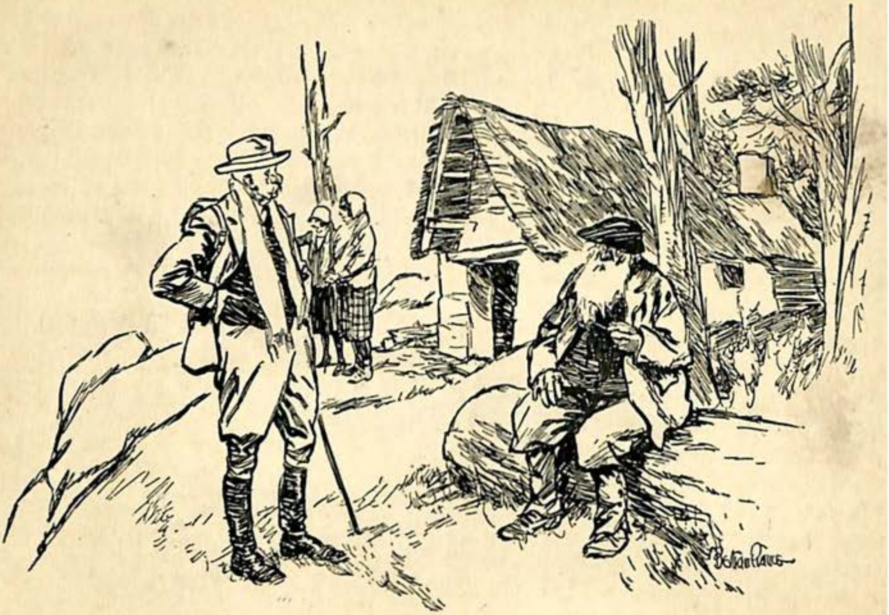
THE OPTIMIST (*faintly*). "The glass went up slightly this morning."

THE PESSIMIST (*firmly*). "Must have hit the bottom and bumped up a bit."



A COMPLIMENT TO THE SEASON

"Weather's a bit threatenin'-like?"



TOURIST. "Don't you ever get lonely up here?"
MOUNTAINEER. "Oo ay, but I have some good jokes I tell meself."

A Glory Departed

IT was force of circumstances which compelled me this year to take my holidays at the end of October ; it was force of habit which took me to Sandsmouth. Experience has shown me that Sandsmouth was a mistake, and I write these lines more in sorrow than in anger, as a warning to others.

The station had a deserted look when I arrived, and the staff of the " Sunnyside Hotel " seemed to be vaguely surprised and not a little disturbed when I routed them out and told them that I had come to stay. They had the look of persons suddenly roused from refreshing sleep. I realize now that they were hibernating.

But I was at Sandsmouth, dear old sunny salubrious Sandsmouth ! and memories of previous visits painted rosy pictures in my mind as I set out for that first speculative or reminiscent stroll which is so delightful a part of a holiday. Yet somehow it was not the Sandsmouth I knew. The rows of boarding-house steps were there, but no one was sitting on them. They weren't even decorated with the usual highly coloured cushions. The promenade was there, but it wasn't populous with the usual highly coloured youths and maidens. There wasn't anybody on it at all. Nobody told me in seductive tones that it was a fine day for a sail in the bay, and there wasn't even anyone to suggest that I should contribute to the funds of the lifeboat.

After a few turns up and down the deserted promenade I fetched up in the lee of the bandstand and looked round for an anchorage. (It is surprising how quickly one's vocabulary becomes nautical at Sandsmouth. Other people have noticed the same thing.) There were a great many deck-chairs round the bandstand, but they were all arranged in neat piles. I could see no sense in it; it is a very difficult thing to sit in a deck-chair when it is arranged in a pile, however neat.

I took a chair from the nearest neat pile and opened it out. I spare you the details of the operation because you wouldn't believe them anyway, and you would only think that I was being humorous without being original. But you try to open a deck-chair on an English promenade on an English October afternoon and you'll see. I repeat that I opened it, and I sat down to think things over.

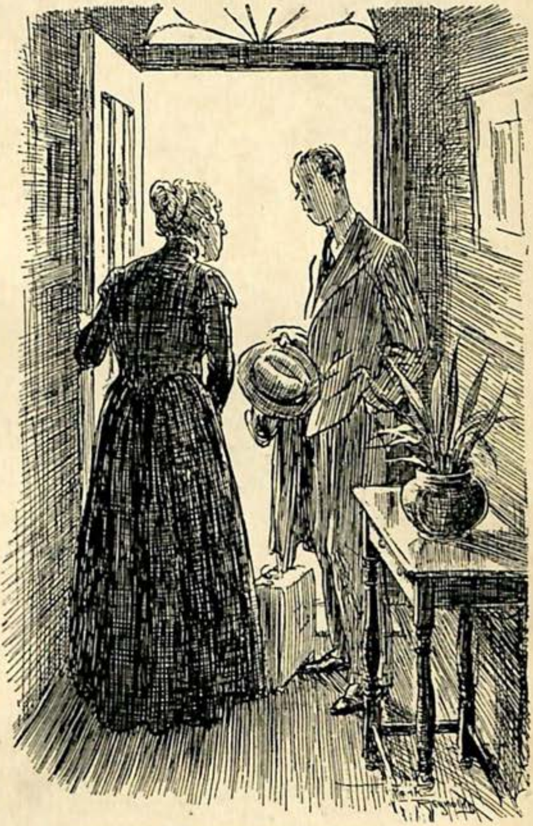
I had been seated for perhaps two minutes when I heard a voice at my elbow.

"Twopence," it said.

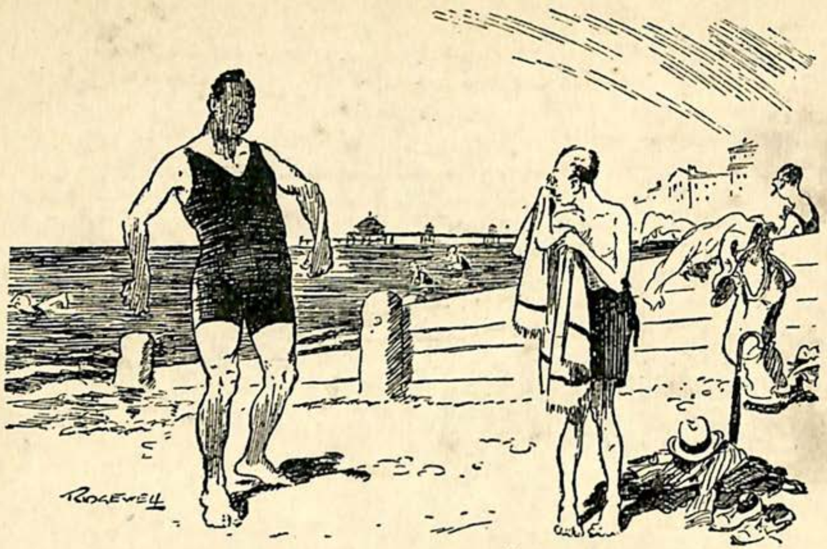
I started and looked round, and my heart glowed with pleasure. Suddenly I was in a normal world again. In whatever other directions Sandsmouth might fall short, here was at least one municipal official who was determined that the honour of an English seaside resort should not be tarnished. No one should sit in its deck-chairs for nothing.

"What for?" I asked.

"Chair," he said, fumbling for his stock of tickets.

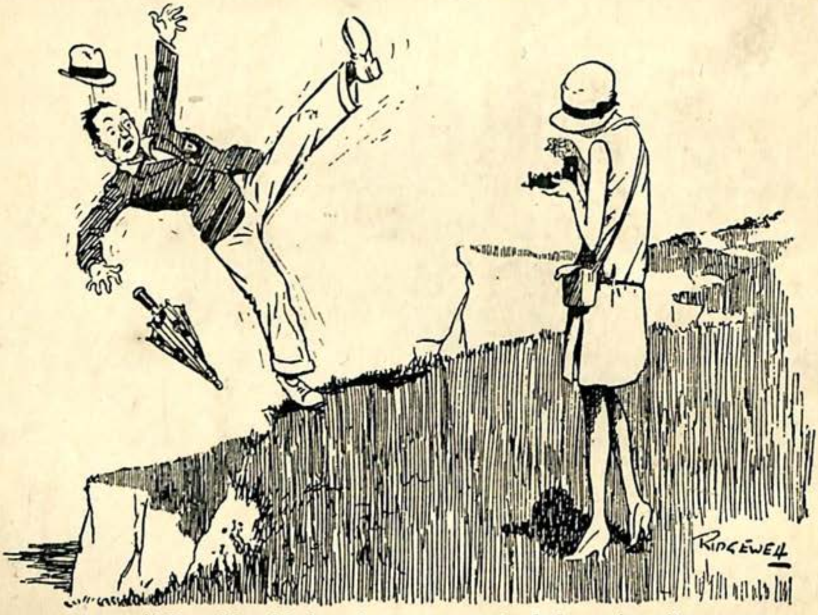


LANDLADY. "Naturally the charges here depend on what you have."
NEW ARRIVAL. "I see. Well, to be quite frank, I've just a fiver."

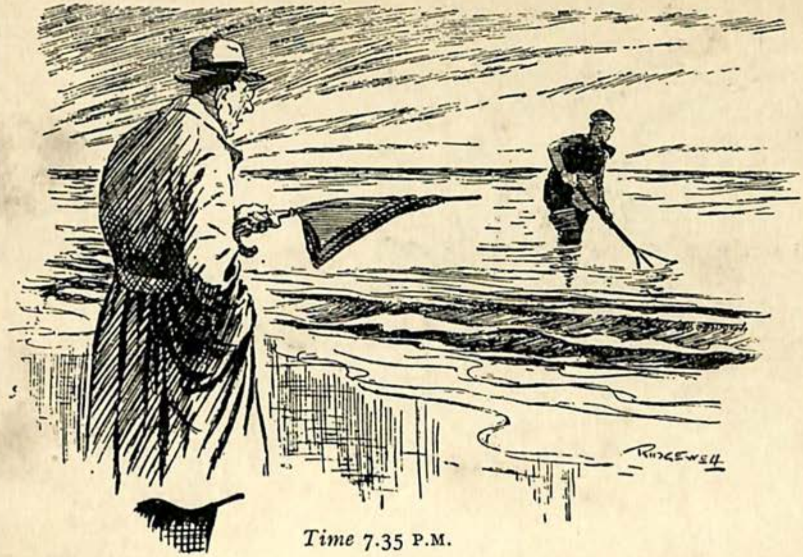


ROBUST HOLIDAY-MAKER (*who has just swum out to the pier-head*). "By Jove! it's great, isn't it?"

LESS ROBUST HOLIDAY-MAKER (*who has not*). "Quite good—so nice and sandy."

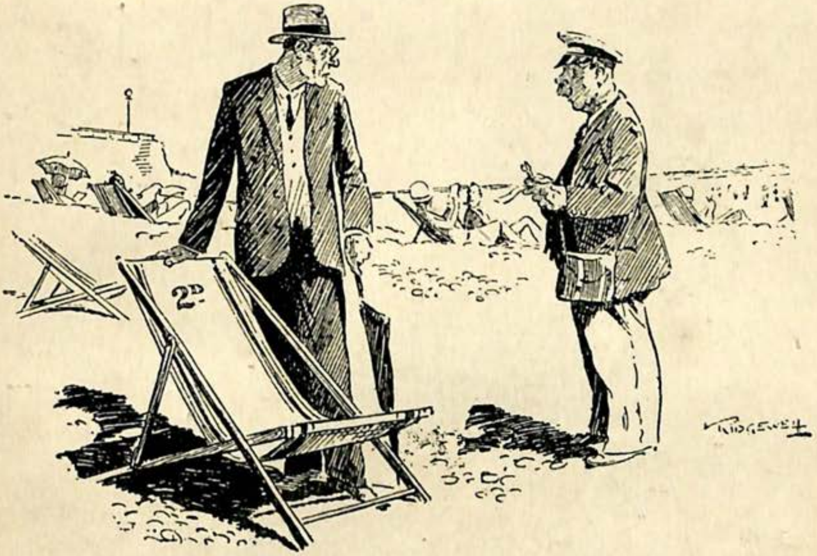


"Now, Harold, just for two seconds *do* be serious."



Time 7.35 P.M.

VISITOR (*who has bathed from the beach that morning*). "Laddie, tell me—I suppose ye ha' no seen onything o' a sma' bone collar-stud?"



BEACH ATTENDANT (*after lengthy wait*). "Are you taking that chair, Sir?"

VISITOR. "There will be na hurry. I am gieing the matter-r-r ma conseeder-r-ation."

They were blue and curled up in a tight roll. I knew they would be

Still I temporised.

"Tell me," I said, "when will the band play?"

"Next year," he answered.

There was no emotion about him. I had asked him a straightforward question and he gave me a straightforward answer.

"Two-thirty and seven," he added, fingering his little roll of tickets.

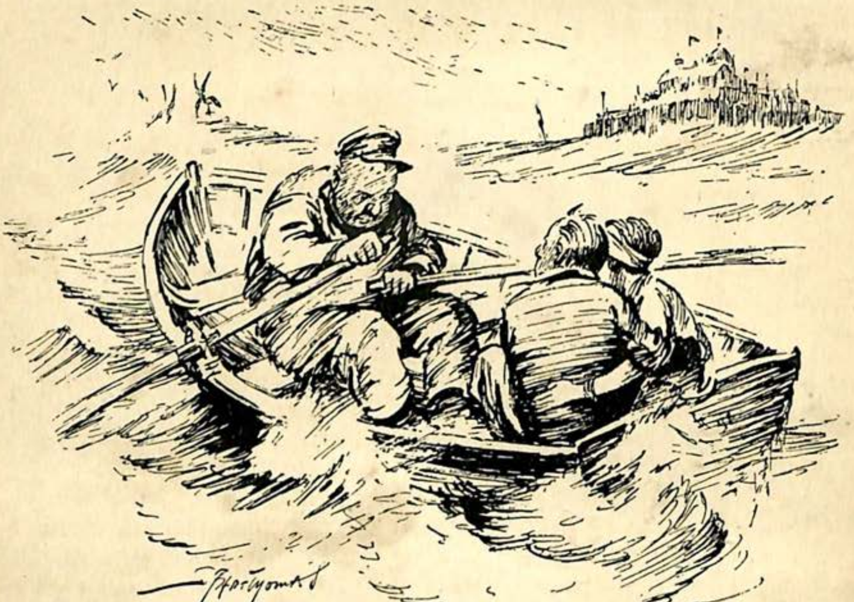
I rose with, I hope, dignity.

"I shall not pay twopence," I said. "In the first place I cannot wait until next year at two-thirty. And in the second place I do not consider that the sum you mention would be a fair economic rent for this chair for that period. Never shall it be said of me that I took an advantage so mean of an offer so generous."

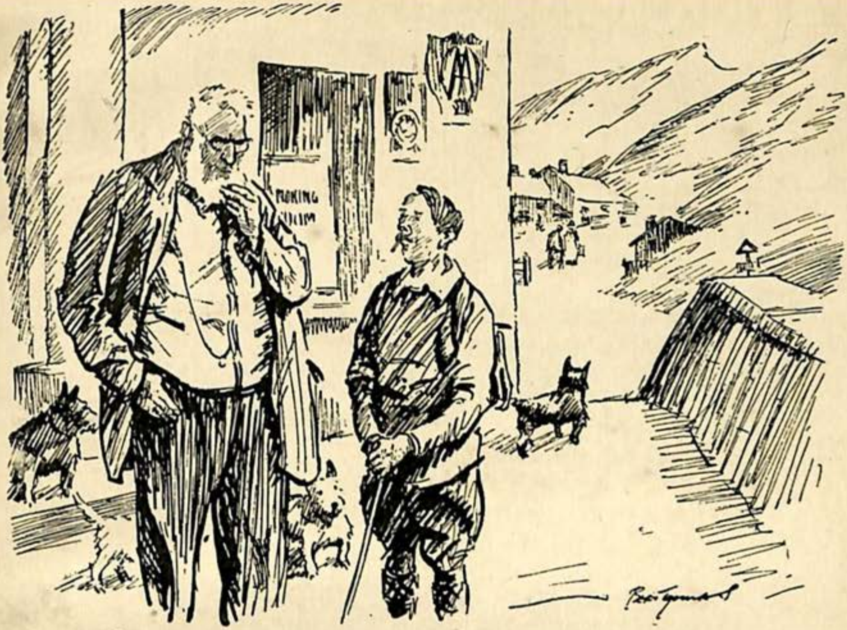
And I turned and left him.

* * * * * * *

It was not until the afternoon that I found her. I was doing the pier for the third time, hoping against hope that I should at least find a penny-in-the-slot machine with something left in it. They were all empty.



TRIPPER. "I say, you ain't goin' back yet, are yer?"
BOATMAN. "Oi be that. Oi knows just how far this boat can go wi'out sinkin'."



VISITOR. "Yes, I'm staying up on the hills. I love the peace and quiet——"

HOTEL PROPRIETOR (*in remote village*). "Aweel, it's a' a matter o' taste. Some folk prefair it so, an' ithers again prefair the sterrner life doon here."

And then suddenly I came upon a door which opened. Rapidly pulling myself together I glanced at the name above it. " Madame Nostalgia, the World-renowned Palmist," I read. " Admission One Shilling."

Here was something to do. Here was excitement, joyous, rollicking dissipation. On a sudden that mad holiday abandon had me in its grip, and without a second's hesitation I entered the home of mystery.

Madame Nostalgia was there in person, and she received me gravely.

" You wish me to read your hand ? " she said

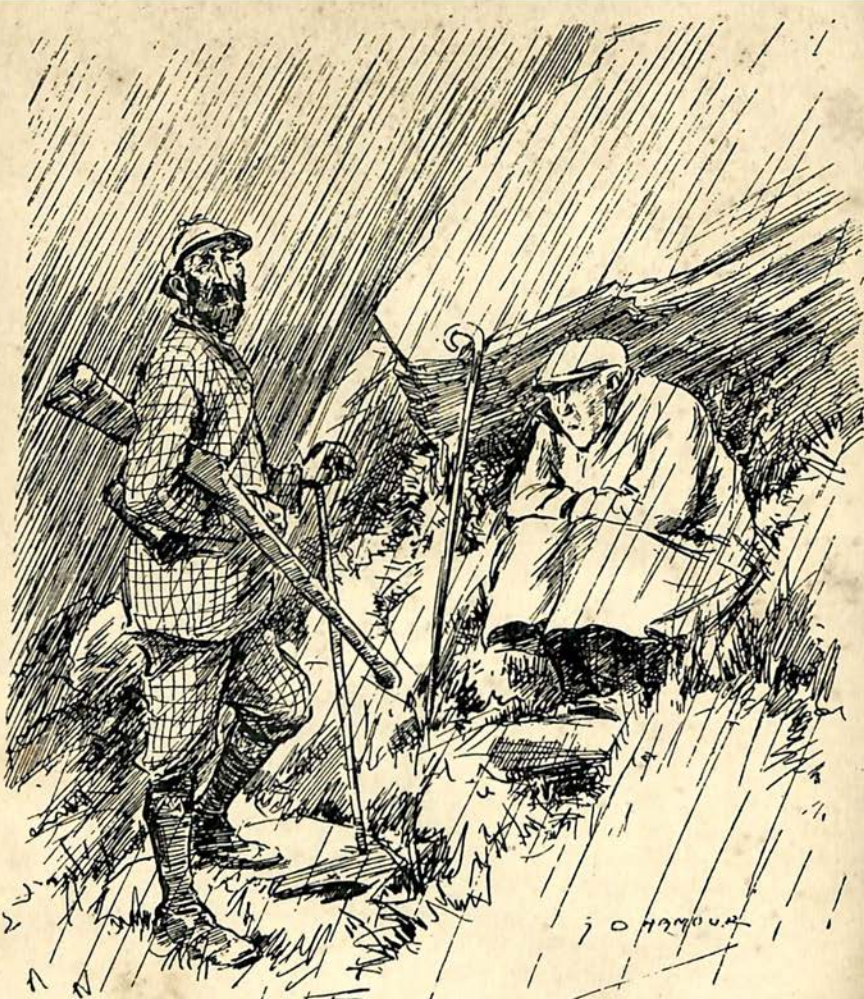
I was in a mood to fling caution to the winds. " I do," I said firmly.

" Ah," said Madame, " I suspected as much. The left hand, please."

I held it out to her eagerly.

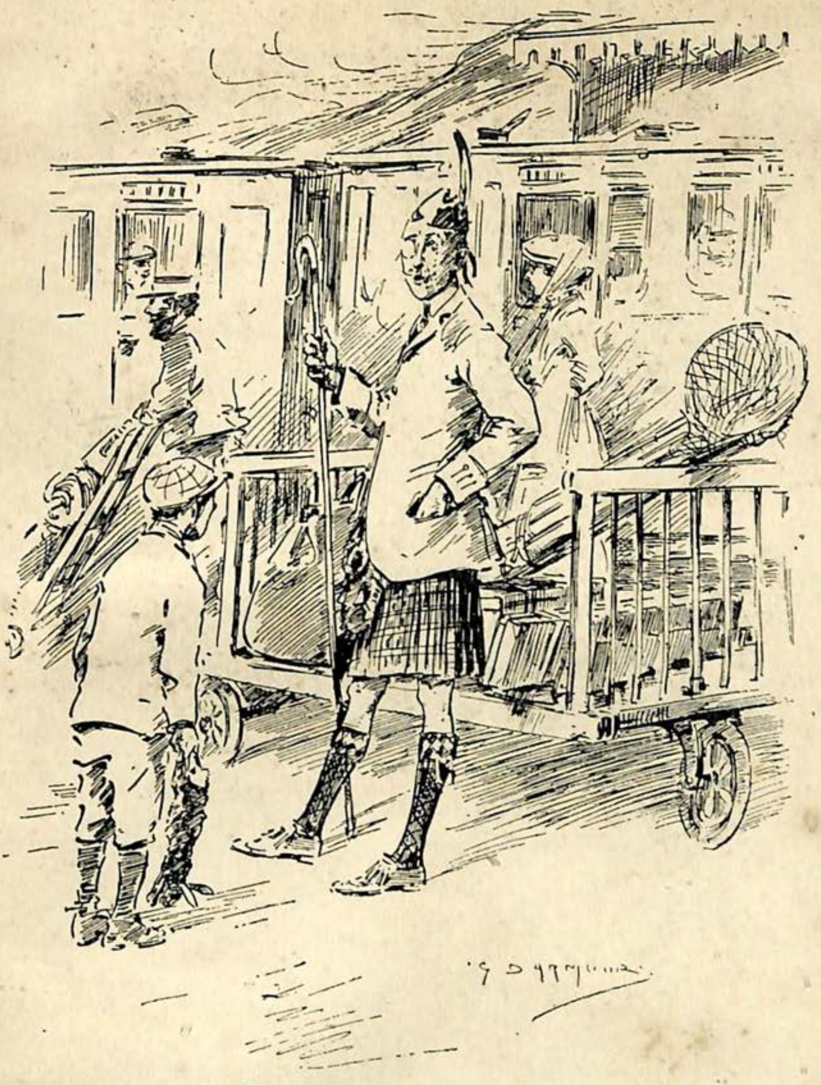
" You have a well-marked hand " she said. " For the most part your success will depend upon the way in which you handle critical situations. Your life will be influenced by a dark woman."

" Ah ! " I said.



Hints to Beginners

If, having rented a deer forest, you are continually storm-stayed, it passes the time and is a good mental exercise to calculate exactly how much the amusement is costing you per minute.



DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE

Scene: A station on the Highland Railway.

IMITATION HIGHLANDER (*with quantity of gun cases, etc.*). "Look here, I say—dash it all—just stand a little farther off, will you. People might think that animal belonged to me, don'tcherknow!"

" Beware of a fair man—with blue eyes," she added, to make identification easier, I suppose. " You will inherit," she continued, " a considerable sum of money at the age of "—(here she glanced at me sharply) "—er—fifty."

" Thank you," I said humbly, not altogether for the money.

But as her voice went on the excitement oozed out of me. This was no better than the penny-in-the-slot machines. There was nothing in this either.

" Is that all ? " I asked as she paused for breath or inspiration.

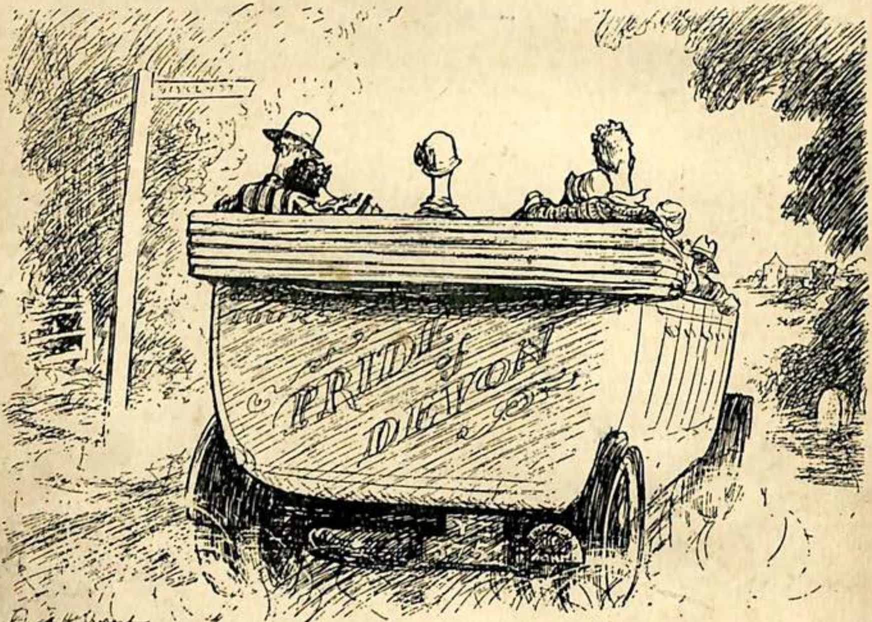
I thought of the rows of cushionless steps, the flapperless promenade, the bandless bandstand, the boatless babyless beach. Was I to return to these with no solace to support me ?

" I think so," she sighed, glancing at my hand again. " Oh—er—you will shortly go a journey which should be to your advantage."

" You interest me strangely," I said as I rose to go.

* * * * * * *

She was right about the journey. Three hours later, as I sat in my comfortable rooms in London, I realized that my shilling had been well spent.



The Superfluous Woman: A Holiday Tragedy

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